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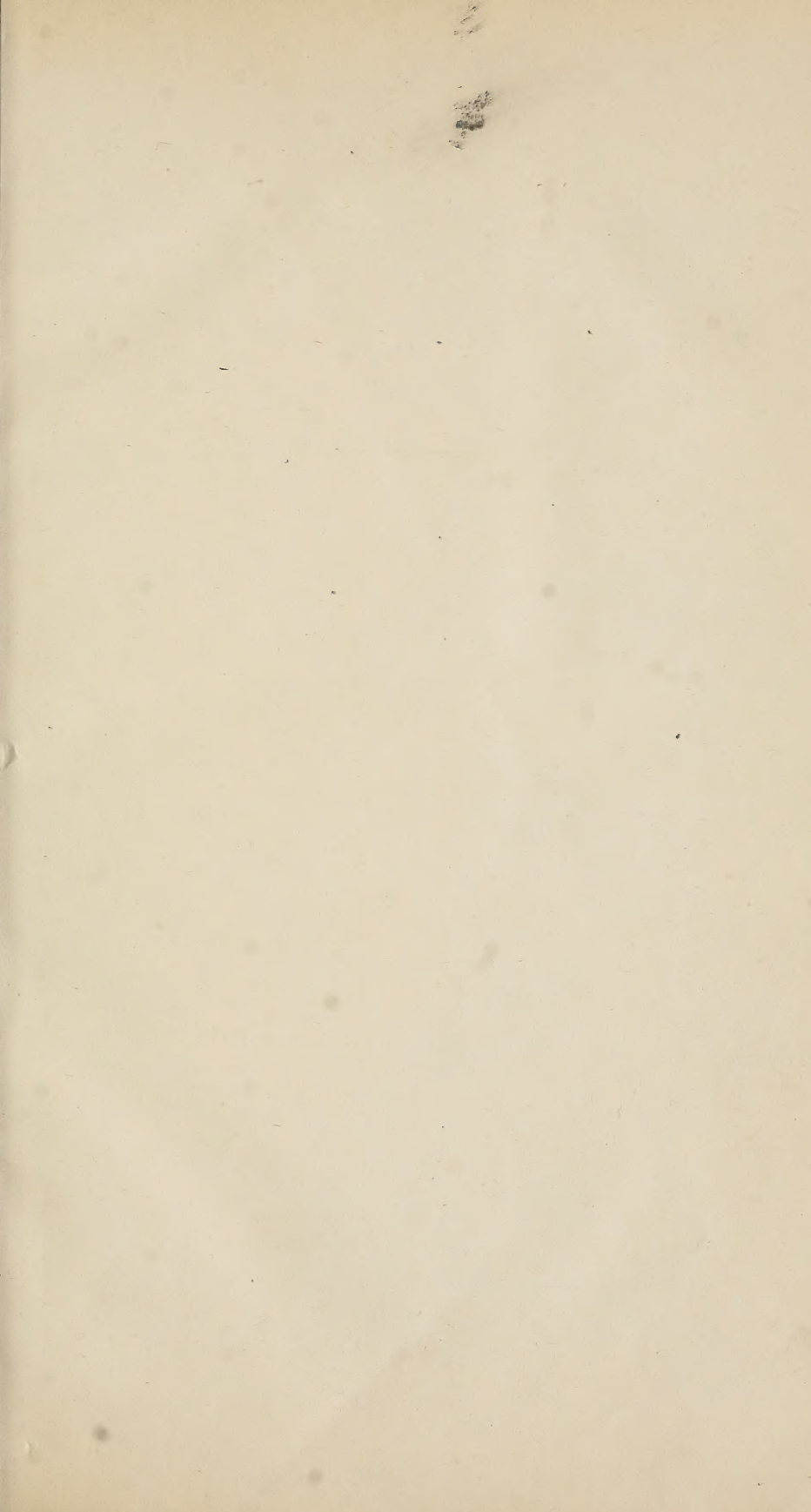
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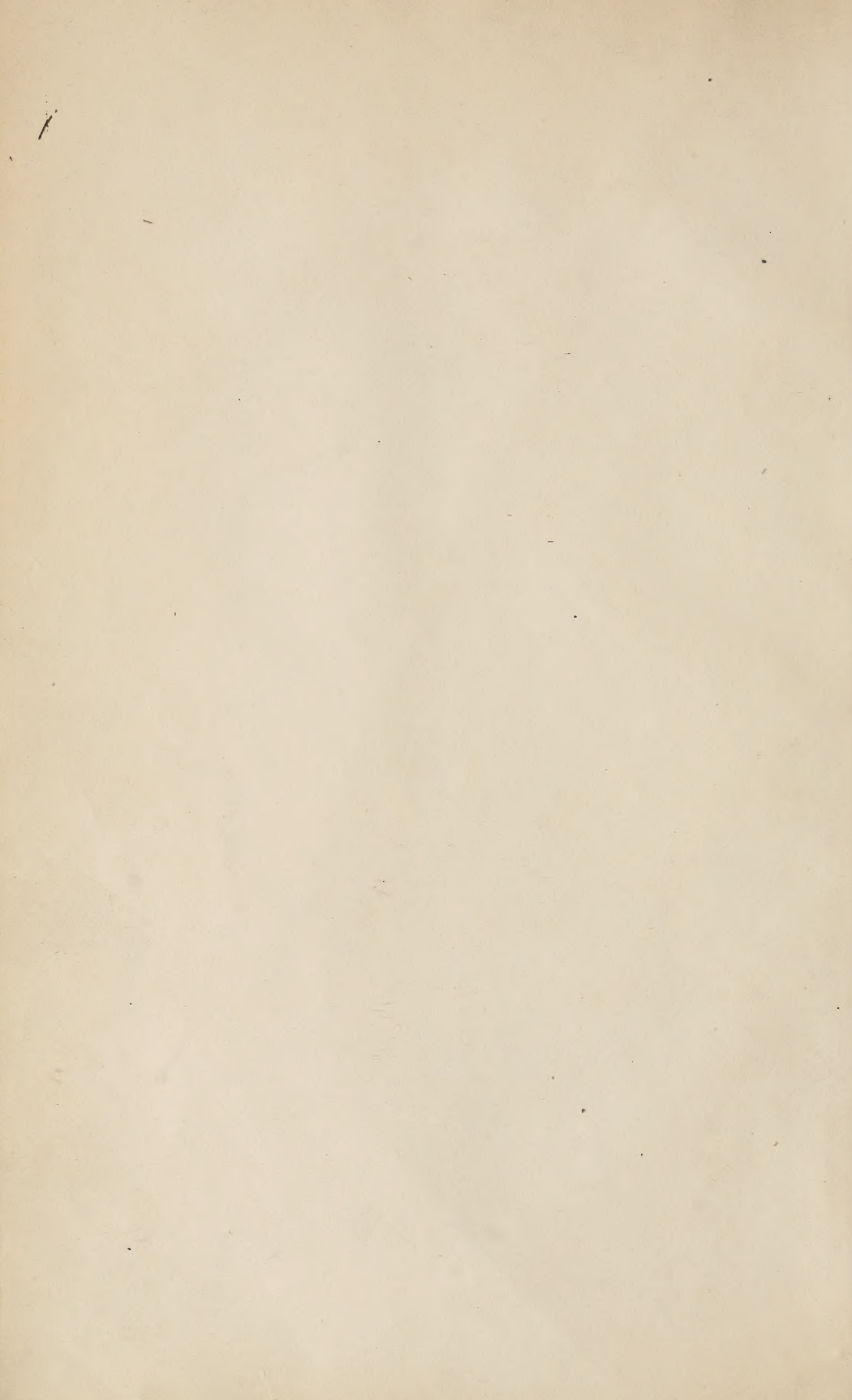
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18681 ANT

THE HESPERIAN



Vol. VIII.

EDITED

BY

Mrs F. H. Day

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

No. 6.

SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER,

1862.

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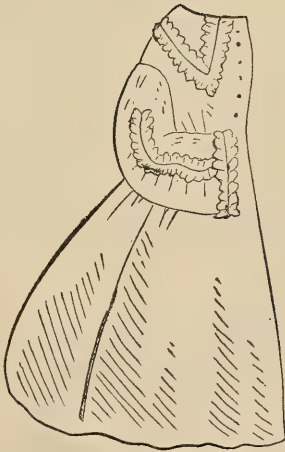
SPANISH SLEEVE.

Plain coat sleeve, fitting smoothly to the arm, and finished with a deep puff at the top, over which a cap is placed, slashed in points. At the wrist two puffs are inserted in points, the points extending upon the arm. This sleeve would be handsome in silk, or poplin. Price 50 cents.



BISHOP SLEEVE.

This is a very beautiful sleeve when made up. A plain piece at the top, which fits to the arm, is covered by three puffs. Attached to this is a small bishop which gathers in at the waist, so as to slip loosely over the hand, and is finished by a deeply pointed cuff, edged with narrow guipure lace, the color of the silk material, or a narrow quilling of velvet. Price 50 cents.



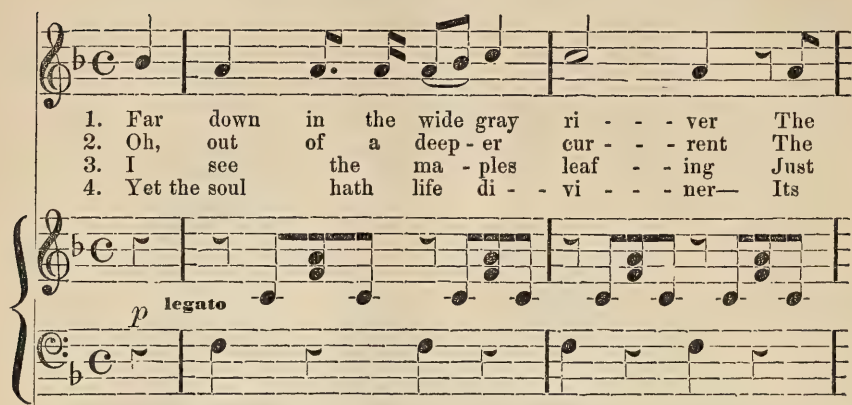
GORED COAT.

BACK AND FRONT VIEW.

This may be made in silk, in dark cashmere, or ladies' cloth, and takes eight yards of single-width material. It has a gored sack front, but the back is laid in box-plaits at the neck, which extend out in a graceful fullness of the skirt behind, while the straight plaits and plainness of the shoulders is relieved by a pointed cape, ornamented with a quilling of the same. The centre of the sleeve is laid in folds, on the upper edge of which is a box-quilling, this also finishes it at the wrist, where it is quite loose and open. Price, \$1 00.

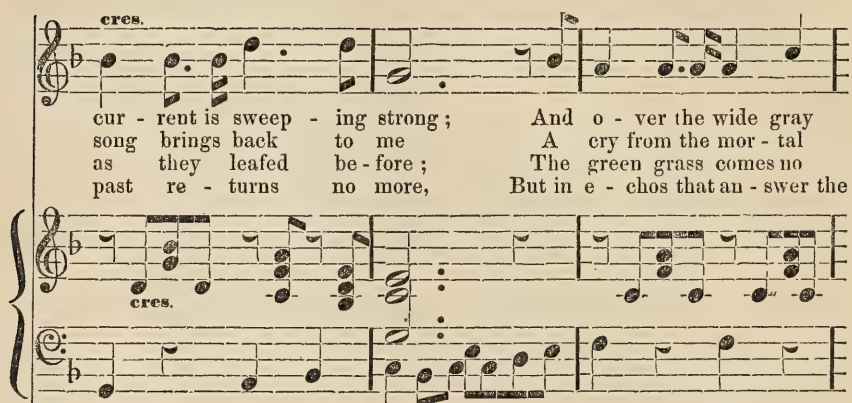
MEMORY'S ECHO.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE HESPERIAN.



1. Far down in the wide gray ri - - - ver The
 2. Oh, out of a deep - er cur - - - rent The
 3. I see the ma - ples leaf - - ing Just
 4. Yet the soul hath life di - - vi - - - ner— Its

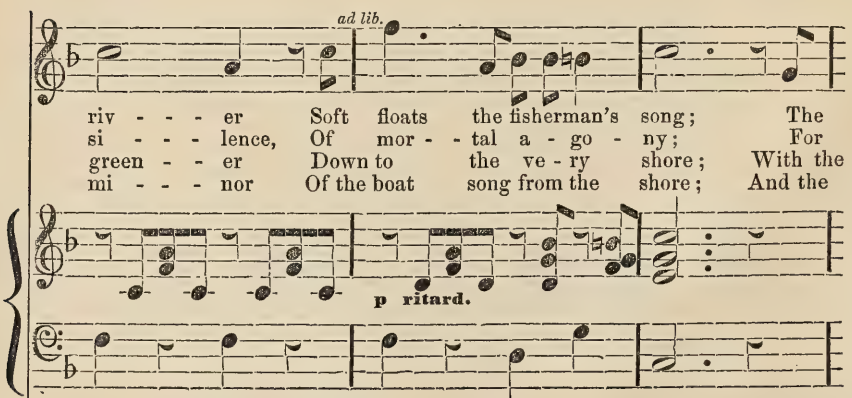
p legato



cres.

cur - rent is sweep - ing strong ; And o - ver the wide gray
 song brings back to me A cry from the mor - tal
 as they leafed be - fore ; The green grass comes no
 past re - turns no more, But in e - chos that an - swer the

cres.



ad lib.

riv - - - er Soft floats the fisherman's song ; The
 si - - - lence, Of mor - tal a - go - ny ; For
 green - - er Down to the ve - ry shore ; With the
 mi - - - nor Of the boat song from the shore ; And the

p ritard.

a tempo

oar stroke times the sing - - ing, The
life that was spent and van - - ished, And
rude strain swell - - ing, sink - - ing, In the
ways of God are dark - - ness, His

a tempo

song softly falls with the oar, And an e - cho in both is
love that had died of wrong, And hearts that are dead in
ea - dence of days gone by, As the oar from the wa - ter
judg - ment wait - eth long— He breaks the heart of a

p

ad lib.

ring - - ing I thought to hear no more.
liv - - - ing, Come back in that fisherman's song.
drink - - ing Rip - ples the mir - ror'd sky.
wo - - man With a fisher - man's care - less song.

colla voce



PITCHER-PLANTS.

THE HESPERIAN.

Vol. VIII.]

MARCH, 1862.

[No. 1.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN AND WHAT THEY ARE.—THEIR RELATIONS WITH
THE UNITED STATES IN THE EXISTING NATIONAL CRISIS.—THE
MODIFICATIONS OF THEIR CHARACTER BY THE INFUSION
OF WHITE BLOOD AND THE CONTACT OF CIVIL-
IZATION.—THEIR PROBABLE DESTINY.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

ARTICLE NO. 1.

THE writer proposes, in a series of articles, to acquaint the readers of the Hesperian more thoroughly than, perhaps, they now are with the race which preceded their own on this continent. There is scarcely any portion of American history which is not in some manner connected with that race. Their acts and deeds are interwoven with the earliest records of occidental discovery and settlement. Scandinavian adventurers, from Iceland and Greenland, saw, fought and treated with them long before the foot of the great navigator, Columbus, had pressed the shores of the western hemisphere. French, English and Spanish history takes note of them. They mingled in the wars of our first great Revolution. Their war-whoop sounded in the memorable contests of 1812, and, even at this moment, they are, to a certain extent, arrayed, in common with their white brethren, upon one side or the other of the mighty issue now pending within the limits of the Federal Union.

Extensive research has been set on foot, and patient labor exhausted, to ascertain the origin of this remarkable branch of

the human family. Yet, nothing definite is known as to the source from which they sprung; and, while there are parallelisms, social and religious, between them and Oriental nations, still the differences in other points are so wide, radical and striking as to settle the rational mind in the conclusion that this people are either indigenous to the continent, or that the period of their arrival is so remote in the past as to have effected, through climatic, geographical and other causes, a complete change in their primordial character. They possess idiosyncrasies, mental and physical, which mark them as a distinct and peculiar race. Except in those ordinary habits which are common to humanity in the savage condition all the world over, the red men of the western continent are essentially unlike the red men of the East.

The religious tenets, customs and ceremonies of the Indians have been more often cited than any other evidence as indicating an Oriental descent; but it seems to us that the occasional coincidence of mythological notions and devotional practices is, with better reason, to be attributed to that general constitution of the human mind which leads it to a belief in spiritual existences and to a recognition of higher powers than those which belong to man. Like the Greeks, they had, and still have, their multitudinous spirits, haunting woods, rocks and streams. Like them, they offered sacrifices and consulted oracles. Like the Persians and Chaldeans, they paid adoration to the sun. Like the followers of Zoroaster, they held fire to be a symbol of the Deity, and made it sacred in chosen places. Like the Jews and many of the Gentiles, both of the Christian and ante-Christian era, they believed in a dualistic principle of good and evil in the moral universe. Like the Egyptian priests and the Pythagorians, they had faith in the transmigration of souls. Like numerous other nations, they placed great reliance in the revelations of dreams. Like the Salemities of New England, they believed in witchcraft and executed witches. In this manner might a parallel of many and various resemblances be kept up to an indefinite extent; but the result, in thus undertaking to arrive at a conclusion as to the origin of the Indian tribes, would simply be a complete mystification of the speculator, for it is rational to concede that the

Indian cannot be descended from *all* the branches of the Old World stock at one and the same time, whose tenets and practices have been, in some manner, similar to his own.

The character of the North American Indian proper is the subject now before us. Under this denomination we include those great groups who were found, by the early voyagers and explorers, along the northern lakes, along the Alleghanies, along the coasts of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and in the valley of the Mississippi. Those west of the Rocky Mountains—the Utah, Oregon and California Indians—are not the best specimens of the race, if, indeed, they belong at all to the same stock, and we shall consider them separately and with careful distinctness hereafter. The tribes we are now treating of are those who have manifested the traits upon which the immemorial ideas of Indian heroism, nobility of character and dignity of thought are founded. These great groups are divided into the Athabaskan, the Algonquin, the Iroquois, the Achalaques, the Dacotah, the Apalachian, the Chicorean, and the Natchez; each group embracing various tribes having affinities, either proximate or remote, of blood and language.

The Athabaskan group were a warlike race, possessed of no arts beyond those of the hunter state, and came down from the Arctic latitudes. They had traditions of having landed at one time on the shore of a great sea in the north, the description of which answers to that of the Arctic Ocean. They were met by a migration from the southward, headed by the Algonquin group, and rolled back.

Setting aside the Athabascans, the other groups named were partial cultivators of the soil, and either came from the ancient Mexican latitudes, or were, at one time, in close contact with the sun-worshiping and mound-building Toltec tribes, who made their exodus from the interior of Mexico after the ascendancy of the Aztecs, carrying with them northward the arts of raising corn, making pottery, and mound-building, these being the only remnant left them of the antique semi-civilization of their parent country. Certain it is, that various United States tribes have traditions of their own migration from the southwest. The

Lenno Lenapes say they came from the south and west, and remember crossing the Mississippi river. The Shawnees remember when they were as far down as Florida. The Winnebagoes have traditions reaching back to Mexico. The Muscogeese point to the time when they resided in the Red river valley, west of the Mississippi. De Soto found, high up on that river, a tribe, the Chigantalgi, who observed the worship of the sun with all the scrupulous rites of the ancient Toltecs. The large mounds in Illinois give evidence that Toltecan art had progressed, by some means or other, thus far north; and traces of sun worship have been found as high up as Lake Superior. The Natchez tribe, who were descended from the Chigantalgi, retained the art of mound-building up to a period so recent as the settlement of the French in the Louisiana Territory. This advancing Toltecan element, if it did not become infused into the different tribes whom we are considering, at least very strongly impressed them; so much so, that broken traces of the Mexique civilization are almost everywhere manifest among them. The arts learned from the Toltecs existed among these tribes, to a greater or less degree, until superseded by the superior arts of the Europeans. Corn-raising is now carried on among them with European implements. Up to the time of the arrival of the French with their brass kettles, pottery continued as an art among the Apalachians. The only aboriginal art of any consequence which seems to survive, is that of pipe sculpture, which remains in full perfection.

It will not be amiss to give the reader a somewhat clearer idea of the groups above specified. The Athabascan group belong to the same genus as the Dog Ribs, Coppermine and Rocky Mountain Indians of the extreme northern latitudes. At the close of the fifteenth century, they were found in the region of the Churchill river. North of them were the Esquimaux, who include the extreme northeastern and northwestern tribes of British America. They have reached the minimum point of the Indian race, and show by their dwarfish stature what singular effects climate may have upon the physical character of man. They are the Skroellings, or dwarfs, spoken of by the early Scandinavian adventurers.

The Algonquin group includes the Miamis, the Weeas, the Piankishaws, the Ottawas, the Shawnees, the Pottawottamies, the Chippewas, the Sacs and Foxes, the Kickapoos, the Illinois and the Kaskaskies, tribes of great prowess and renown. From this group sprang such men as Pontiac, Black Hawk and Tecumseh. Their boundaries, at the time of the discovery, were very extensive. They met with the Athabascan group in the region south of Hudson's Bay, and after desperate fighting possessed the contested ground. Their limits reached as far north as Labrador and the Missinippi river; as far west as the source of the Saskatchewan river, and to a line along the Mississippi; as far south as the present northern line of Tennessee and North Carolina; and as far east as the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. But an extensive tract was blocked out of these boundaries, and occupied by the Iroquois group. Traces of the language of the Algonquins were found among the Floridian tribes and the Powhatans of Virginia, partially among the Leni Lenapes or Delawares, and in sundry dialects of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The Iroquois group comprised the Senecas, the Cayugas, the Onondagas, the Oneidas, the Mohawks and the Tuscaroras, who were combined together in a league under the title of "The Six Nations"; also, the Hurons, the Eries, the Wyandots, and other tribes whose designations do not, at present, occur to our memory. Of this group, the Six Nations make the principal figure in history. Between the years 1600 and 1700 they were in constant warfare with the Algonquins and Apalachians. At the close of this period they had conquered very nearly all the Indian nations occupying the territories now embraced in Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the northern and western parts of Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, a portion of the New England States, and the principal part of Upper Canada. They reached their culminating point about the year 1700. The confederated system under which they lived was the most remarkable example of native political sagacity and untaught savage forecast that occurs in all history, and we shall treat of it at some length when we come to

another division of our subject. This highly intellectual group have furnished a roll of great names, among which may be mentioned those of Red Jacket, Ta-yen-da-ne-ga, or Joseph Brandt, Corn Planter, and the Cayuga Sachem, Logan.

The Dacotah group is composed of the great prairie tribes west of the Mississippi, such as the Sioux, the Quapaws, the Kansies, the Iowas, the Osages, the Pawnees, the Ottoes, the Missourias, the Omahaws, the Aurickarees, the Minitaires, the Mandans and the Winnebagoes, all lying between the foot of the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi.

Of the Achalaques group, the principal tribe is that of the Cherokees.

The leading tribes of the Apalachian group are the Muscogees, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws. The Achalaques and the Apalachians formerly occupied the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Their descendents are now residing in a territory adjoining Arkansas and Missouri, are far advanced in civilization, and are the owners of slaves. It had been, before the breaking out of the present national difficulties, in contemplation to incorporate them into the United States, first as territorial governments, and afterwards as State sovereignties; the Supreme Court having decided that the Federal Constitution in no manner excludes the North American Indians, in due process of law, from a full participation in all the rights and immunities of citizens of the United States. But of this more hereafter.

The Natchez group were the descendents of the Chigantalgi, who had close affinities with the Toltecs. They are extinct, having been wholly destroyed in their fierce wars with the French in the ancient Louisiana Territory.

The Chickorean group, who lived on the coasts of Florida, in a portion of Georgia, and many of whom were carried captive by the Spanish to the mines of St. Domingo, have lost their nationalities, and only a remnant remains, indistinguishably incorporated with the Muscogees or Creeks.

All the groups above designated possess the same grand characteristics of physical and mental type, and we shall, therefore, before descending to the particular distinguishing features of

their respective nationalities, proceed to describe their general character, their system of religious belief, and their social and political organization.

The physical characteristics of the Indians are unmistakable. The hair is coarse, long, lank and black, and, except when mixed with the white or other races, almost perfectly straight. A mixture with the white usually causes it to flow, or curl. The eye, when not excited, is somewhat dull and sleepy, but when aroused by thought or passion, is lustrous and penetrating. The lips are full, but compressed; the nose prominent and dilated. Yet there are singular exceptions, as in the case of the Mandans of the Missouri, belonging to the Dacotah group, whose hair, according to Catlin, is generally as fine and soft as silk, many of them having hazel, grey and blue eyes; while others again, of both sexes, from infancy and youth upward, have hair of a bright, silvery whiteness. The women who possess this hair, and who are quite handsome, are very proud of it.

The general complexion of the Indian race is what may be called *brown* rather than "copper-colored," which is the term more usually employed in the description. Yet there are many variations from the rule, which are the more remarkable because they are not at all dependent upon atmospheric influences. The Cherokees, for instance, have always had a lighter complexion than the adjoining Muscogee tribes, and travelers among them, a hundred years ago, saw young girls of the tribe who were nearly as fair as European females. The Mandans are still more fair, and it is not to be accounted for by any associations with European stocks, for there are no such on record, however remote, nor do the traditions of the tribe point to anything of the kind.

The skull of the Indian is thus described by the ethnologist:—It is of a rounded form, the occipital portion flattened in the upward direction, and the transverse diameter, as measured between the parietal bones, remarkably wide, often exceeding the longitudinal line. The forehead lower than in the Caucasian, receding, and rarely arched. Cheek bones high, the maxillary region strong, with teeth singularly free from decay. Yet there are striking exceptions to this organization, the head being more elongated in its structure among the Mandans, Ottoes and Blackfeet, (Dacotah group), while among the Iroquois and Cherokees there is greater

fullness of the occipital region, with more lofty and arching foreheads. How far the artificial distortions of the skull, once common to certain of the tribes under consideration, may have affected the heads of their descendents, by the transmission of like from like in the process of generation, we are not philosopher enough to determine. It is not generally known to the popular reader that the custom of flattening the head, or compressing it into an unnatural form, which is now practised alone by the Chenooks and a few other tribes of Oregon and British Columbia, once prevailed among many of the aboriginal tribes, both of North and South America. The ancient Mexicans and Peruvians were in the habit of moulding the head into forms of the most grotesque and sometimes frightful character. In the Old Catacombs of Mexico and Peru, cranial distortions are found which would set at defiance the profoundest phrenologist who ever undertook to measure the human intellect with a pair of compasses—heads conical, long heads and square heads, heads triangular, heads elevated and heads depressed; heads with the moral faculties towering up like a mental Chimborazo, others again with the bump of benevolence utterly annihilated; here the lofty arching brow, and there no brow at all! The phrenologist, after running over a hundred or two of these heads, would be apt to come to the conclusion that the mind is capable of working in almost any sort of a hole, and that the elastic brain of man would perform its functions as well, stretched out like a string of sausages, as if it were domed by the brow of an Apollo.

It is well ascertained that the Natchez tribe compressed the heads of their children into an upward elongation of the cranium, until it terminated in a point. De Soto, who met this people in 1560, testifies to the fact. A few centuries later, when we next hear of the Natchez, there was no evidence of the custom among them. Yet the skulls dug up in their grave-yards gave ample confirmation of the testimony of De Soto.

The Choctaws, of the Apalachian group, had the same custom, but varied it in practice, in the manner described as follows by Bartram, the naturalist: "As soon as the child is born, the nurse provides a cradle, or a wooden case, where the head reposes, being fashioned like a brick mould. In this part of the machine the little boy [for Bartram says the girls were not so

honored], is fixed, a bag of sand being laid on his forehead, which by continual gentle pressure gives the forehead somewhat the form of a brick, from the temples upwards, and by these means they have high foreheads, sloping off backwards." (Of course the reader is aware of the great pliability of the cranial bones in infancy, which is the secret of this singular moulding process.) Such was the custom of the Choctaws, a nation now highly civilized, deeply imbued with Christian principles, and having a glorious future before them.

The Waxsaws, (also of the Apalachian group), who have been extinct for centuries, had a similar custom. The child was laid with its back on a flat board, and a roll placed upon its forehead. This roll became a sort of press, which was guaged according to the discretion of the nurse. It made the eyes stand widely asunder, and caused altogether a frightful appearance.

The practice was not unknown to a few of the Muscogee or Creek tribes, and was prevalent among the Catawbias, a nation who had recently come from the north at the time of the discovery, but were probably originally from the south, and who were in alliance with the Cherokees.

The physical frame of the Indian is one of great strength, activity and power of endurance—cast in the grandest mould of nature, and characterized by grace and majesty in attitude and movement. The great painter, West, on beholding for the first time the rescued Apollo of the Greeks, exclaimed, in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "An Indian warrior!" Be it remembered that we are here alluding to the Indian of the groups heretofore named, and not to the Indian of the inferior type, whose characteristics we are to speak of hereafter.

In regard to the mental type of the North American Indian, and his dispositional traits, the judgment of the world is pretty well determined. The capacity of his mind when directed in a certain channel, is evidenced in the indigenous antique civilization of the Mexique races, whose progress in agriculture, in architecture, in weaving, in painting, in general manufactures, and in various of the arts of peace, was indeed wonderful. Yet the effect of this civilization seemed to be to diminish their physical courage and to abate their warlike spirit; and they fell an easy prey to their Spanish conquerors. This mental capacity in

another field of action is to be seen in the great energy of character of the tribes which branched off northward, their indomitable courage, their skill in war, their dignity in council, their power in oratory, and the wisdom to which, in some instances they attained in the organization of their social and political systems. At the time of their discovery, so many centuries had separated them from the southern stock, that, except in the faint traces of an original worship of the sun and moon, and a few imperfect remnants of Toltec art, they had become an entirely different people. Their migration northward, while it robbed them of the comforts of the easier southern life, had trained them in all the accomplishments which belong to the hunter and warrior state; and, perhaps, the noblest specimens of the rude and savage man—the man nearest to nature in his deeds and aspirations—were to be found at that time among them. Modifications of character have of course occurred by contact with the whites, but we are speaking of the Indian, pure and proper, as he stood fresh from the mould in which he had been cast. The early writers, those who wrote at the time of the discovery, agree that the intellectual reach and scope of the Indian was by no means inferior to that of the uneducated classes of civilized nations, and that, in the faculty of expressing himself on public occasions, in a dignified and elevated manner, he was far superior to them. His oratorical efforts, bold, striking, and metaphorical, have usually been but feebly translated, owing to the fact that interpreters at the Indian councils have been for the most part ignorant men, who were imperfectly acquainted even with their own language.

Pere Lejeune, one of the earliest French Missionaries, in New France, writing from that region, said:—"I think the savages in point of intellect may be placed in a high rank. I have scarcely seen any person who has come from France to this country who does not acknowledge that the savages have more intellect or capacity than most of our own peasantry."

Lafitan said: "They are possessed of sound judgment, lively imagination, ready conception and wonderful memory. They are high minded and proud, possess a courage equal to every trial, an intrepid valor, the most heroic constancy under torments, and an equanimity which neither misfortunes nor reverses can shake."

La Potherie said of the Iroquois: "They are the proudest and most formidable people in North America, and at the same time the most politic and sagacious."

Charlevoix remarked: "Their eloquence has a strength, nature and pathos which no art can give, and which the Greeks admired in the barbarians."

It was the characteristic of their eloquence to strike directly home to the point, and to fix the thought in the mind by some terse expression either of bald simplicity or startling metaphor. "*I stand in the path,*" said Pontiac, in 1763, to the British commander who was entering his territories with a military force. "*The sun is my father. The earth is my mother. I will recline upon her bosom,*" was the proud speech of Tecumseh, upon finding no seat provided for him at the council to which he had been invited by the whites.

The prodigious memory in some instances possessed by them, is illustrated in the example of the Indian chief who, in a speech of three hours in length, in a council with the whites, recounted the history and main features of all the treaties, French, English and American, which had been made with his own and surrounding tribes, since the earliest settlement of the country, together with the circumstances of their violation on either side and the retaliations therefor.

The early discoverers were struck with the sublime stoicism which constitutes the Indian philosophy—a stoicism which was the result of a severer discipline of the will, and more stubborn training of the mind and nerves than were ever before known among any people. The common exhibition of this stoical self-control was the imperturbability of the Indian's aspect and demeanor, in all possible situations. His bearing, except when he chose to manifest emotion, was that of unruffled equanimity. Neither joy nor grief could be seen upon his countenance. Fear never betrayed itself in look or gesture. It was beneath his dignity to manifest surprise at anything he saw or heard. This studied indifference to the new or strange caused the historian, Miller, in noticing the three Cherokee chiefs who visited George II. of England, a long way back in the past, and who manifested no emotion whatever in the midst of all the splendors of the royal court into which they were ushered, to accuse them of natural

stupidity and mental sluggishness. This was a great error, for those chiefs afterwards distinguished themselves for the very opposite qualities, and one of them, Ou-ta-ci-te, the head chief of the Cherokee Nation, was remarkable for his very superior intellectual powers, Cherokee tradition naming him to this day as a renowned warrior and a very great orator. A king in his own country, a lord of the majestic wilderness, he was not to be surprised into childish wonder by the glittering absurdities and ostentatious parade which were expected to awe his savage mind.

The higher exhibition of this stoical philosophy of the Red Men was in the fortitude with which they bore physical or mental suffering. They were schooled into a supreme contempt of pain, and bared their bosoms to the shafts of fate, with a poise of intellect which was truly sublime. Their history teems with illustrations of this wonderful exaltation of will and heroism of soul. A few instances which occur to us at the present moment will serve as examples.

Ka-nah-je-a-ga, or Black Kettle, a renowned Onondaga warrior and chief, defeated in 1690 a French force under Governor DeColheres of Montreal, greatly superior to his own, and followed up the victory by devastating the French settlements in Canada. The Governor was so enraged at the triumphs of Ka-nah-je-a-ga that he caused an Onondaga captive to be tortured to death in the most horrible manner. His feet and hands were burnt with red-hot irons, his sinews pulled out, his joints wrung off, his scalp torn from his head, and red-hot sand poured upon his naked skull. Through all these torments he uttered not a groan, and sung his death song in proud defiance of his enemies.

A more remarkable instance than even this, of the effects of the stern training to which the Indian mind was subject, was witnessed by the good missionary, Father Chamounot, who stood by unable to prevent the horrible performance. A small boy of the Erie Nation, then at war with the Onondagas, had been captured by the latter. He was burnt at the stake and died, after two hours of torture, with all the heroism of a mature warrior.

Their stoicism is often dictated by a sense of honor so nice that it can scarcely be appreciated by a civilized mind. Mr. Webster, who, for a considerable period, held office in the State of New York, being Justice of the Peace and Supervisor of the

town of Onondaga, and who in earlier life had lived among the Onondaga Indians, related the following: "A young brave of the Cayuga Nation one morning presented himself before the chiefs of the Onondagas, who were sitting at the door of the council-house. The young man said: 'I have come to dwell among you and your people, if you will permit. I have left forever the home of my father and the hearth of my mother. I seek a home with you; my name is Mantinoah, deny me not.' The eldest chief replied: 'Mantinoah, you are welcome—sit you down with us. Be our son—we will be to you a father. You can hunt and fish with our young men, and tread the war path with the braves of our nation. You shall be honored as you deserve.' Two years passed away, and Mantinoah was, apparently, the most contented and happy of all the young people—loud in the song, and free in the dance.' A warm friendship grew up between him and Webster. Mantinoah said to his friend one morning: 'I must soon leave your peaceful valley forever—I go towards the setting sun. I have a vow to fulfil. My nation and my friends know Mantinoah will be true. My friend, I desire you to go with me.' Webster consented. After a journey of three or four days, they arrived near the village of the Cayugas, which Mantinoah had left two years before. 'Here,' said the young brave, 'let us rest. Let us here invoke the Great Spirit to grant us strength to pass triumphantly through the scenes of this day. Here we will eat, and here, for the last time, smoke the pipe of peace and friendship together.' After their repast, Mantinoah told his friend that, two years before, in his native village, in a burst of passion, he had slain his bosom friend. The chiefs of the nation had declared him guilty of his friend's blood, and in accordance with the law, had decreed his death. The nearest of kin to him he slew was to become his executioner. But his execution was deferred for two years, during which time he was to remain in banishment, and afterwards return, a solemn vow being received from him to that effect. Said he to Webster, in conclusion: 'The term of two full years expires this day, when the setting sun sinks behind the topmost branches of yonder tree. Beneath this venerable oak, where we now stand, at the foot of this rock against which I now lean, I stand prepared to receive my doom. My friend, we have had many a cheerful

sport together ; our griefs have been few. Look not so sad now, but let new joys arouse you. When you return to the Onondagas, bear witness that Mantinoah died like a true brave of the Cayugas ; that he trembled not at the approach of death, like the coward pale-face, nor shed tears like a woman. My friend, take my belt, my knife, my hunting-pouch, my horn and my rifle accept them as mementos of our friendship. I shall need them no longer ; a few moments and the avenger will be here ; the Great Spirit calls ; I am ready. Mantinoah fears not to die. Farewell !' In vain Webster remonstrated against his determination. A loud whoop was heard in the direction of the village. Mantinoah answered with a shout. A solitary Indian approached and took Mantinoah by the hand in kindly salutation. It was the avenger, who had also been his friend, and who thus addressed him : 'Mantinoah, you have slain my brother. Our laws declare me your executioner. Your time is come ; death is at hand ; prepare to meet him. Be steadfast ; be firm, and may the Great Spirit sustain you.' Mantinoah folded his arms across his breast, with no sign of fear, and calmly awaited his doom. The glittering tomahawk of the avenger descended ; its keen edge sank deep into the brain of the victim, and he fell without a groan."

The lack of fortitude displayed by white men, captured and put to the torture, excited, in those old days of blood and strife, the deepest contempt of the Indians.

[To be continued.]

BEATIFUL SENTIMENT.—A mother's love ! How thrilling the sound ! The angel spirit that watched over our infant years and cheered us with her smiles ! Oh ! how faithfully does memory cling to the fast fading mementos of a parent's home, to remind us of the sweet counsels of a mother's tongue ! And oh, how instinctively do we hang over the scenes of our boyhood, brightened by the recollections of that waking eye that never closed while a single wave of misfortune or danger sighed around her child ! Like the lone star of the heavens in the deep solitude of nature's night, she sits the presiding divinity of the family mansion, its delight and its hope, when all around is overshadowed with the gloom of despondency and despair.

P O E M S .

BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

Only through melodious utterance poets stand confessed and crowned,
Yet some souls make life-long music in a rhythmic hush profound.

The wide universe is a poem, marvellous as the Infinite Mind,—
Star-worlds are the golden strophes, filled with splendors undivined.

Soul-fraught poems in carved marbles speak rebuke for wrongs of men,
Where the tablet is enduring, and the chisel is the pen.

Harmonic poems, wordless, vibrant, a divine impulsion own,
Lifting up the listening peoples one step nearer to the Throne.

Iliads in prismatic colors on the glowing canvas tell
Truths profound to climes and ages by a speech made visible.

Every pure deed is a poem which recording angels name,
Tracing it on scrolls of sapphire in imperishable flame.

Waning cycles may list vainly for a bardic voice supreme,
Yet true lives are grander epics than the mightiest poets dream.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.—Sir John Herschel, in his essay on the power of the telescope to penetrate into space, says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of millions of miles from our earth ; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own ;—while the astronomer, who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star, would be recording, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. What is our earth in space so almost infinite ; and still more, what is man that *he* should be the special object of regard to the infinite Author of this system of worlds!

THE TESTIMONY OF MAN'S SENTIMENT TOUCHING THE RANK OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. W. FARNHAM.

HAVING thus far shown, according to my ability and opportunity, the grounds of my appeal to the Scriptural Theology, to Mythology, Art and History in behalf of Woman, I proceed to the broader and more fertile field which is most conveniently designated by the caption to this section, the Popular Sentiment and Common Observation of Humanity, with regard to her.

Much of these are already shown in the Arts expressive of them, which the People revere ; in the Poetry which they receive and love because it illustrates more perfectly than any form of expression which they can command, their own thoughts and feelings : and in the Annals of Life, which, whatever their errors and poverty, the People accept as authentic, because they contain so much truth, as to persons and events, that there is greater profit in having them alone, (till better come), than in being without any.

Human Sentiment is before all forms of its expression ; and Sculpture, Painting, Poetry and Music, the Arts which serve its highest attained* development in this life, have their appeal to us in confirming, not contradicting it—in verifying, not setting aside or denying those truths and ideas which the daily and hourly observation of Men and Women testify of themselves and of the world of objects and forces around them. The Arts spring from Human Sentiment as a stream from its fountain, and must as necessarily exhibit its qualities ; and they inspire us with their nobility, command our admiration and kindle our emotions or passions so far as, in their treatment of human life, they express or suggest its interior as well as its outward properties and traits. Hence Sculpture is colder than Painting, Painting than Poetry ; in the perfect languages, Poetry than Music. The inflexible and ungracious Marble will neither receive nor reflect the

* I say “attained development,” because, at our present stage of growth, we know not what career is yet to open for humanity on the earth.

Spirit as colors may. If Pygmalion had been Beethoven, a goddess had not been necessary to put a soul into his work. He would have found a portion of his own there. The mechanical character of his Art is further felt in its working *toward* instead of *from* a centre—the reverse of all spiritual outgrowth and creation. A stroke too much, and perfection falls a sacrifice at the feet of the Artist. Hence Sculpture will never, I think, become so ready an art of Woman, or be so beloved of her as of man, whose less subtle nature will not so often feel itself fettered in the unyielding stone. But this by the way. To return to the line of our argument.

The acceptance, through the Ages, of the ideas and truths conveyed by any art is unimpeachable testimony to their verity. They could only exist through their truth, and could only be true by being, centrally, if not in their length, breadth and detail, one with the sentiment and observation of Mankind on these subjects. Thus Painting could not give Woman the lineaments of an angel, and serious, elevated Poetry could not address her as angelic or divine, if in doing so, they outraged our common perception of her nature, as compared with that of man. We feel no levity in such recognition of her. No sentiment is shocked or pained by it, but on the contrary, when the lover, artist, poet, or philosopher attributes to her a higher purity and divinity we feel, in his expression, a joy which is deep and sacred in proportion to the depth and sacredness—otherwise the reality and earnestness of the perception and belief in him from which it springs. And there is one form in which this sentiment of man flows more or less into every woman's life. It may have but a transient utterance. It may even be quickly followed by hard, abrupt, cold and cruel, or brutal denial. It may come to her but once only in her life—in that most sacred hour when a heart and life are laid down for her acceptance, or she is besought to take them into her keeping and guidance—to become their sovereign. It may be like the swift gleam of sunshine that descends in an Autumn day through a rift in its black cloud-continent, which closes so quickly, that ere you are aware, all is darkness again. But however it comes, how brief so ever its

stay, it enters into her soul, whence it can never wholly vanish away except before the grim presence of vice and degradation.

Every woman that is born cannot look upon the pictures of Raphael or Guido, Giorgione or Corregio, Reynolds or Kneller, Page or Sully ; nor read the verse of Petrarch, Shelley, Wordsworth or Spenser ; but every woman who preserves her self-respect has, once in her day, if never again, a lover, who declares that she is to lead him to better and higher things than he has yet attained to—nay, that already she has done this, that the thought of her has moulded him to higher desires—shamed him from low and gross indulgencies—made the light and coarse speech of former companions seem a profanation of womanhood, which he has come to revere in her if he were incapable of it before ; that he needs her for his own redemption—that with her all good seems possible, without her nothing but desolation, weariness and even ruin. From the polished man of the world to the boor—from the elegant scholar to the hob-nailed peasant, the varieties of expression in which this sentiment clothes itself are well known.

“ I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber-window, sweet.
“ The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
The champak odors fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale’s complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art ! ”*

Elsewhere this same loving, reverent soul pours from the pure fountain of its thought and emotion these lines to a woman.

* Shelley.

"Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
 Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
 All that is unsupportable in thee
 Of light and love and immortality!
Sweet benediction in the eternal curse!
Veiled glory of this lampless universe!
Thou moon beyond the clouds! thou living form
Among the dead! thou star above the storm!
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
 I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song,
 All of its sweet mortality and wrong,
 With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
 From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through."

Here is another lover who prays like this poet, in other and less elegant phrase truly, but no less earnestly, that somewhat of the mortality and wrong may be blotted from him by the woman he loves. "And when I say I love 'ee, I beant said all—no not all, Joanna. I tell 'ee there be summat in thee, girl, better'n what's in me, great big-bone fellow," stretching out with the words his huge arm, that she might see its strength, and wiping the dew of earnestness from his craggy features; "an' I want thee, Joanna, t'help me along up to thee."

Did Joanna ever think, whatever her love for this strong, reverent-hearted man, of his helping her up in the same way? Certainly not! No woman who is good enough to kindle such a sentiment in a man ever does. She looks to him for something assuredly; for love which she craves, for kindness, a measure of sympathy, and for worldly support, but not for incentives to a better and more unworldly life. She knows that these must come from himself.

"When I approach you," wrote a gifted man whose name the world acknowledges, to the woman he loved, "I rise into a purer atmosphere. All that is sordid or selfish in me shrinks away, rebuked, from your presence, and I am shamed at the memory of plans and schemes which I stay neither to approve nor condemn till the clear, calm, heavenly purity in your eye, looking through me, brings me to measure myself and them by a standard which I find nowhere else. Forgive me if in aspiring

to companionship with you, who are so much nobler and more unselfish than I am, I acknowledge that love is not the only motive. What is the other, you ask? since you have neither fortune nor the recognized social position which the world as often commends as censures a man for seeking exclusively, in marriage? I will tell you, dearest, I heartily desire help to become a truer man. I pray for a hand that will draw me from the current to which years ago I surrendered myself, and which is now bearing me almost irresistibly on, to a goal that in my heart I despise. You have consented to extend me yours, and in my soul I devoutly thank you. Believe that I speak these words in the earnestness of my nature, and come to my soul with yours, held strong and high for my rescue."

When a man of common stamp loves earnestly a good woman of his own class, one of the first outward evidences of it is, the desire to shake off some coarse or vicious habit or degrading association. How often are the appetites temporarily checked; the exalted action of the whole nature, no doubt, helping to these perishable, spasmodic movements toward purification, but the sense of approaching a purer life and the desire to make self fit to meet and mingle with it, being the first, and remaining always while they last, the leading incentive to them.

Your neat, thrifty, industrious, good Ellen, or gentle Catholic Mary, tells you, dropping her face lower and lower, as you enquire about her lover, that "he has promised me, ma'am, to shtop the drinkin'," and Bridget, if you interest yourself in her fortunes, will inform you that "sure Patrick thinks a dale too mich of me, Mam, for he says he'll give up the swearin whiniver I say I'll marry him."

The self-respecting, bright Yankee girl, who earns her wedding outfit in a factory and looks understandingly forward to a life of hard work with the man whom she choses for a husband, does not like that he should defile his mouth and person with tobacco. It is not only offensive to her, but she is sure that it is injurious and degrading to him. "I shall leave it off," he says. "I can do it very easily, for since I have come to think of you so much, I often forget it."

The man addicted to gaming or dissipation of any sort, swears that it shall cease in honor of her he loves. He feels that she is on one side and his degradations on the other. They do not belong together, and in the days of his love, he would shudder at the thought of defiling the purity and good he respects in her by familiarizing her with them. His low, loose companions never looked so low and gross to him, as since he has met them occasionally fresh from her presence; and he secretly resolves that he will break off from them. He would be pained and shamed while his love is in its divine phasis, to have her learn that he ever mixed with them.

"I long," says a rough, hard-handed, working man, writing to a nobly cultivated woman, whom he loved in spite of the wide social distance between them; I long to sit down again in your little crowded library, and listen to your interpretation of those glorious old and new poets, who always before have seemed to me so dry and dead. You will not be Offended I hope if I tell you that since those days at your house I seem to have come into another world. Everything is brighter and more beautiful. The skies look softer and the mountains grander. The plains that I walked over in coming home never in all my journeys showed me before such pleasant lights and shades. The Sea never seemed so much like a big-souled, tranquil companion as I walked by its side. And it was because they all spoke of you, my good friend seemed to reflect you. You were if I may say it, back of each, looking through it upon me and into my life. You seemed to question me through them and as I walked along I saw myself plainer than ever before. All the hardness and worldliness and eagerness for gain which I have been indulging ever since I was a man, stalked out before looking hateful and mean as you must see them I am sure. After this, you will see, I must be a better man. You preached me a sermon, not from a bible text, which I shall never forget." * * * *

The chirography of this manly letter was very rude and cramped; the spelling and capitalizing, as will be seen, occasionally at fault, punctuating quite overlooked, but one does not often read epistles that furnish, in themselves, stronger evidence

of having made their way from the deepest depths of the life speaking through them. "And what of this man," I asked of the woman who showed me this letter, suppressing the name of the writer, "has the faith you kindled in him remained a living one?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it has, in a thorough and most satisfactory sense. He has since married pretty well, I believe—a woman of his own class—and is living a sound, rational, improving life; tells me, when I meet him occasionally, that he takes time for reading, and evidently provides himself with the best books, since I find him acquainted with them. And as his wife is an uncultivated person, he will have to act the woman's part in the best salvation of his family—the culture and direction of his children. He has more than once alluded, with impressible signs of gratitude in his eyes, to the experience which divorced him from the pursuit of money as a leading purpose, and showed him, as he acknowledges, higher and more worthy objects in life."

Here are a few lines from a letter written years ago to a young friend of mine, who in the helpful spirit of a true-hearted, thoughtful woman, held, as opportunity seemed to invite to it, an occasional earnest conversation with an ignorant but manly and well-intentioned young mechanic, who was employed for a time in her mother's house.

"I don't kno as I shal be abel to tel you, Miss, jest what I do mean in sending this letter, becaus I aint mutch ust to riting letters, spessially not to ladys an I kno I've got no rite too say all I feal, if I was abel. So I shant go on to tel you how mutch I love to hear you talk and sea you look at them yure talkin too, and the good it dus me. Thoes good words all took a holt of me I can tel you, Mis, and I haint so mutch as looked at a piece o' tobacker or a glass o' whiskey sence I seen you last time, an I don't bleave I shal ever want to agin."

"I *rise* to your presence," says another man, "and am dissatisfied with myself and the world on leaving it, for I feel that I descend into outer and common things again. That I return from you somewhat nobler after my visit I honestly believe, because, in the searching self-analysis of these deep experiences, I find the common, the selfish and ambitious motives of former

days so weakened in their hold upon the future that I almost seem to see them falling beneath my feet. I, who have been so wedded to the honors and goods of the world. What is the secret virtue in your life and speech which shapes me thus? Which, with never a word of *preaching*, a syllable of rebuke, or a spark of assumption that you are the better of us two, does actually transform these once ruling motives of my life from pleasant and shining leaders to mean, unworthy tyrants, whom I despise? In my wonder at my own present state of mind, I ask myself this question so often that I am moved to repeat it to you. Will you answer it? At least give me your view of our present relation, and tell me what hope you see of its perpetuation in the years we are looking forward to."

Momentous question and inexpressibly significant prayer this, from the heart of a man to a woman! I shall endeavor to answer, for those who desire it, the first in some of the following pages.

[To be continued.]

THE victories of character are instant, and victories for all. Its greatness enlarges all. We are fortified by every heroic anecdote. The novels are as useful as bibles, if they teach you the secret, that the best of life is conversation, and the greatest success is confidence, or perfect understanding between sincere people. 'Tis a French definition of friendship, *rien que s'entendre*, good understanding. The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, "Let there be truth between us two forevermore." That is the charm in all good novels, as it is the charm in all good histories, that the heroes mutually understand, from the first, and deal loyally, and with a profound trust in each other. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; If he did thus, or thus, I know it was right.

LITTLE FRANK:

A Tribute of Affection to his Parents.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Weep not for him, his rose-crowned head reposes
On the gemmed flower-earth of the Summer land;
Watched o'er by mother hearts, and sweetly guided
By the Omniscient Father's loving hand.
Thy own, thy beautiful, exalted, free,
Dwells in the shadow of His Sanctuary!

His laughing eye, the Paradisean valleys
And mountain heights of soul-attainment greet;
The gold and azure music-breathing waters
Of Life Eternal, lave his baby feet.
And Inspiration's sunlight o'er him streams,
With Love immortal's spirit quickening gleams!

Linked to your hearts forever more, in beauty,
In the transcendent bliss of Nature's own;
A page of spirit-lore now opes before you,
Whose mystic light is to your souls unknown;
But seraph hands shall rend the mourning veil,
And bid the Heralds of our Father, hail!

Deem not afar the angel child, whose mission
Is to twine 'round your hearts sweet chords of love—
By whose resistless charm of prayer and duty,
Ye shall be drawn unto the realms above.
Nigh to the central fount—the heart of Him,
Inspirer of the Wisdom-Seraphim!

Soul of affection's glory! Life of all
The myriad worlds! Transcendant mother-care,
Whose power benignant decks the starry heaven
And singing earth with tokens bright and rare;
Safe in thy all-encircling arms shall rest
The earth-flower taken from the mother-breast!

Weep not for him. See, on the golden ladder
Where angels come and go, the bright-eyed boy,

Guided by guardian Wisdom, upward glances
Unto the opening realms of future joy ;
And of the heaven-life flings a treasured gleam,
Over the mother's reminiscent dream !
Weep not for him. Love without shade of sorrow,
Glory unbought by heart-pangs of renown,—
Honor and joy, unfading as the laurel
That with gemmed lustre decks the hero's crown,—
Shall be the portion of thy little child,
For 'twas on such that the Good Master smiled.

"ENLARGE not thy destiny," said the oracle: "Endeavor not to do more than is given thee in charge." The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation: and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine; property and its cares, friends, and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting. Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries, hopes—all are distractions, which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and make a good poise and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. 'Tis a step out of a chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness. Many an artist, lacking this, lacks all; he sees the masculine Angelo or Cellini with despair. He too, is up to Nature and the First Cause in his thought. But the spasm to collect and swing his whole being into one act he has not. The poet Campbell said, that "a man accustomed to work was equal to any achievement he resolved on, and that, for himself, necessity, not inspiration, was the prompter of his muse."

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN PHOENIX, ESQ., THE VERITABLE "SQUIBOB."

BY OLD BLOCK.

THE Angel of Death hath been busy the past year. Many a stately tree hath been cut down; many a beautiful flower hath been mowed by the insatiate scythe of Time; many a brow, around which wreaths of fame were clustering, hath been laid low, and hearts have been made sad and social circles broken up by the Destroying Angel, who respecteth neither high nor low, place nor position.

Among those who now range the Spirit Land, and who, though they may be happy there, have left a wide blank among friends on earth, is the genial, warm-hearted and talented wit—the greatest that California ever saw,—Lieutenant Derby, *alias* John Phoenix, *nee* Squibob, whose writings remain as an enduring evidence of his genial nature and fun-loving propensities. It was my good fortune to become personally acquainted with him, and a warm friendship always existed between us. While he was convulsing the citizens of our State with laughter over his inimitable sketches, a correspondence, from some slight cause, which sometimes arises between *affinities*, commenced between us, which was continued as long as he remained in California. We had corresponded for more than a year before we met, and I know that I enjoyed it most hugely, while postmasters and expressmen were vastly tickled at the address on the envelopes. These were usually either pictorial or poetical, or both. Uncle Sam's postage stamps were most familiarly turned into soldiers, miners, or various ludicrous characters, for Derby sketched to admiration—very much better than I could do. If a letter came to me, either by post or express, directed simply to a profile with a very large nose, it never failed in being delivered properly, while with one of Uncle Sam's stamps turned into a woe-begone, ragged soldier reciting a poetical superscription to Squibob, he as surely received it. For more than a year we had thus corresponded, and *felt* that we were acquainted. I had long desired to meet him, and at last it came about in rather a funny way.

I had been very sick with fever. As soon as I became convalescent, I went to San Francisco to try the benefit of a change of climate. While there the Superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, seeing my weak condition, proposed that I should try the benefit of a short trip at sea, and very generously offered me the position of messenger to Oregon for one trip. I most gratefully assented. I may as well say here that the trip indeed restored me to health.

The day of sailing came. I had been most cordially recommended to the kind care of Capt. Dall, whom everybody knows to be a prime sailor, as well as an excellent gentleman, and he discharged his trust toward me in the kindest manner.

It was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning before we left the wharf, while before we got fairly to sea, by doubling Cape Reyes, afternoon had come. Owing to the hurry of getting away, no dinner was got, but a slight luncheon was laid upon the table in the cabin.

The hurry and noise of getting our freight on board, with the excitement and my weakness, had nearly prostrated me for the time. I went below after we had got beyond the Heads, and taking a hard biscuit in one hand, with a handful of cheese in the other, I returned to the quarter deck, muffled up in my heavy overcoat, and sitting down, shivering with cold, I munched my bread and cheese with a most dismal feeling, with all the ills, instead of the pleasures, of life running through my brain. While I was thus engaged in masticating my sea-bread lunch, Capt. Dall came out of his room (which was upon deck), followed by a rather short but plump, and round but pleasant-faced man. They approached me, when Capt. Dall addressed me with, "Old Block, permit me to make you acquainted with Lieutenant Derby." I was completely taken by surprise, for I had not dreamed that he was on board; yet, ill as I was, I felt the blood rush through my veins with pleasure at the consummation of what I had so long desired—a meeting. I slowly arose and remarked; "Lieutenant, I'm glad to meet you. It is customary in the mines, when a brother miner calls about dinner time, to offer him a share of the table; help yourself," and I held out both hands toward him—one filled with hard biscuit, and the other

with cheese. "Thank you, he replied, with a smile, "I've been to dinner." Then, looking at me steadily for nearly a minute, he exclaimed, with some emphasis: "Old Block, by Jove, you *have* got a big nose."

As that was a trueism I could not deny, I acknowledged the soft impeachment, and we sat down, feeling that we were old acquaintances. Our conversation naturally turned upon authorship, writing, etc. "There are two things," said he, that I never could do. I never could write a play, nor make a speech. I can lay a plot without much trouble; but, like Guy Fawkes, I always get caught before I set fire to the train. I can't keep up the dialogue. I've tried it, but had to abandon it. Then, as for making a speech, I've tried that too, but I always break down. Can you?" I acknowledged that I had done both. "How the deuce do you contrive to keep up the dialogue in writing?"

"Generally, by identifying myself with the character speaking."

"What, villains and all?"

Yes. I can be as big a villain as any of 'em when it is necessary for the development of the plot."

"Humph! appearances are deceitful. You don't look like a cut-throat."

"Oh, I'm sick now; I *feel* worse than I look."

"In that case," he replied, "I'd better look out for my pockets."

"There's 'honor among thieves,'" said I, "I would scorn to steal from a brother chip; you are safe this time."

Our passage, though somewhat rough, was enlivened by Derby's ready wit, and he soon had the passengers around him laughing at his fun, while I really believe his genial humor did as much to restore my health as the bracing sea air.

We were passing Cape Mendocino one morning after breakfast. The passengers had congregated upon deck looking at the wild scenery along the shore. Some little distance from the main land, and what seemed to have been at a former period a point of the Cape, arose a huge pyramidal rock from a flat rocky base, as if it had been built by human hands upon a broad foun-

dition. The action of the water or the elements, or both, had worn a cave-like aperture in one portion of the pyramid, till the opening presented the appearance of a huge castle gate, while distance prevented our seeing how far the cavity extended into the rock.

"What cape is that?" asked some one in our group.

"Cape Mendocino," was the response.

"Mendocino! a singular name. I wonder what the origin of it was."

"Why," said Derby, with the utmost gravity, "in former days it was an important fishing station. The fishermen usually occupied that cave for their head-quarters, and fished as the season and weather permitted. One morning two boats started out and threw their nets over. One of them, by some mischance, had their net badly torn, so that it became necessary to go ashore for repairs. Accordingly they started, when they were hailed by the other boat: 'Where are you going?' 'Going ashore.' 'What for?' Shouting at the top of his voice, as if to overcome the force of the wind, the boatman replied, through his trumpet-shaped hand: 'To mend a seine O!' And thence the cape took its name, which has since become perverted into Mendocino."

For a moment no one thought the explanation a hoax, as it was given in such an off-hand ready manner; but a moment's reflection showed me the ludicrousness of the idea, and I began to laugh. Directly it came with full force to the group, and Derby had succeeded in raising a general guffaw.

"You know where Johnson's Ranch is, on Bear River," he said to me one day.

"Very well; I've often been there."

"There was a big town laid off there."

"Yes, I'm aware of it. Didn't amount to anything."

"No, not a single house ever built. Well, I laid out that town. I should have made my fortune if I could have sold my share. A gentleman who owned the land proposed to me to survey the ground and lay it off into town lots, offering me one-third of the plot for doing it. I saw a pile was to be made out

of it, so I consented, and we laid out ground enough to build a New York on. The upshot was, I lost my time and labor and never got a dime for it.

"Some time after that another party came to me with a proposal to survey and lay out another town on the Yuba, offering me a very large per centage of the lots for doing it. But I was smart this time; I wasn't to be caught again; so I put my thumb on my nose, and told 'em they couldn't come it. I had tried that game once; 'twouldn't go. Nevertheless, they went on, got somebody else to survey it, while I laughed in my sleeve at them for green-horns. Just see how the d—d thing turned out. That town was the city of Marysville. Had I done it, I should have been rich, but my luck is always over the left.

"I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly long and wide,
But it fell upon the sandy floor,
And *always* on the butter'd side."

One day after Marysville had become a city, Derby happened there. At dinner there was on the table a nice piece of baked veal—quite a rarity in those days. Derby noticed that the landlord was carving it into quite small pieces, and inquired why he did so. The landlord leaned over toward him and replied:

"To tell you the truth, Lieutenant, there is but little of it, and I want to make it go as far as possible."

"In that case, I'll take a large piece," said Derby, handing his plate, "I think I can make it go as far as anybody; I am going to San Diego."

And so his wit was always ready, and seemed to flow spontaneously, without effort. He seemed to throw a gleam of sunshine over every company, and wherever Derby was, there was cheerfulness and fun. His works are left to us, but many of his personal anecdotes are lost. His most amusing book can be had at A. Roman's book store, in San Francisco. "Alas, poor Yorick!"

The following poem is from an English lady to her brother in California :

In the ne'er-to-be-forgotten days of long, long ago,
 I had a lovely northern home, where the gorse and heather blow ;
 Where the brooks go singing—singing past wild thyme and feathery fern,
 Making glad the quiet way by which they never shall return :
 Where the larch is green in spring-time, with the softest of all green,
 And the hills are of the fairest hue in the summer's glorious sheen ;
 Where blue-bells, waving 'mid the grass, in lonely spots delight,
 And early autumn decks the banks with fox-gloves tall and bright ;
 Where the linnet's liquid note is heard in the clear September air.
 Oh, weary wand'rer that I am ; how oft my heart is there,
 For Nature's face, I know, still looks as in the times gone by—
 Tho' I thought a shade came o'er it when my hopes began to die ;
 When one departed from amidst the heather and the fern,
 Who, like the brooks, made glad my way ; like them shall not return—
 " Shall not return, not return," seemed the burden of their song,
 As, changed from gladness unto sadness, I went musingly along.
 " Cut off so young—ah, so young," the dark pine wailing said.
 " Once so bright," sang the daisy, " must I paint his earthly bed ?"
 Then I left my olden haunts for a country o'er the sea ;
 But visions of my moorland home forever went with me ;
 And the shadow of the lost one journeyed always at my side,
 In the long, long summer twilight by the Neva's* crystal tide.
 Amid the alien birches of the flat and dreary plain
 My soul grew sick with pining for my English hills again,
 And I came back to the wild scenes that were now too sadly dear.
 But alas ! to see the remnant of my kindred disappear ;
 For my parents took their way to a far Canadian shore—
 My brother to the land of gold had sailed away before—
 And I, in loneliness of heart, and bitterness and pain,
 Was forced to leave the home I knew could ne'er be mine again.
 Years have passed, and are passing : mine is still the stranger's lot ;
 But the rose that climbed around our porch from my mem'ry fadeth not ;
 For there it bloomed and nodded in the fresh and gentle rain
 Where *his* dear kind lips at parting said, " We'll hope to meet again."
 The remembrance oft is sweet, but full many a time too sad,
 And then, in vain, all joyous things invite me to be glad ;
 But in my quiet chamber, as I sit with weeping eyes,
 I commune with my heart and say : " O, heart, thou art not wise,
 Thus to dwell amid the treasures and the pleasures of the past ;

*Neva. St. Petersburg, Russia, is on the Neva.

Bethink thee, mourner, rather of the mercies that thou hast.
Wert thou not told in childhood, all was vanity below ?
Oh, wherefore didst thou not believe that thou shouldst find it so ?
Hadst thou kept thyself from idols—better loved the world unseen—
Thy wounds had never bled so long ; thy pangs had been less keen.
The world is full of aching hearts. Let thine own sorrow be
A friendly voice to stir thee up to pray for them and thee.
Forget thyself in works of love to suff'ring human kind ;
'Twill help to dry thy flowing tears and heal thy wounded mind."

H. J. W.

EYES are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction ; they are no Englishmen ; ask no leave of age, or rank ; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them ! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to see if the other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of a house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own, to the mind of the beholder.

Now that we have learned the secret that two railroads are better than a river, we can spare the Mississippi until it has better people on its banks.

WAR—ITS MORAL ASPECT.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

IT does appear to me that almost every man and woman, with the exception of my humble self, has had his or her say on *the* subject of the day—the great American rebellion. And why should I claim a say at all? Ah, yes, why? Kind reader, be assured that I should not claim my natural right had I no higher motive in prospect than ostensibly prompted the author of a solitary sentence that I have yet seen written on either side of the subject. Upon the skill with which the slaughter has been conducted I have nothing to say; my province is to contend that there does not, and cannot, exist a moral cause for this or any other war, at all. The cause of war is an undeveloped, unprogressed state of public virtue and morality—a highly sensitive condition of the animal passions, conjoined with a torpid state of the moral faculties. That holy command: “*Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,*” although upwards of eighteen hundred years of age, is not even yet appreciated by the sons of earth; and when its hallowed teachings are revered—our *Heavenly Father speed the day*—there will be no more war, nor strife of any possible kind; for it teaches no hatred, no animosity, no retaliation—nothing but harmonious love and universal kindness. Judge, then, of my surprise, if possible, upon taking up one of our *best* papers, a morning or two since, and reading an article on our “war capacity,” in which the writer contended that we had progressed(?) so astonishingly within the last forty years that with good reason might any foreign or internal foe fear us. Progressed! That is what I call “backward progression;” and I would, with all due complaisance, suggest to the author that retrogression would be by far the more appropriate term. Does that blessed maxim which we have above quoted teach us to fear? Does it teach us that wholesale murder is progression? Does it teach us to cultivate a hatred for our brother? Ask yourself if you would be despised by your

fellow-man, and you will have correctly responded to the interrogatory. All this results from wrong culture; from perverted education. We must teach different doctrinal principles. Oh, what an incomprehensibly glorious state of society there would this day exist had every military school in existence been abolished two hundred years ago, and universal love taught all mankind from that time to the present. It is almost impossible to conceive how happy we would this day have been. In a word, in the place of treating our fellow-men with hatred and suspicion, we would receive them with love and confidence. What constitutes a cause for war? Is that cause anything more or less than a human opinion? Is that which is regarded as a valid cause for a declaration of war anything more than a mortal construction of a mortal act or deed? Most assuredly not. Then will that cause not be governed entirely by the quality and character of the education of the father of that opinion? Certainly. Then could we not so perfect ourselves in human discipline as to consider that brother who errs most as the most entitled to our leniency and sympathy and assistance in reformation of character? Yes. Then we have reached that state of progress where no possible act of man can justify a like retaliation; and that, too, without reaching anything near a state of perfection. But all our present education is of an opposite character from the kind which we have now been contemplating. We are educated downward. Our military schools turn out upon the country thousands yearly, skilled in the science of human slaughter. We are all taught to look for the evil, not the good, in man. The heads of our government are taught the science of diplomacy. If, in making his morning bow, Mr. John Bull fails—it matters not whether purposely or accidentally—to toe precisely the diplomatic scratch, he must come out with a due apology, for Uncle Sam couldn't possibly stand it without some humiliating condescension on the part of Great Britain; and the "*big men*" of England decline to patch up the injured dignity of the "*big men*" of America, when the poor, innocent, uninterested masses of both countries—who are so far from having any complicity in the matter that but comparatively few of their number even comprehend the point of

etiquette which has caused the soulless, whimsical, imaginary breach, which their innocent blood is about to wipe out—are arrayed in mortal combat; and there, under the command of the military gentlemen who are skilled in directing human murder, they fight, until perhaps both parties are swept out of mortal existence. And all for what? Ah, yes, what? Oh, ye heads of governments; ye who issue declarations that men must kill each other, I would rather it were you than me upon which it devolved to answer for your sins on the Judgment Day.

Now, were the principles of universal brotherly love taught throughout the earth, the moral faculties would get the ascendancy of the animal passions, and every man would breathe a perpetual prayer for the happiness and prosperity of all the rest. Well do I know that you will assume that the kind of government which I propose is impracticable. In refutation of your position I will cite you to the commonwealth of William Penn. Where ever did a second man meet with such triumphant success in negotiation with the savages as did William Penn? He went into the midst of the savage and hostile natives, where no other man dared to venture—his very non-combatant principles being his guardian-shield from danger—and there he made a treaty. And such a treaty; no mortal man has seen its like from that day to the present. There it stands, a rebuke to almost every other treaty or business transaction that has ever been made with the North American Indians. It was not only a treaty which secured all that was desired on earth, but it secured more. So profound was the love of those simple-hearted savages for Penn that they commemorated his name so long as a vestige of their tribe remained. And it was not Penn that those savages worshipped, but it was his principles. They would have thought just as much of any other man with his principles as they did of him. *He did as he would have had others do by him.* He would not have been shot; hence he took no firearms with him to shoot others with. He would not have been stabbed; hence he took no knife with him to stab others with. He would not have had his lands stolen from him: consequently he took the necessary money with him to pay the Indians for theirs.

Could Penn's *model* style of government have been secured

to posterity, how much strife and misery would have been avoided, and how many hundreds of thousands of murdered victims would have lived to the end of a natural life, and died the death of peace and tranquility.

LOVE'S THEFT.

BY C. H. DORR.

Young Cupid came to me one day,
While night and dawn were meeting,
And brought a heart he stole away
As my own love lay sleeping ;
I laid the treasure on my breast—
It still with joy was throbbing—
And thus two loving hearts were blest,
And Cupid blest for robbing.

The maiden came to me in grief,
Her bright eyes wet with weeping ;
She told her loss, and sought relief,
If it was in my keeping.
I kissed her lips, and whispered all,
And asked if we could sever
Two hearts thus bound beyond recall ?
Sweet lips, they whispered, " Never !"

And thus it was ; two hearts are one,
In thought, and wish, and feeling,
And each new day that marches on
To each new joys revealing ;
And if one heart should go before,
To leave the other riven,
Still would its spirit hover o'er,
Till both were joined in heaven.

MANNERS have been defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance.

PITCHER-PLANTS.

(*Sarracenia purpurea* and *Darlingtonia Californica*.)

[For illustration, see page 4.]

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

WE present the readers of the HESPERIAN with a sketch of the Pitcher-plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*), now attracting so much public interest, both in Europe and America, on account of its rising celebrity as a specific cure, as well as preventive remedy, against that most fatal and loathsome scourge, the small-pox.

Although little or no additional merit may attach to these remarks, yet we feel assured our labored illustrations will not fail to give a degree of satisfaction to the appreciative inquirer which no amount of even the very best descriptions can so well do. On the left side of the same page (No. 2) is the California Pitcher-plant (*Darlingtonia Californica*), found a few miles south of Shasta Peak, along the boggy borders of a small tributary of the upper Sacramento. Our object in thus confronting these two Pitcher-plants is to invite medical attention to the Pacific species, as one available, and likely to prove equally if not more efficacious than the Atlantic.

It appears, by the London Lancet of February, A. D. 1862, from a paper by H. C. Miles, Surgeon of Royal Artillery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, read before the Epidemiological Society, that an Indian specific for small-pox has been discovered (?).

We omit details, simply saying the Halifax pox-panic was stayed by an old Indian woman—wondrous wise in wild-wood physick, and revered accordingly. Capt. Hardy, also, of the said artillery, an able and intelligent officer, long with the Indians, says: "The old squaw's remedy has long been known among them as an infallible cure for small-pox," and that "the Indians believed it to be successful in every case."

A tea (infusion) was made of the root, and a large wine-glass full given. The effect of this dose is to bring out the eruption. At intervals of four or six hours a second and third dose is given whereupon the pustules subside, apparently losing their vitality.

The patient feels better at the end of each dose, and in the graphic expression of the Micmac, "knows there is a great change within him at once."

In a subject already covered with the eruption, in the early stage, a dose or two will dissipate the pustules and subdue the fever; the urine, from being scanty and high colored, becomes pale and abundant; under the influence of the remedy in three or four days, the main features of the disease subside. The sick are still kept in camp until the ninth day; there was no pitting in any case examined who were treated by this remedy.

With regard to the medicine acting as a preventive (as is believed by the Indians), they keep a weak infusion constantly prepared, and take a dose occasionally during the day, "so as to keep the antidote in the blood."

The Purple Pitcher-plant of North America, No. 1, we believe, was the first discovered, somewhat more than a century ago. The genus *Sarracenia* was probably given in honor of Dr. Sarrasin, a French botanist of Quebec. This species has a very extensive Atlantic range—from Newfoundland to Florida, and west to the Ohio. Perhaps few plants of our country have excited more investigative interest in scientific circles, or given rise to more curious speculations as to the uses subserved by its peculiar structure. Our limits will only allow a cursory glance at some of these views; and first, let us dwell for a moment upon the details of its structure, as the best foundation for future inferences.

One of these hollow leaves is cut off, as is seen in the figure. This pitcher-shaped tube is always about half filled with water—as we may say out of compliment, for in fact it is usually a foetid little Sodomy sea of dead and decaying insects. The throat, or orifice, exudes a little honey-like substance; below, for an inch or so, it is highly polished and slippery; in the California Pitcher-plant, are a few recurved hooks, as seen magnified at No. 3, just within at the entrance, and thence smooth, but toward the base it is lined with long, slender hairs pointing downward, like the wires of a mouse-trap. (See No. 4, magnified.)

When an insect is first attracted by the sweet thirsty secretion, and would fain slake that thirst with a more delicious water than the marsh affords, descends, as it too easily can do, along

these declining hairs, it appears incapable of returning by its feet alone, and can only escape by a flight so perpendicular as to surpass the power of most insects; if the bristly sides of the tube be touched, the horrent hairs, by their sharp and elastic points, thrust them back; again and again, at each renewed effort, are they doomed to be precipitated into the watery element below; finally, exhausted in the hopeless struggle, they perish. Insects of large size, and even small reptiles, are held captives.

Linnæus, and most of those of his day, inferred that the open mouths of these leaves were designed to catch the rains and dews, and served as reservoirs to supply the plant in great droughts, which sometimes happen to these boggy sources and ponds where they grow. In this view, the flies in the cistern are accidental, and the self-evident design of a portion of its structure is left unexplained. Besides, many examples might show up this fallacy. It is, however a sufficient answer to this theory to look at the opposite California Pitcher-plant, which has the mouth on the under side, completely covered and protected by the arched summit, "So that it can neither receive rain-water nor dew." Perhaps Dr. Torrey may be mistaken as to dew. Most plants are great condensers of vapor and dew; even in the driest seasons, when no apparent dew is seen, three thousand gallons of water arise from an acre of land in twelve hours, and even after a shower and the sun pours down its fervid rays, only three to five hundred gallons increase is observed. We give Adam's Philosophy as our authority. To be sure, this mostly falls again in the other twelve hours, as is beautifully illustrated in a parlor fernery upon a small scale. This water may be secreted, as some suppose, by the foot-stalk or base of the leaf. In our species, the arched vault above, shading the orifice, seems designed to moderate the evaporation of our long dry season. But why should these plants provide water while sailing on a pond of water, as some do?

We answer, not because it needs the water so much as the putrid animal as well as vegetable auras and atoms for organization and adaptation to the uses of mankind. Diseases, doubtless, like the devils, go out into the herd of filthy swine, or some other forms of an equally filthy origin. As an axiom based upon the

soundest philosophical principles and confirmed by much observation, we hold that the best natural correctives and purifiers of stagnant ponds and marshes, and also as regards the aerial and aural influences—in short, all malarious diseases of men or animals, proximately caused by such conditions, will be found to own a common origin. If so, the growths indiginous to the conditions which have given rise to a disease, or which predispose to its attacks, will contribute somewhat to its relief; similar productions throughout the world will, we think, invariably furnish the organic remedial agents best adapted to the treatment. It is not a little remarkable that one species of *Sarracenia* should have been named *variolaris* half a century or more since. This is a species not known at the north; the varioloid spots on it, therefore, could not have led the simple affirmative mind of the untutored Canadian Indian to its use. The reader will observe the same spots on the California Pitcher-plant, just as though a beneficent Creator had labeled it "*Small-pox Plant*."

It would be interesting to notice the carnivorous *Drosera*, or Sun-dew, and *Dionea Muscipula*, or Venus Fly-trap, which also seize and appropriate, in a similar manner, the animal elements of insects to which the Pitcher-plants are allied.

The California plant has a flower-stem two to four feet in height; flowers, pale purple, about two inches in diameter, blooming in May; the leaves are three feet long, twisted, with a somewhat royal crest and air—a vegetable curiosity, one would think, sufficiently worthy of the attention of amateur observers and cultivators.

The Atlantic plant here figured is nearer the natural size. The flowers are purple, with the petals inflected over the very curious, umbrella-shaped stigma. According to the authority of Pennant, a species of small, hump-backed shrimp lives in these pitchers.

Our Shasta friends would greatly oblige us by sending abundant specimens in every stage—especially, the *ripe fruit*.

DON'T give your advice upon any extraordinary emergency, nor your opinion upon any difficult point, especially in company of eminent persons, without first taking time to deliberate.

Editor's Table.

WE have delayed the March number of the Magazine, hoping to be able to lay before our readers a full summary of the Spring fashions, but up to the present time, we have not yet received the long looked-for intelligence, and we shall have to postpone until next month this interesting item. And since we can not discuss the question of what we shall wear, let us turn to that deeper and more important one of WHAT WE SHALL DO. What portion of the Master's vineyard shall we labor in? Everywhere we turn our eyes we see the need of effort—generous, noble, self-sacrificing effort. There are school-houses and churches to be built, and homes for the fallen and the inebriate. There are orphans to be housed and clothed and fed; youths to be reclaimed, and the stranger and homeless to be provided for. Broad and extended as is this view, it does by no means comprehend the whole of that vast field, whose whitened harvests everywhere appeal to us for laborers, and like one of old, we feel like exclaiming “The harvest is white but the *laborers are few.*”

Do not turn aside and say: “Women can do no good,” or, “I have enough to do at home.” Every *mother* should find some sympathy in her heart for those lonely orphaned ones, and every wife, and mother, and sister, and daughter, should help to pay for at least one brick in the “Home for the Inebriate;” for, while the pestilence of intemperance sweeps through our moral atmosphere, how know we that none of our own loved and cherished ones shall be stricken? Let us remember that the influence of woman is needed in every reformatory movement, and henceforth consider ourselves consecrated to the ministry of doing good. Let us strengthen the weak, lift up the fallen, whisper *hope* to the disconsolate, and lure the feet of the erring into paths of peace. So shall we clothe ourselves with garments of righteousness, whose white and ample folds may be acceptable before Him who, as he reviews the record of our short and sorrowful earth lives, may whisper: “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these, ye have done it unto *me.*”

THE MEN OF THE TIMES—Are active, quick to think, speak and act. The impulse of the age is fast. To be appreciated now-a-days, a man must have a little of the steam-engine in him. “Go ahead, if you burst your boiler,” is the motto of the day. The slow, plodding, thoughtful man did well enough fifty or a hundred years ago; but he won't do now, in this age of steamboats and railways, and telegraphs. The world is moving, and we must be active if we would keep pace with its ever-increasing unfoldments and listen to its highest revelations, which, speaking through Nature, Science and Art, call unto us to prepare to occupy a higher place in the world's history than has ever yet been accorded unto man.

At this time, when so many are called to part with their loved and loving ones, we feel that the following exquisite lines, which we copy from the *Herald and Mirror*, may help the bereaved to contemplate the *birth* of the spirit into the realms of peace and joy, rather than the death of the body and the darksome grave :

THE SPIRIT BIRTH.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Touch him gently, loving brother ;
Kiss him softly, tender sister—
Worn with suffering, sad and dreary ;
Stung with anguish cold and weary ;
 Heaven to heaven, and earth to earth—
 Aid the struggling spirit's birth.

See his eye-lids gently closing,
And his tortured form reposing ;
Now he lists, the spirit whispers,
Softly, sweetly, singing vespers,
 While the numbers gently roll
 Over his awaking soul.

Tenderly we gather round him ;
Gently loose the tie that bound him ;
Softly, now the word is spoken,
And the "golden bowl" is broken ;
 Shed upon his weeping eyes
 Healing light of Paradise.

With a rapture high and holy,
Angels lift the poor and lowly.
Now the lost are bending o'er him,
And the path shines bright before him—
 For the stone is rolled away
 From the sepulchre of clay.

Fondly sister arms are twining,
And their faces o'er him shining.
Lift him gently, loving brother,
Bear him softly, tender mother,
 O'er the darkly rolling wave,
 From the shadow of the grave.

Now his weary form reposes
On the amaranthine roses !
Living waters sing evangels

To the singing of the angels ;
 Heaven to heaven, and earth to earth,
 Joyful is the SPIRIT'S BIRTH !

MODERATION.—Many a man has, before now, *thought* of the propriety of moderating his wants and desires in the world, but not all even of these many have ever resolved to set about *doing* the thing their hearts secretly approve. The present crisis, however, compels them to make a virtue of necessity. They are obliged to bring down their ideas to a modest standard *now*, if never before. And it is a little surprising, too, to find what numbers of persons are suddenly become practical philosophers about these matters ; to see how adroitly they scheme, and how skillfully they manage, to reduce to practice the very theories which but recently they had broached. In this sense, the hard times is certainly doing all sides good, for the moment a man seriously makes up his mind that he wants nothing beyond a certain reasonable limit of material goods to make him happy and aid in the proper development of his nature, the scales have fallen from his eyes, and he has become a new and better man. For the first time, then, he really knows his possibilities.

AN actress was being complimented in the green-room upon the blackness of her hair.

"Why, it's dyed," she replied, with the amiable frankness of the true artist.

"Dyed !" repeated the other speaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not yet five-and-twenty."

"No," said the lady ; but you know "whom the gods love, die young."

FORWARD, NOT BACKWARD.—It is not strange that men recoil from a plunge into the world's cold waters, and long to creep back into the bath from which they have suddenly risen. But that man or woman, having fully passed into the estate of man and woman, should desire to become children again, is impossible. It is only the half-developed, the badly-developed, the imperfectly-nurtured, the mean-spirited, and the demoralized, who look back to the innocence, the helplessness, and the simple animal joy and content of childhood with genuine regret for their loss. I want no better evidence that a person's life is regarded by himself as a failure than that furnished by his honest willingness to be restored to his childhood. When a man is ready to relinquish the power of his mature reason, his strength and skill for self-support, the independence of his will and life, his bosom companion and children, his interest in the stirring affairs of his time, his part in deciding the great questions which agitate his age and nation, his intelligent apprehension of the relations which exist between himself and his Maker, and his rational hope of immortality—if he have one—for the negative animal content, and frivolous enjoyments of a child, he does not deserve the name of a man ; he is a weak, unhealthy, broken-down creature, or a base poltroon.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who, that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affections, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love.

THE Banner of the Cross has lately advanced the following beautiful argument for charity between Christians of different denominations:—"We are struck with the character of the last words of Christians when they come to die, as having in general a complete agreement in doctrine. They may have differed in life, but in death they agree. This serves to show us that our party separations in action, and our incongruities in sympathy, are for the most part, unjustifiable. We should endeavor to see this now, and to act upon it as a truth, which we shall one day own and rejoice in. We are as fallible while living as while dying; but if we felt this to be so, there would be no lack of charitable judgment—no conscience separating between us and the body of the faithful."

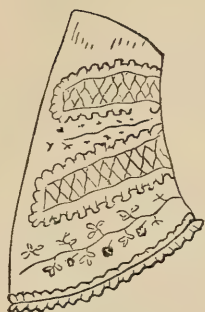
WHAT solid bodies are among the best conductors of sound? Iron and glass: these transmit sound at a rate of more than three miles a second; and after them come copper, several kinds of wood, silver, tin, and so on.

WHY does a metal spoon, left in a saucepan, retard the boiling process? Being an excellent conductor, the metal spoon carries off the heat from the water, and consequently prevents it boiling so soon as it otherwise would.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL-SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

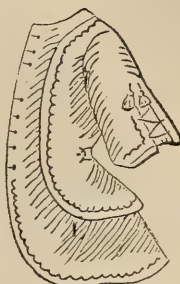
WALKING-CAPE.

WE give, this month, the pattern of the Walking-cape for street dress. It is composed of two pieces—front and back—joined by a seam on the shoulders. This is a very stylish pattern, and bids fair to come into general use. In our next issue we will give a full summary of fashions for spring and summer.



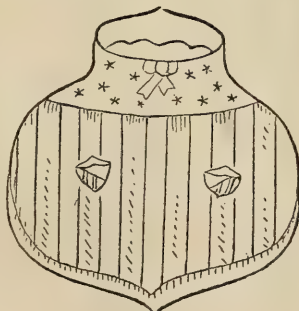
LATTICE SLEEVE.

This sleeve is elegant in any of the new dark silks. It is demi-flowing, and arranged with a lattice open-work of fine silk cord over puffed lace, the sections being each surrounded and defined by a quilling of narrow velvet. A quilling of velvet also surrounds the bottom of the sleeve and a quilling of narrow white satin ribbon, edged with blond, the under side, which is lined with white silk.



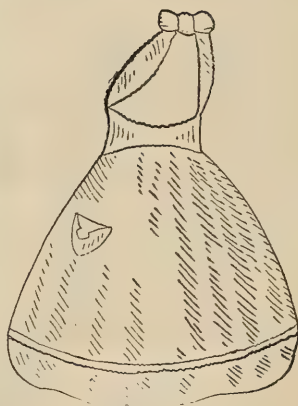
BOY'S COAT.

The body is a plain sack, rounded in front, and fitted at the waist by a side-jacket, which is fitted round the back, plaited and attached to a belt, thus confining the body of the coat. It is suitable for a boy from three to six years. Silk, poplin or merino are good material for this style, according to the means and taste of the individual.



UNION APRON.

Union apron of red and white silk, with bodice of blue velvet, upon which the stars are placed. The apron is in form of a United States shield, and is surrounded with silver fringe.



BODICE APRON.

This is a pretty apron for a girl, and should be made in silk. It has pockets, a bodice, and shoulder straps, which are united by a broad flat bow, without ends. The straps and bodice may be ornamented with thick black guipure edging, or with narrow velvet, or both, to suit the taste and means. Narrow black velvet is as pretty as any thing and the most economical.



SOFT ARNICA. (*Arnica mollis.*)

THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. VIII.] APRIL, 1862.

[No. 2.]

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN AND WHAT THEY ARE.—THEIR RELATIONS WITH
THE UNITED STATES IN THE EXISTING NATIONAL CRISIS.—THE
MODIFICATIONS OF THEIR CHARACTER BY THE INFUSION
OF WHITE BLOOD AND THE CONTACT OF CIVIL-
IZATION.—THEIR PROBABLE DESTINY.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

ARTICLE NO. 2.

IN the following article we shall treat of the religious belief and peculiar mythological notions of the Indians, belonging to the groups designated in the previous number. We have already stated, that all except the more northern groups were originally worshippers of the sun and moon, after the manner of the ancient Mexiques and Peruvians. It is not positively known when this worship, with its attendant ceremonies ceased, but traces of it were found among the tribes of the Atlantic coast and Mississippi Valley at the discovery of the continent, and are still found among some of them. For this worship they were doubtless indebted to the Toltic element which ran northward from the Mexican latitudes, after the ascendancy of the Aztecs, and became infused into the different tribes which it found or met in its progress.

The sun worship among the Mexican and Peruvian tribes was attended with human sacrifices and rights as horrid as those which

were observed in the temples of Moloch; but the ceremonies among the Indians we treat of seem to have been materially modified, and there is no evidence that the United States tribes ever offered such sacrifices. They had no temples save the rocks and the woods, in which they sang their hymns to the Sun and built their sacred fires. This practice many of them keep up, to the present day. The Sun, at least by the Medas and Prophets, was regarded not as the Deity or Great Spirit, himself, but as a symbol of the Deity or Great Spirit. To him was opposed a great Evil Spirit symbolized by Darkness. The Great Good Spirit, although supreme in the high sense of a great creative power, giving life to all things and sustaining the world, was yet throned in a mere passive goodness which looked down serenely, as the Sun shines upon the earth, upon the continual active power of the Great Evil Spirit and his hosts of demons incessantly at war with the legions of good spirits. Victory by no means predominated with the Manitoes of good any more than with the Manitoes of evil, and propitiatory sacrifices were as often offered to the evil genii as to the good. Thus the dualistic principle of good and evil ran through the whole system of things, and the successes and failures of life were for the most part attributed to the direct agency of spirits. Every Indian had at least one guardian Manito who was always a good spirit, and it was the business of this Manito to protect him in his goings and comings; but it was a mere question of relative strength, courage, or skill, whether the good Manito was successful or not in his various and spirited contests, in behalf of his dusky ward, with opposing forces.

The Great Evil Spirit was supposed to inhabit the solid earth, and the hiding places of his Myrmidons were innumerable. The bad spirits were not endowed with immortality, whilst the good spirits, for the most part, were—and this may indicate a notion of the Indian mind, that evil was not indestructible, while good was to exist forever.

Sacrifices to the Great Good Spirit were a duty; but sacrifices to the Great Evil Spirit and his demons were a matter of policy by no means to be disregarded, since the good spirits were in any event good, while the bad spirits, if not carefully propitiated, were continually bent upon mischief. Yet the religious observances paid to the good Principle were seldom neglected, being

the offerings of thankfulness and love. Neglect of certain observances was considered as a great crime, and was in some instances, punishable with death. No matter how severe the execution of any task imposed by religious custom might be, it was to be fulfilled. It was considered particularly criminal to shirk a fast. By way of illustration, we may mention an instance which occurs to our recollection at the present moment, and is well authenticated in northern Indian history. It was the custom of one of the Canadian tribes, in very early times, for the father to fast three days, in succession, upon the death of any of his children. The family of a chief of one of the clans, was attacked with scarlet fever. One of the children died. The chief fasted three days. At the end of that time a second one died, and the chief fasted three days more. Before the expiration of that period a third child died. By this time, the chief was nearly frantic with hunger, and on the seventh day, being too closely watched by the villagers, he took to the wilderness. The first living object he saw was a bull-frog, which he immediately seized and devoured alive. He had been followed by some of his clan and discovered in the act. Upon his return to the village he was surrounded by men, women and children with all sorts of denunciation and clamor, and, in his state of emaciation unable to offer any resistance or even to attempt to escape, he was tied to a stake, fagots prepared, and everything prepared to offer him up as a sacrifice to the vengeance of Heaven. The fortunate interposition of a Catholic Missionary, whose person, although not his religious faith, was respected by those rude barbarians, alone saved him. The bull-frog sustained the Chief's life through the remainder of the required period, and he came forth from the ordeal, in better physical condition than could have been expected.

The Egyptian and Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis, or of the transmigration of souls, was an important portion of their religious creed. This is well illustrated in Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, which is for the most part a rythmical narration of Indian traditions, and mythological fables. The story of Pau-puk-keewis is a fable of the Ojibways, illustrating this idea of the transmigration of souls. Pau-puk-keewis was an evil man, opposed to Hiawatha, the Jesus Christ or Saviour of the Indians. He had

been doing sundry acts of mischief, and the wrath of Hiawatha was aroused.

“ I will slay this Pau-puk-keewis,
Slay this mischief maker,” said he.
Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the Hunters
On the trail of Pau-puk-keewis ;
Through the forest, where he passed it,
To the head-lands, where he rested ;
But they found not Pau-puk-keewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry bushes,
Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.

From the low-lands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-puk-keewis, turning backward,
Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision :
And aloud cried Hiawatha
From the summit of the mountain :
“ Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you.”

Over rock and river, through bush, brake and forest, rushed Pau-puk-keewis, until he came to a stream dammed up by the beavers.

“ On the dam stood Pau-puk-keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O’er whose summit flowed the streamlet.
From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder, etc.

On the dam stood Pau-puk-keewis ;
O’er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise :
“ Oh my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water ;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges :
Change me too into a beaver.”

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer :
" Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-puk-keewis :

The beavers agreed to the proposition, and Ahmeek rose and said to Pau-puk-keewis :

" Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them,
Silently sank Pau-puk-keewis ;
Black became his shirt of deerskin,
Black his moccasins and his leggings ;
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes ;
He was changed into a beaver.

" Make me large," said Pau-puk-keewis,
" Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."
" Yes," the beaver chief responded,
" When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."

It was so done ; but not long had Pau-puk-keewis enjoyed his beaverhood, before Hiawatha arrived at the dam.

When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, " Here is Hiawatha !
Hiawatha with his hunters ! "

Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing ;
And the water round and o'er them
Sunk and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew the dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped and broke it all asunder ;

Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,
Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet ;
But the mighty Pau-puk-keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway :
He was puffed with pride and feeling,
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud : " Oh Pau-puk-keewis,
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises,
Well I know you, Pau-puk-keewis ! "

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Beat to death poor Pau-puk-keewis :
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver.
But the ghost, the Jeebi, in him
Thought and felt as Pau-puk-keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-puk-keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,
Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deerskin,
When the wintry wind is blowing ;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-puk-keewis,
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-puk-keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-tree in the forest ;
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-puk-keewis,
Where among the water-lilies

Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing.
"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-puk-keewis,
"Pishnekuh, my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brandt they changed him,
With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest;
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

As the fowl took their flight, they warned Pau-puk-keewis not to look downward. Finally they sailed over Hiawatha's village. Pau-puk-keewis heard the shouting below and looked down. A gust of wind struck his mighty fan of feathers and capsized him.

All in vain did Pau-puk-keewis,
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round, and round, and downward,
He beheld in turn the village
And in turn the flock above him;
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter;
Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow
Still survived as Pau-puk-keewis,
And again went rushing onward.

Hiawatha pursuing Pau-puk-keewis fell into a whirlwind, and thence glided in the form of a serpent into a hollow oak tree. Hiawatha rent the oak tree into splinters.

But in vain; for Pau-puk-keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,

Sped away in gust and whirlwind.
On the shores of Gitch-ee-Gumee,
Westward by the Big Sea Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

The old Manito of the mountains gave him shelter. Then
Hiawatha

Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemecke;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big Sea Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains;
And the trembling Pau-puk-keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid and crouched and trembled.
Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone;
And the thunder, Annemeke,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-puk-keewis?"
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-puk-keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "Oh Pau-puk-keewis!
Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;
But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Kenew, the great war eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens.

The Indians believed that an evil spirit could enter into a person, old or young, male or female, and that the person thus pos-

sessed could assume at pleasure the form of any beast, bird or reptile, and resume his or her original shape with equal facility. Persons thus possessed were witches, and it was supposed that they held secret meetings in various disguises of bear, wolf, owl, bat, and other forms both brutal and human, at night, in the forests, with initiation ceremonies and novitiate fees, of the most fearful character. The usual fee of admission for the neophyte, was the life of his or her nearest friend, taken by poison. Many reputed witches were killed, and many confessed to being witches notwithstanding the certain penalty. The like confessions it will be remembered were made during the famous witch-craft excitements in New England, and it may be that magnetic or spiritual phenomena were at the bottom of the delusion.

Periodical festivals, and thanksgivings and sacred dances formed an important portion of the systematic worship of the Indians. At the Planting Festival they invoked the Great Spirit to bless the seed which was put into the ground. The Green Corn festival and dance was a mode of thanking the Great Spirit for the ripening of the corn. The ripening of the strawberries and whortleberries was frequently made the occasion of imposing ceremonies. Among some of the tribes there was a sacred day on which an annual sacrifice was made of a white dog. A white dog was selected as an emblem of purity. The burning of the dog was to send up its soul as a messenger to the Great Spirit, to announce the fidelity of the people to Gitche Manito, "The Great Master of Life," and to thank him for continued blessings. They believed that the Great Spirit made a covenant with their forefathers, that, when they should send up to him the spirit of a dog, without blemish or spot, he would receive it as the pledge of their love and devotion, and so continue to make the earth bring forth its fruits, and the wilderness its animals, for their benefit. This annual sacrifice was celebrated at the beginning of the Indian year, late in January or early in February, according to the phases of the moon; the Indian year being reckoned, as all nations once reckoned, by moons. Some persons have jumped at the idea of this dog sacrifice as affording evidence of a Jewish origin; but the Jews sacrificed only oxen, sheep and goats, while the dog was rejected from their ceremonials as an unclean beast. The mere offering of sacrifices, however, signifies but little as in-

dicating the origin of races, since the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the early Britons, and many other races had the same custom of offering up burnt offerings. The Egyptians venerated dogs very highly, especially white dogs, and the dog Anubis was one of their principal deities. The purification of a sinful person was effected by dragging a white dog in a circle around him. The Romans used to have a festival in honor of the she wolf that nursed Romulus, at which they sacrificed a dog in company with two goats.

We had intended, in this article, to allude to the peculiar nature of Indian sorcery and incantations, Medaism, or Indian priestcraft, the character and influence of the Medicine Men, and the Jossakeeds or Prophets, together with the reasons why the Indian mind has, for the most part, so persistently rejected the Christian faith, and to explain more fully and more definitely, than has hitherto been done, by any author whom we have read, what is, or was the precise notion of the Indian with regard to the future state, whether of happiness or misery, reward or punishment. But we are compelled, at this time, to be brief, and must defer the discussion of these interesting topics to the next number of the HESPERIAN.

THESE people who wrap themselves in pride of opinion often applaud their own simplicity and narrowness of view. A man may be without opinion purely because he sees both sides of the question, and accepts both. Why for instance, must I either be radical or conservative? It is plain that if radicalism was not held in pace by the checkrein of conservatism, it would dash along at a speed to carry us all headlong into ruin and a social break-up. It is equally plain that if conservatism prevailed universally without the spur of radicalism, there would be no progress and no advancement. We should stagnate in green and mantling stillness. Antagonism are frequently the necessities of moral and social health; and hence radicalism and conservatism are the political centripetal and centrifugal forces by which we secure progress and developement, without endangering the equilibrium of society.

MARION'S BIRTHDAY. MARCH 18.

BY MRS. C. J. M'CLAIRE.

ONE year ago, this very day,
Thy little life begun ;
In our dear Eastern home away,
My precious little one.

One year ago, one little year,
So fraught with care and pain.
God grant such bitter, hopeless tears,
I ne'er may weep again.

A few brief days, how quickly fled,
Thy Father's kiss was pressed
Upon thy brow ; now with the dead,
They've laid him down to rest.

I held thee to my aching heart
Through all that dreadful day,
And sat beside his coffin form,
And wept the night away.

Since then my weary days have been
Filled up with grief and care ;
Thy little face has come between
My spirit and despair.

What if thy little breath should stop.
Thy dear eye's light grow dim :
I'd spill my heart's blood drop by drop,
To shield thy life from sin.

Oh Thou, whose love is all my trust,
Look down with pitying eye ;
Hear Thou a widowed mother's prayer,
God, *do not let her die.*

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 18, 1862.

S O F T A R N I C A .

(*Arnica mollis*.—HOOK.)

[For illustration, see page 50.]

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THIS very valuable native plant abounds along the moist margins of alpine rivulets and in the rich redwood ravines of the Pacific coast of California. Our outline sketch and analysis were drawn from fresh specimens kindly furnished us by Mr. Geo. W. Dunn, from the vicinity of his residence just back of Oakland.

Like the officinal *A. montana*, so generally known and highly appreciated, our plant is also useful for similar purposes. Its active salts are combined with a peculiar acid called *igasuric*. The *Soft Arnica* contains an *igasurate of strychnine* and *brucine* upon which its chief medical virtues depend. It is for this reason found very serviceable in palsy, amaurosis, and rheumatic pains and stiffness of joints, tumors, and in some forms of intermittents: the tincture for bruises, sprains, etc., is too well known for further notice.

It is a very tender herbaceous plant, about two to three feet high, of a somewhat pale yellowish green color, clothed with fine soft slightly glutinous hairs. Unlike the common European species, it has opposite and alternate stem leaves as well as a cluster of leaves at the root; the texture of the foliage is remarkably tender, thin, and lax, veins large; 3 to 5, somewhat united nerves at the base, as seen at No. 4—doubly and rather deeply toothed with wavy or undulate margins, the leaf stems long and stout. No. 1 illustrates the natural size of the heads, although upon the lower lateral branches the heads are smaller; the chaff sometimes consists of an inner series of about six separate green scales dividing the central disk florets from the outer—but all are generally fertile. No. 2 is a magnified floret with its seed, (30 to 40 in a head), the bristly plumose pappus set upon a little ring; a few small scales of an obsolete

inner series will interest the curious and learned observer. No. 3 the root and portions of the root-cluster of leaves.

The sensible properties of this plant are, to the taste, a pleasant bitterish dandelion flavor, with a slight cresslike pungency; the root, however, is more balsamic and biting, producing a permanent impression upon the tongue similar to the Rosin-plant (*Silphium*) root or slighter than the Black Sampson (*Echinacea*). The glutinous exudation on all parts is also bitter and biting like the plant itself. It exhales a refreshing odor remotely allied to apple blossoms.

Although one of the Leopard's bane family, and as we have seen, abounding in *strychnine*—a most fearful poison to the carnivorous animals—yet this herb is greedily eaten by rabbits or some other wild animals, for it rarely escapes cropping.

As it might prove a useful hint, we would state that during our residence in the Creek Indian country, we became acquainted with one of their methods of extracting the virtues of the roots of *Silphium terebinthinaceum* (above alluded to) unimpaired, for external use in rheumatism—also a favorite compound hair oil highly esteemed by them. We would simply say, the ingredients were bruised or cut up and covered with certain animal fats or oils and exposed to the sun.

We trust the elaborate efforts made to furnish every facility in our power for the acquisition of useful knowledge in a favorite branch of natural science, will enable the casual observer to recognize the plant here described.

In most cases, it has been our object to avoid technical terms, as far as practical; except where plants are new, or important additional information requires more precision. If at any time we have unnecessarily trespassed upon the readers patience, we apologize.

“Is anybody waiting on you,” said a polite dry goods clerk to a girl from the country. “Yes, sir,” said the blushing damsel, “that’s my feller outside. He would n’t come in.”

THE INFANT ANGEL.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

AWAY through earth's shadows,
In the beautiful spheres
Where the spirit-heart rests
Unclouded with tears !
Away through earth's shadows,
Where the pure in thought
Are clad in the robes
God's earth-life hath wrought

Ere unfolded by years
Thy spirit's bloom,
The dark winged angel
Had written thy doom ;
For he blights the life,
With as remorseless power,
Of the opening bud
As the faded flower.

Far away o'er the wave
Where spirit-feet roam,
The angels have borne thee
To the beautiful home ;
For what recked the spoiler
Of our grief and tears,
Of the blight of our life
Or the gloom of our years ?

Enfolded forever
By Infinite Love,
Thou, infant angel,
Now callest above ;
And through earth's sorrows
We press on to thee,
Where hearts never part
Through eternity.

ALL IS GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

ALL nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

Pope's Essay on Man.

SOME souls lose all things but the love of beauty;
And by that love they are redeemable.
For in love and beauty they acknowledge GOOD,
And GOOD is GOD.

Bailey's Festus.

THERE are certain human beings, who, from an unfortunate cerebral organization, a mistaken education, or vicious associations—or from any one or all of these accidents—are condemned to travel the highway of life, oblivious to the beauties and blessings that meet them at every step, or, with distorted mental vision, finding in those beauties and blessings nought but ugliness and evil. These are wretches—wretches, in the most modern and Websterian sense of the term, and not at all in that applied by the gallant and uxorious Othello to the good and beautiful Desdemona—wretches, whom it is charity to pity and folly to censure. They are the born thralls of an inexorable necessity from which they have neither the volition nor the power to escape, and are no more responsible for their mental and moral obliquities, their unseemly temperaments, and their offensive idiosyncracies, than for their statures and complexions. They are just what Dame Nature makes them, and it is unphilosophical and absurd for their brethren, who are more generously and pleasantly fashioned, to quarrel with them. The same Dame Nature that gives existence to the innocent dove extends the like favor to the death-dealing serpent. She transacts her affairs in her own way, and to find fault with her performances is irrational because it is useless.

There is neither evil nor ugliness in the Universe, and none but perversely constituted minds dare assert there is. The Theist—whether a believer in the impersonal Afflatus, the Soul

of the Universe, of Plato, or the worshiper of the personal Jehovah and Allah of the Hebrews and Arabs—who admits the existence of evil, insults his Deity and accuses him of either malevolence or imbecility. If an omnipotent creator has given existence and force to wickedness and misery he must be malevolent; and to preach that wickedness and misery exist independent of the creative and governing principle, is to deny the attribute of omnipotence to that principle and class it with all else that is imbecile. No true philosopher can believe the divine author of the Universe to be the author of a principle or power opposed to himself, or, if not the author of such a principle or power, that he would suffer it to exist. And the Materialist, whose peculiar cerebral conformation—destitute of ideality and marvelousness—leads him to believe the Universe a creatorless entity, without beginning or end, always the same in substantiality but always changing its forms by a restless exchange and intermixture of atoms, and all governed by an eternal and chanceless Necessity, in a never-commencing never-terminating chain of causes and effects, he, the Materialist, can not admit either evil or ugliness into the scope of his geometrical philosophy without self-stultification.

Is pain an evil? Human ignorance and human vanity say it is, while the infallible dictum of physiological science pronounces it a beneficent sentinel, on the ramparts of vitality, to give warning of danger to the sensitive citadel within. Without pain there could be no continuous animal vitality, because, without it, animal vitality would be like a blind man, wandering amid innumerable pitfalls, liable at every step to be engulfed in death. The normal and necessary office of the nerves of feeling, giving notice of the proximity of an adversary of life, can not be evil. And what is pain, after all that can be said of it, but an insignificant physiological phenomenon, which affects but one individual amidst myriads, while it leaves the infinite fabric of the Universe unimpinged and unruffled. Vain and ignorant mortal! Dost think, because thou hast the toothache, that all mankind should groan in sympathy and the stars start in the madness of agony from their spheres? If thus thou think'st,

think always thus; the thought will give thee happiness, though it only shows to the philosopher what a vast magnitude of overweeningness may be wrapt up in that very inconsiderable atom of matter called man!

Is crime—or what we Americans and Europeans call crime—an evil? Human opinions—though the history of human opinions shows them to be too vacillating to entitle them to much respect—human opinions are not harmonious in the answer to this query. Mankind have failed to give a unanimous verdict upon any one of those acts which, in America and Europe, are denominated crimes. Murder, with whatever horror we may affect to regard it, has not only its apologists but its apostles in the world. A very large and conscientious fraternity in India—the Thugs—make murder the business of their lives, esteeming it a religious duty, especially pleasing to the Deity, who will reward it proportionably to the zeal and activity manifested in its performance. Parricide, among many nations of North American Indians, is esteemed an act of sublime virtue. When the age-stricken father and mother become incapable of following the chase or cultivating the maize, the dutiful son sinks his tomahawk into their brains and piously sends their liberated spirits to the bosom of their Manitou, there to revel in celestial venison and hominy. Infanticide, if not a virtuous, is, at least, a tolerated act in China and the Polynesian Isles, while it is a sanctioned and sanctified affair of state policy in the Imperial Court of the Turkish Sultan. The Japanese make suicide a point of honor. Robbery is the serious and legitimated life-avocation of the Camanche and Apache and also of the Bedouin Arab. To be brief, there is a marked lack of agreement among the nations of the earth as to what is crime and what is not—as to what is vice and what is virtue—and thus, in the multitude of discrepancies of human opinion, mankind have failed, and still fail, to erect a common standard by which to define and measure that shadowy nothing, that word without a substantive, which venerable error has written in our vocabulary as EVIL.

Those grand old homicides, the Romans, who carried murder

and rapine over Europe and into Asia and Africa, carried with them, also, civilization and the arts of peace. The fanatical Crusaders, who dealt out fire and sword in Syria, through their zeal for the cause of the meek and lowly Redeemer of mankind, brought back with them to Europe the superior learning and science of their foes, and introduced into their semi-barbarous homes the sublime literature and ennobling philosophy of Ancient Greece. To these same stupid and iron-hearted bigots, who drenched Palestine in blood for the sake of the Blessed Messiah and His Holy Sepulchre, modern Europe is indebted for the germs of that bright and dominating civilization which she boasts, and which we inherit in America. Avarice, the most sordid, and Ambition the most insatiable, stimulated the conquest and settlement of the Continent discovered by Columbus, and laid the foundation of states and cities which we fondly claim to be the pride of the world. What the heedless historian has denounced as crime has often proved a mysterious link in the chain of human progress and social advancement. The worst actions and the gratification of the worst passions of our race have resulted in the best of consequences. Why, then, shall we dare to pronounce actions and passions as Evil whose ultimate is Good?

Goodness is Beauty and Beauty is Goodness, a happy duality—one and inseparable—pervading and ruling the Universe, without rivalry and without mischance. The ancient mythologists of Persia, who flourished away with their Ormozd and Ahriman—their imaginary good and evil principles—gave to Ormozd the attributes of Heat and Light, while to his co-existent and irrepressible foe, Ahriman, they ascribed Cold and Darkness. Between these two powerful opposites there was supposed to be an incessant war for mastery, Ormozd continually struggling to bathe all nature in eternal summer and sunshine, while his perverse adversary was just as assiduous in his efforts to bind the Universe in eternal winter and shroud it in eternal night. We, who have the enlightenments of natural philosophy and chemistry to aid us, who know something about the properties of matter and positive and negative influences, can afford to laugh at

the unphilosophical notions of these silly old Persians, while we cannot help admiring the elegant sophistry and whimsical ideality with which their mythology was constructed. The occasional and temporary absence of a pleasure is as necessary to happiness as its presence. What realizing sense could we have of the positive delight of summer and sunshine were we never to experience the negative inconvenience of their absence? Health and freedom from pain are the chiefest of all positive benefactions; and yet, how sadly misappreciated they too often are, until their absence and the intrusion of their negatives, sickness and grief, prove how indispensable they are to the full enjoyment of animal existence. That wonderful enthusiast, Swedenborg, who tempered the extravagances of his theology with the severe truths of philosophy, was so well aware of the indifference and ennui which a monotony of even the highest felicity would engender, that, in his description of the social state in Heaven, he tells us that the blessed souls are sent down to Hell, at stated seasons, and kept there long enough to give them a fresh and vigorous appetite for celestial joys. Human happiness is too erratic and capricious, and too dependent on contrasts and heterogeneous varieties of existence, to be easily reduced to a common and fixed standard of estimation. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is an adage as true as it is homely, and, brief as it looks in print, embraces a volume of philosophy.

In the pictorial art, shades are as necessary as lights, and, in music, discords are introduced to give value and force to concords. Personal and social vices are to personal and social virtues what shades are to lights, in pictures, and what discords are to concords, in melodious compositions. What appreciation would we have of bravery if it were not relieved by the black background of cowardice? or what estimate would we place on the liquid melody of urbanity and kindness were it not contrasted by the dissonance of rudeness and quarrelsomeness? We should have no name and no appreciation for summer, were there no winter; none for sunshine, were there no night; none for health, were there no sickness; none for joy, were there no grief; and none for that something we call Virtue, were it not

for that something we call Vice. Human nature is a grand picture, by the Universal Artist, or a grand oratorio, by the Universal Maestro; and, without its lights and shades, its concords and discords, it would be imperfect and unworthy of the Infinite Genius that produced it.

What is physical beauty? It is the arbitrary, partial, and capricious estimate of objects, formed by the mind, under certain felicitous or infelicitous conditions, and is, therefore, as uncertain and fugitive as those conditions. The belle of a Hong-kong dandy would have but few charms for a dandy of San Francisco, and *vice versa*. The Chinese drama, with all its ingenious accessories of tinsel dresses and one-stringed fiddles, would fail in delighting our *bon ton*, while our Forrest and Julia Dean Hayne would be voted insufferable bores by the play-goers of Pekin. There is, however, such a thing as Beauty, and all Nature is full of it; for Beauty is Nature, and Nature is all things. In the scale of animal existences, the serpent and the alligator, to the eyes of the true philosopher, are things of as much beautiful interest as the rose-lipped virgin or the gaily plumed bird of paradise. They are beautiful to the contemplative mind, because they are links in that wondrously progressive chain of animality, which runs from the depths of the mollusca to the highest type of breathing excellence, as found in the Caucasian branch of humanity. From the lowest to the highest—from the worm to the Caucasian, from the humble moss to the cedar of Lebanon, from lead to gold—every animal, every plant, and every mineral occupies its appropriate place, fulfills its appropriate duty, and preaches its appropriate lessons of wisdom to observant and contemplative man. To be good is to be happy, and goodness and happiness are but other terms for the beautiful. For “ALL IS GOOD AND ALL IS BEAUTIFUL!”

LIFE is a journey, and they only who have traveled a considerable way in it are fit to direct those who are just setting out.

TO MRS. B——.

On meeting after an absence of many years.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

'Tis many a year since last we met—
And many a mile, has parted—
Yet time and space we'll not regret,
But meet again light-hearted.

'Tis true our eyes are dimmer now,
And tell a tale of weeping ;
'Tis true that Care upon our brow
Her record has been keeping.

'Tis true the Winter of our days
Its mystic thread is twining,
That thro' our auburn hair in rays
Of silvery white is shining.

'Tis true that many loved have flown
And left our pathway lonely—
'Tis true the brightest joys we've known
Have turned to sorrow only.

But Time brings balm beneath his wings
To soothe our pain and sorrow ;
And Hope her iris o'er us flings,
The promise of tomorrow.

And thought and feeling, ever, *more*
Those fading charms replaces—
The *Soul* grows lovelier for the store
Of all its hard-earned graces,

Then let us meet as once we met,
Ere time and space had parted—
For Heaven is bright above us yet,
And we'll look up light-hearted.

A LEGEND OF THE OLD ROUND TOWER

AT NEWPORT, R. I.

BY MRS. JAMES NEALL.

WILD was the wassail in the halls of brave Erik Raudi, the Norseman, on a stormy night in December, towards the close of the year 1002. Wild was the wassail, yet still wilder the shout that went up, as Thorstein Frode, the Saga, finished the recitation of a warlike poem, written by their favorite Scald, Thorareu.

"Let us drink," said Erik, "to the brave deeds of brave men. Would there were those now who, honored in song, might live centuries hence in the memory of the Norsemen; but the time has gone by for daring deed and daring thought, since these Christian missionaries have come among us, denouncing Odin, the god of battles, as an idol, only worthy of contempt."

Dark eyes flashed with indignation as Raudi spoke, and more than one brawny arm held up a spear denouncingly and muttered vows of vengeance. But the mood lasted not long, for the table was again replenished, and the glasses clinked together as, drinking, they rose in honor of Odin, the god of battles. The logs on the hearth blazed up fiercely, and throwing a lurid glare over the room, revealed its vast proportions. Circular, as most of the dwellings of the Norsemen at that period were, it appeared still larger, as the bare and uncarpeted floor echoed back the footfalls of the few domestics, who were moving to and fro among the guests assembled round the board.

"A noble boar, that," said Hans Ohter, surveying the huge dish which was now placed at the head of the table, and which contained a boar, roasted whole; "but I see he has left the marks of his tusks upon your hand, though I doubt not the Lady Gudrida has medicinal skill, and you will not lack tender nursing." He laughed sneeringly, as replenishing his glass, he proposed, "Success to Leif, son of Raudi, in his wooing." A dark scowl, like a thunder-cloud at midnight, passed over the face of Leif, as, not, noticing the latter part of the speech, he replied:

"A mere scratch, Hans Ohter, but, I venture to say, a deeper wound than the tusk of a boar will ever leave upon your hand." Hans Ohter winced under the galling remark, for he was proverbially unsuccessful in the chase, and many a day had gone by since his spear had struck death into an animal so huge as that which Raudi was now helping plentifully around to his guests. But he replied not, for his temper was not hasty, yet revenge sat brooding like some foul thing in his heart, and he resolved that the blood of Leif Raudi should stain his sword ere the night was over. "Aha!" thought he, "I seek for higher game, and when my spear is wet with the heart's blood of this insolent Norseman, they dare not taunt Hans Ohter with cowardice."

Little did the rude and uneducated man conceive that this was an exhibition of the meanest cowardice. Brute force is ever the weapon of the morally weak, and misguided Hans Ohter triumphed in the belief that killing his enemy was the greatest proof of courage he could give. Broils, even among the nearest kinsmen, were not uncommon among the Norsemen, and frequently the festive board was made the scene of fierce and loud contest. Such a quarrel it was the intention of Hans Ohter to foment, on the night in question, and then, taking advantage of the confusion which he knew would be created, to draw his spear and inflict upon Leif a fatal wound. Though not avowed enemies, they had in secret entertained a mutual dislike for each other, for both had aspired to win the fair hand of Gudrida, who dwelt beneath the roof of Raudi, under his parental care, having been consigned to him for protection when deprived by death, a few years before, of her natural guardians.

She was a daring, impetuous creature, and she spurned, with more of contempt than gentleness, the proffered love of Hans Ohter.

"Nay, father Raudi," said she, when informed that the wealthy Hans had chosen her to be his bride, "methinks he who is ever hindmost in the chase, would make but a tedious lover. Bear him back a message, I pray thee, and say Gudrida's heart is a thing no wealth can buy, even with so worthy a personage as Hans Ohter appended thereto."

Raudi looked with admiration upon the lovely maiden, as she made the bold reply, yet he besought her to reflect, ere she finally decided upon rejecting so advantageous an alliance. "Our northern homes," said he, "are rude and bare, and Hans is the wealthiest Norwegian in the district."

"And what care I for his wealth? He may sink his riches in the Maelstrom, dear father Raudi," replied the maiden, "and if he rides down on a bar of gold to see the mermaids, I will wish him a prosperous journey; but may all the gods heap ignominy on the name of Gudrida, if it is ever linked with one so vile in her sight as that of Ohter!"

"As thou wilt—as thou wilt, lady; but, remember, golden bait is but scarce among the fishermen of Norway, and thou may'st angle long ere such another chance will be thine."

"Nay, I stoop not to angle," said she, haughtily; "but give me freedom and poverty, rather than serfdom with so small a soul as dwells in the shrunken and cowardly frame of my wealthy lover." And lightly she laughed, as, moving forward, she imitated the shuffling and ungraceful gait of Ohter, and left the apartment.

It was on the evening of the day that he had received an answer so unpropitious to his hopes, that Raudi's guests were assembled in his hospitable mansion, and, smarting with disappointment, Hans Ohter was ready to vent his spleen upon any one with whom he could even imagine cause of affront. It was no marvel, then, that Leif Raudi should have felt the force of his anger, as from an inadvertent word dropped by the elder Raudi, he was induced to believe his suit was repelled and himself scorned, for the sake of his son. Nor was Leif slow to resent insult. Yet even among those untutored in the concealments of civilization, there is an innate sense of delicacy which will prevent the mention of a beloved one's name as the cause of enmity between foes. And though hot-blooded, in general, Leif seemed more than usually disposed to overlook the taunting remarks of his unsuccessful rival. There is a point, however, beyond which to forbear is no longer magnanimity—it becomes cowardice. And the last sentence of Ohter, whispered in the ear of Leif, relative to Gudrida, had

scarce died away, ere the latter had drawn his spear and inflicted a blow upon the wealthiest guest at his father's table.

"Hold, there!" exclaimed Raudi, as Hans, pale with rage, was about to return the blow. "Has Leif, my son, forgotten the rites of hospitality, that he should thus insult the honored guest of his father?"

"And who," interrupted Leif, "would dishonor by his foul insinuations the fair fame of my father's ward? Nay, I spurn him from the board, and when his foot again crosses the threshold, it must be because the arm of Leif Raudi is too weak to strike! Shall a descendant of the bold Vikings of old Norway tamely submit to the taunts of a vile reptile like this?"

At the allusion to the name of the Lady Gudrida, spears were drawn, and menacing attitudes were assumed by many of the guests, for not a few among them were kinsman of Erick; and though the brave old man knew too well he dare not resent as he would the insolence of Ohter at his own board, yet there was a fire in his eye, which told, more plainly than words, that he also longed to bury his spear in the dastardly heart of his guest. But Ohter had other consequences in view while fomenting this quarrel. It was not to draw upon himself the vengeance of the friends and followers of Erik, but to excite his own to take sides in the contest, and thus engage in a general broil, all assembled. But he overshot his mark. Many knew that he had hopes of winning Gudrida, for he boasted that his riches would conquer the heart of the loveliest maiden in Norway, even though she was inaccessible as the pine upon the top of the snow covered mountains, to all others. "The sun reaches the pine," said he, "and what the warm sun is to it, shall I be to Gudrida. She shall live but for my smiles, and though many may covet, none shall dare approach her." This braggart speech had not been uttered without creating enemies, for the lady Gudrida was a favorite with all. And notwithstanding Ohter had so much in his power, he had yet to learn, that a noble and manly bearing, and a brave heart is of more worth than uncounted gold. Yet he had his friends too, if mercenaries, could be called friends, who were ready to espouse his cause in the basest aggression upon others. Gathering them about him, he bid defiance to Leif, and was

about quitting the dwelling of Erik, muttering vows of vengeance, when his foot stumbled, and he fell prostrate upon the earthen floor. A loud shout was sent up by the revellers, many of whom were intoxicated by the beverages of which they had largely partaken; and a ringing laugh echoed round the apartment, which was caught up, and reiterated again and again, as Ohter now completely aroused, regained his footing. Rushing headlong towards Leif with his spear drawn, and with the deadly malignity of hatred in his eyes, he poised it a moment, and then hurled it at his intended victim—but it missed aim, and fell with a clinking sound some few paces behind. In another instant, Hans Ohter lay extended on the floor, speechless and weltering in his blood; while over his prostrate form, stood Leif, exultant.

When a murder has been done, when the pulse of life is stopped violently, there is, even among the most rude, a sudden sensation of horror at the deed: and flashing eyes already warned Lief that his own life was in danger. For the present, however, all turmoil was over. The followers of Ohter bore him, still bleeding, to his own dwelling, which was not far distant. The lights were extinguished, and such guests as were sobered by the fatal scene, left silently, and with celerity sought their own residences. It may seem strange that such things should be, and yet excite so little emotion. But when vengeance takes reprisal into its own hands, it is ever thus. The Jails of Norway overlooked civil strife, yet well aware that the kindred of Ohter would demand the price of blood.

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It was midnight; Gudrida, prevented from sleeping by the turmoil below, had an hour previous, sent one of the old domestics to enquire the cause of the unusual disturbance. For although, as we have said, such affrays were not uncommon, yet they seldom resulted so fatally as in the present instance. Hans Ohter was dead, and Leif must either fly, or be subjected to hourly danger of assassination. In the present day, we should scarce think that even love could go so far as to clasp in affection a hand dripping as it were with blood. But when we see the lauded heroes of the battle field, receiving the homage of gentle hearts, who would shrink from contact with a murderer—we are not surprised that the thoughts of Gudrida dwelt, less on the death of

Ohter, than on the dangerous position of his more favored rival. Leif had never intimated in words his affection for Gudrida: he had never said, "I love you"; but he had of late used the *thou*, indicative of more than common friendship among the Norwegians, and the unexpressed emotions of his heart were as well understood by her, as though he had given them language. The magnetism of love is one whose operation is universal; and though standing at the extreme ends of the chords of communication, those who are under the influence of this passion, know full well the meaning of an electric thrill from heart to heart, which is unrevealable to the uninitiated.

It was midnight, and as Gudrida looked out upon the magnificent splendor of the star spangled heavens, and drank in, with an earnest gaze, the wild beauty of the northern scenery, she felt how dear was the place she held in the heart and in the home of old Erik Raudi. But dearer, ah! dearer a thousand fold in the estimation of the maiden, was Leif. She esteemed, respected, loved Erik Raudi, but she revered, almost worshipped his son. Although a daughter of the cold north, there was a warmth and passionateness in her nature, which never left her undecided between love and hate, and in proportion to the bitterness of her hatred to Hans Ohter, was her ardent love for Leif. The morning dawned ere she turned her gaze from the world without. Silently musing, she had been watching the moon, as rising higher, it silvered with a more effulgent ray the gorgeous ice spangles which decked the bosom of the earth, as if to make amends with sparkling jewelry for its unattractive hardness. And the distant mountains too!—as snow capped they stood out in majestic relief against the clouds. How clung her thought to the memory of hours passed in clambering with him their rough and uneven sides. She dreaded the idea of a separation; yet she knew Leif would not ask her to share an exile so protracted as his must necessarily be. Worried and anxious, her excitement at last found calm and repose in gentle sleep: and after a few hours rest, she arose with a clearer comprehension than before of the events of the preceding night.

In the heart of Leif there was no compunctuous visitings of conscience for what he had done. It was the national code of morals to return injury for injury; and though the missionaries

had endeavored to infuse a more christian creed into the minds of the benighted Norwegians, but few had listened to, and fewer still adopted the maxims they inculcated. A long race of ancestors had upheld the doctrine of retaliation, and why should they now abandon usages, rendered sacred by time? False reasoners! to uphold error because it was hoary with age. Yet in our own time how many do the same. Erik Raudi himself admired the boldness and promptness of his son, in defending the fair fame of Gudrida from the aspersions of falsehood and malignity, and although his paternal feelings conflicted with his opinions, he did not deny the *right* of the kinsmen and followers of the murdered Hans Ohter, to seek vengeance on the destroyer of his life. He, it was, who counseled Leif to fly; for there is always danger where lurks the secret assassin, and the old man felt that Leif would not be safe after the interment of Ohter. Till that was over, it would have been considered almost sacrilege to assail him. A species of taboo, still unexplained, yet in force a long time after that date.

About a year previous to this time, Bjarne, an Icelander by birth, and a navigator of no inconsiderable reputation, had returned from a voyage to Greenland, and in the details of various circumstances connected with it, had mentioned casually to Erik Raudi, that adverse winds having driven him southwardly for several days, he had descried from the mast-head of his vessel a flat country covered with wood, but in appearance so different from Greenland, that he was tempted to make sail towards it. Want of provisions, however, had induced him to continue his voyage without landing. This information had at the time somewhat excited the imagination of Erik, as he was himself a bold and adventurous Viking, and he had more than once determined on prosecuting the discovery made by Bjarne. The idea now again took possession of his mind; instead, therefore, of setting sail himself, he proposed the desired expedition to his son; and, although incredulous regarding its success, Lief consented, stipulating, first, to pass the winter in Greenland, and endeavor to prevail on Bjarne to part with his ship and men, for the service. To this Raudi saw no objection, as he was quite able to supply funds for the intended purchase. And cautioning him to preserve secrecy regarding his final destination, preparations were

made for his departure from Norway. It was on the evening succeeding the one so fatal to Hans Ohter, that Lief, sitting beside Gudrida, informed her of his intention of passing the rest of the winter in Greenland, hinting to her, somewhat obscurely, the scheme his father had proposed, although he had scarce a hope of its success; yet he loved her too well, to depress her naturally elastic spirits by the mention of his doubts. He had risen while speaking, and was now looking into her eyes, with a solemn gaze, as laying his hand upon her forehead: he said, "Thou and I, also must part."

But she heeded him not, sitting so rigidly upright, so deathlike in her unsmiling silence. In her eyes was a gleam like that of living light; opened to their fullest extent, they seemed to be looking into futurity, as though striving to see something beyond, that was partly o'ershadowed by clouds—so intense was their expression of eagerness. Thus she remained for the space of several minutes; but at last she rose, also—still that earnest gaze, as though her whole body, illuminated, had concentrated into its visual organs its exceeding and unearthly brightness. Pointing with her fingers straight before her, like an inspired Pythoness, she stood, and uttered words which after ages have made oracular:

"I see it," said she, "I see it. A wild shore, where the waves dash and the waters roar, tumultuous in their hurrying speed, to bathe the rocks with their surges. Beyond, are tall and beautiful forest trees, unlike the pines of my own native Norway, but which, swaying in graceful undulations, give a more serene aspect to the loveliness of nature. Oh! vine-covered lands, and glorious rivers, ye shall yet be the home of love; but nations, in after years, shall trace evidence of the Norseman's tarriance, only by the rude tower, marking the spot where Leif Raudi and his brave companions worshipped the gods." For a moment, the lids of Gudrida fell heavily, but again she raised them, and resumed: "Centuries shall roll over the world, and on, yet on, shall move the wheels of time—yet standing at this gateway and entrance of my new life, I look, and behold a long vista of arches, which time hath reared; but broken and crumbling into dust are they,

and the years they mark have vanished, as the smoke of burning incense. Yet, who is it, reading the dim inscriptions written on their ruins? One, whose path is alone—whose heart knows not the experience of sympathy from his race; whose grasping intellect would fain decipher, and hold up to other eyes, the records upon which he has founded his great idea of an undiscovered world. His name shall ring in the ears of men; but that of Leif Raudi shall go down to the dust. *Accident*, to one, shall discover lands unknown; to the other, *Thought, Toil and Study* shall bring the renown of having found a new world."

The spell was over—the magnetism which had enabled Gudrida, in her mesmeric state, to penetrate into the future, had expended itself. But awe and wonder were written in the countenance of her lover. He could not comprehend the mighty mystery. His will had been stronger than his words, when he said, "Thou and I must part." The will, which said, "we part never," had acted on her sensitive nature, and produced strange results. How, or why, her far-seeing spirit became endowed with its supernal vision, we know not: it is a subject shrouded, as yet, in obscurity. But science is slowly revealing its deep and marvellous meanings, though ages yet may roll, ere we fully understand "The electric chain with which we are darkly bound." That Gudrida's allusions to the great discoveries of Columbus were clear to herself, is doubted. Nor did she ever after, voluntarily, speak of her state. She knew not the import of her words, although conscious that, for the time, she had felt a strange electric sensation; and when Leif again repeated them, they conveyed to her no remembrance of aught she had ever thought or spoken before. "If," said she, "the gods have whispered to my spirit, it is but meet I listen, and obey. Together we will seek this unknown country, of which thy father, Erik, speaks in terms so glowing, and it yet may be, that peace will come to our troubled souls, as we heed the oracles of the beneficent deities of the North."

The stern-hearted Norseman was melted by the generous and noble conduct of Gudrida; yet he hesitated between his love and a sense of duty—the former of which impelled him gladly

to avail himself of her willingness to accompany him, while the latter prompted him to place in a conspicuous light, all the discomforts and hardships she would have to endure, as his companion in so stormy and uncertain a voyage as he doubted not this would be. This generous feeling prevailed—for noble impulses almost always beget their like—and Leif followed the promptings of justice, rather than the dictates of his heart, in imparting to Gudrida some knowledge of the manifold trials and sufferings she would be compelled to undergo, should she persevere in her resolution to accompany him.

She listened calmly, but her resolution remained unshaken. It had not been heedlessly made, and she felt the time had arrived now to test her courage—no shrinking from what she believed to be right.

Erik Raudi mourned, as well as rejoiced, when Gudrida bade him farewell. With an exceeding tenderness he had watched her ripening years, the more so, that no daughter of his own had ever been born unto him, and he felt that with the going out of her presence, light was departing from his household; he had called her the Aurora Borealis of the dark Norway winter; and stern and cold as he was to others, he commended her to the protection of Thor and Freya, with an earnestness proportioned to his affection.

Out on the raging waters, some few months later than this, rode a rude Norwegian bark, but fearless and courageous were the hearts within. They had been tempest tost and wave beaten long, and some murmured, but generally the men wore cheerful faces and dwelt in hope. It was the ship of Leif: and gradually he was nearing the unknown coast of North America.

A few days longer of suspense and expectation and land was in view. The vessel was anchored, and the men with joyful hearts stood upon the shore. Strange and wonderful was the sight to Gudrida, as borne through the breakers in the arms of Leif, her husband, she lifted the gaze of her blue eyes to the rock-bound coast. It was a familiar spot; and in it she recognized the counterpart of the picture, delineated so vividly in her sleepless dream. Only the rude tower was wanting to complete its

reality. Till now she could never recall distinctly the image then presented, but as a thing of memory it was at once before her, and she bowed her head upon the shoulder of Leif, weeping tears of wonder and joy. "Not in vain has been the vision," said she; "here shall we live, love, die—but a time will come when all traces of our nation will be lost. Thou must build a tower, for so spake the dream, and centuries hence it shall be our witness that upon the sand of this shore has the Norseman left his footprint."

To this day there stands the "Old Round Tower." Leif and Gudrida, with their followers, lived but a few brief years on our shores. Savage and untamed was the race who dwelt there, and the Norsemen, with bold and adventurous daring, perpetrated deeds of murder and bloodshed which met with like retaliation. But the "Old Round Tower" still stands, the only relic of the time; and when the winds wail, and the waves beat, it is said a moan, as of one in pain, is heard, and that the soul of Thorold, a northern Viking, and follower of Lief, is there, raving round the walls of its circular prison, having been condemned to everlasting unrest for embracing Christianity, and abjuring the worship of Thor and Freya.

Thus endeth the legend.

THE cynics insist upon it that all the world is selfish, and every son of Adam occupied only with himself. How absurd is this theory! Just observe with what solicitude and concern we all watch the sins and faults of other people! how anxious we are to secure their reform! what pains we undertake to bring them to repentance! We never hear a sermon that we do not generously turn it over to an erring brother; we never meet a wise axiom that we do not mentally apply it to a sinful sister. We go about lamenting the habits and sinful weaknesses of our neighbors, and are in such despair because of the sins and vices of society, that nothing consoles us but the balm of our own virtues.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY L. F. WELLS.

"You can't rule me, old woman!" and an oath
Came harshly grating on the listless ear,
Rousing the mind from reverie, the while
I passed a mountain camp. Wond'ring, I turned,
Thinking to see some bearded mountaineer,
Whom years of rough and unrequited toil
Had rendered careless of his mode of speech :
And in the person rudely thus addressed,
Some poor unfortunate, within whose ears
The vilest blasphemy makes music sweet.
But sixteen years had passed so lightly o'er
The form of him on whom I gazed, that more
And more I wondered still, that one so young,
So highly favored, should forget himself
In language which the careless only use.
But soon my wonder was to horror changed,
When told by passing friend that she, to whom
The cruel epithet was thus applied,
Was his own Mother.

Had I seen his form
Brought to the level of th' wallowing beast,
Mine should have been the hand to raise him up ;
For while we pity and condemn the sot,
None but the poor inebriate can know
How strong, how galling is the chain which drags
Him low, and lower still, within the depths
Of his own degradation. Had I seen
His pilf'ring hand upon his neighbor's gold,
Beneath the folds of mercy's mantle still
I might have found some corner broad enough
To cover crime like his. For youth is weak ;
And want, with opportunity combined,
Proves often stronger than the human will.
But from ingratitude so base, so vile,
And so unnatural, I could but turn
With sick'ning heart away,

That young man yet
Will sore repent those cruel words. When age
Has shown the hollowness of friendship's trust,
And one by one, the ties of love he thought

So closely wound around his heart, are snapt
By chilling frosts of stern adversity ;
Then, all too late, perchance, will he regret
His wicked thrusting of that hand aside
Which would have pointed out his path through life,
And buoyed him up, and on, though man forsook
And Heav'n its light withdrew. A mother may
And sometime hath, perhaps, refused to love,
And strove to bury in forgetfulness
A daughter fall'n ; but never yet a son.
From infancy, when first his tot'ring steps
Are bent in haste to catch her outstretch'd hand,
Until he finds the summit of his hopes,
Or sinks beneath accumulating cares,
A mother's watchful, tearful, prayerful eye
Is ever on his course. She finds in him
Virtues and beauties others overlook ;
And screens with a forgiving, holy love
The erring words and many grievous faults
Which bar his entrance to all other hearts.
And sad experience proves that no regret
Can be so poignant, as the memory
Of wrongs to those who loved us, and are gone.
Alas ! that he who writes should feel its truth.
For he has only learned the death of one—
A mother—who has loved him with a love
Which knew no variation, and no shade
Of turning knew. A love which wayward youth,
And folly more mature, could not affect :
A love which time, and absence, ill report,
And calumny's foul breath could never change :
A love which on his op'ning eyes looked down
Ere he could name the form on which they gazed :
A love which overcoming time and space
Went out with him through all the walks of life,
And growing stronger with increasing years,
Gushed forth at length from her departing soul
In a last blessing on her distant boy.
And even while he writes, the memory
Of but a few unkindly spoken words
In anger long ago addressed to her,
Sit brooding darker o'er his soul to-day
Than all the other sins which have disgraced
A sinful life's career.

THE TESTIMONY OF MAN'S SENTIMENT TOUCHING THE RANK OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. W. FARNHAM.

[Continued from page 27.]

A MAN in love, acknowledges in the woman whom he loves, the *Mistress* of his future happiness, and of his future good, so far as his love is worthy the name, and its object is a true and *grown* woman. The word *Mistress* was, until very recently, the one universally used in addressing or designating a beloved and honored woman. It still prevails in the Drama, where the truths of passion and emotion are intended to be most strongly and purely expressed, and is also retained by many popular and standard novel writers. That it is used in the meaner sense of expressing a degraded character and a vicious relation, does not in any degree detract from the confession (implied in its adoption) of preponderance of power on the woman's side in the pure and worthy one, since no woman, however lowly or humble, ever addresses or names the man she loves as Master, *because she loves him*. A woman becomes the *Mistress* of a man, in the grave sense, only thro' his love for her, but whatever her love for him or his appreciation and love of it, he would not be pleased that she should acknowledge him her Master. Mastership when it is asserted or confessed, is never from love or for its sake. That state of the relation, if it ever appear, is for a later day—a dimmer and less divine one—a day when the co-working of common, external, and earthly motives makes it easy to apostatize from the divine inner truth of the soul.

We delight in the sense of a man's *LOYALTY* to a woman, while he is her lover. Now loyalty is the sentiment of the heart toward a superior, and could only please us when expressed in harmony with our perception of the qualities of the natures giving and receiving it. It would offend or disgust us to see the higher paying loyalty to the lower. But that which is a characterising trait of woman's love—perhaps *the* trait which men most

admire, and take pride in finding exhibited towards themselves, is *Devotion*, the opposite of loyalty. In the human relations devotion is exhibited toward an object who is either less happy and fortunate, or intrinsically less exalted and worthy than the person showing it; and its greatness and depth are in the inverse proportion of these circumstances or qualities in its object.

I am aware that this definition is not in accordance with the lexicons, but I do not think the authorities have treated all words exhaustively as to the meanings which mankind employ them to express. And I believe the common heart of woman and mankind will consent to this use of a most noble word—the more, that there is no other in use among the *people* which so well expresses the spiritual phenomena often seen and experienced by them in their human relations. We do not call that a *devoted* love which makes its subject altogether and only happy. The devotee is one bound by a vow—a high sense of duty—an overruling obligation to pay the devotion, the care, the love, whatever be the pain thereof;—the greater the pain, the greater the devotion.

Thus, a noble, loving parent exhibits devotion to a degraded, irreclaimable child, whose persistent depravity has destroyed all hope of returning love and compensatory tenderness. A friend proves his or her devotion in faithful and uncalculating adherence to one once beloved, who has degenerated, or fallen into a condition of disgrace. A wife shows her devotion to an oppressive, cruel, brutal, drunken or unfortunate and spirit-broken husband—a tender husband to a careless, selfish, unloving or profligate wife, though human experience does not so often furnish man opportunities for illustrating his nobleness in this way as woman.

There are other ways in which this capacity of the nature proves itself, as where one loves another, and the affection maintains itself persistently against coldness, neglect, and even scorn; or, where we devote ourselves to humanity through certain labors and causes which are identical with its growth and good. In the former case, there will be somewhat that is lower, in the nature, whether masculine or feminine, which per-

mits the devotion to be paid, in that, if it cannot return love for love, it does not tenderly and carefully, and with such wisdom and firmness as it may, attempt to heal the wound of its giving, to build up strength on another side and lead the suffering life out into other directions, whereby the unprofitable sentiment may be supplanted. In the latter it is easy to see that those only can devote themselves to humanity who are, at the lowest, so far above its level, that they look down on some real or imaginary want of it, which they hope to supply—see, in short, that it needs help from them.

Loyalty is the tribute of the lower to the higher ; it flows toward what it reverences, and at the same time sustains, by service which it recognizes as dutifully, naturally paid, because the servitor is the inferior of the served. Subjects are loyal to a monarch, and joyfully submit to hardship and defilement of their persons in menial labors (when necessary) for him, which they would feel grief and shame in seeing him perform for himself. Soldiers suffer and die for him, but are unwilling that he should descend to the common service of the field. Their loyalty is wounded if he expose himself to the inferior dangers or vulgar toils which they feel to be unworthy of his exalted relation to them.

Thus, laying down all externals, it is clear that loyalty is *commanded* by the qualities of a nature or position superior to those which render it, while it is equally clear that devotion *proceeds freely out from* qualities which recognize in its object an inferior, in so far, at least, as there is need of service of a quality which it cannot render itself. Thus it is that political loyalty becomes devotion whenever the person or fortunes of its object become so degenerate that the original relation between giver and receiver is reversed.

Now I know that in the established relations between woman and man, there often arrives a time when the order here indicated as natural seems, and among superficial, common-place people, actually comes to be so far reversed that we hear the loyalty of the wife spoken of, though very rarely the devotion, in any high, earnest sense, of the husband. It is not a reversal to each party, but only to the woman, from whom *both* loyalty and devotion are expected, *after marriage has put her in man's*

possession, either as a chattel or a subject. We shall better estimate the justness of the position thus imposed on her, if we remember the *fact* that our present system of marriage, whatever its merits or defects, is purely of MAN's contrivance, and we shall see how much more respect is due to the authority of the natural sentiments shown by each sex while in a state of freedom previous to it, than to the expression or usage of either, after they have entered into this relation—of which the elements only—all its features, of authority on one side and submission on the other, of transientness and durability, being defined by laws of purely masculine origin.*

If it be urged that the sentiment shown in the above extract and statements is that of men in love, and therefore not to be trusted in proof of nature, or of mankind, I reply that no sentiment is more reliable for the expression of primal truths, or the indication of real qualities in the life where they flow, than that of those rare and holy experiences—I will not say in noble, but in average MEN and WOMEN.

According to their capacity or incapacity to aspire or hope for a better life than they have before lived, men uniformly look to the woman they love, to aid them in realizing it.† They expect

* In answer to the statement which may be set against this, that marriage is of Divine origin, a sacrament, and therefore indissoluble, or *for the same reason* anything else, it is only necessary to point to late facts in the social and civil development of the States and Nations which the world acknowledges as its leaders. In many of these, the movements of the last quarter of a century, but especially those of the past ten years, make a line of progress in the opposite direction. I offer neither comment nor opinion here on these facts, it being out of the question to do so much as lift my eyes, at this stage of my argument for woman, to the vast and chaotic field toward which they point. It is unquestionable, however, and I suggest no new theory in stating it, that the necessity of remodeling or creating divorce laws is growing more urgent in all the Protestant and progressive governments, and that whenever it is yielded to, the movement is *uniformly* toward granting liberation from the bonds [a cord, a chain, a rope—see Webster] of *ill-assorted* or *unhappy* marriage.

† To this statement, with the limitations here given, the single exception which now occurs to me, is that of highly intellectual men—men who live in the intellect alone, or chiefly; or, worse still, in the intellect and passions. Of this order are many eminent Statesmen, Diplomats, Legislators, Jurists,

help from her. They plan the surrender of some indulgences which their own self-respect has permitted, but which their respect for her greater purity and refinement makes them hesitate or feel ashamed of continuing; and they tell her of their good purposes, if taste or delicacy do not forbid, expecting to be smiled upon like a good child—perhaps praised a little for it: certainly thanked. If they feel weak or weary in endeavoring to keep themselves always to the right against the temptations that beset them, they look to woman's higher and purer strength as a rest, which they shall reach and be blessed in, by and by. She will decide when he is at a loss, and having pointed the way, will always be in it, an attraction to draw him thither. He always feels supported in some new faithfulness to convictions he has before neglected (for which he is perhaps laughed at by those unused to such behavior in him), by the thought of her, and her warm sympathy and approval.

“The whole, low world of pleasure and sense in which I have lived,” said a strong man once to a woman whom he worshipped, “seems at moments when I am near you, or recall you vividly, to turn to dust and ashes beneath my feet. God is my witness, that at such times, no other feeling is possible toward it but one of unmixed scorn and loathing; and all because of you, and the thought of you: which is sufficient to suggest and supply me with something so much nobler.” Alas! that such influences should so often wither and vanish away before they accomplish their divine work of redemption!

[To be continued.]

Advocates, Physicians, Clergymen, Men of Science and of Letters; but very few Artists, Discoverers, or illustrious Inventors; these latter callings drawing men more into communion with primary truth, than with the secondary truths, falsities or errors with which the former familiarize their followers; and being, therefore, more favorable to the preservation of natural sentiment in the character. That men of distinguished, manlike intellect have been very apt to marry *silly and pretty*, or *cold and stately*, or *managing and brilliant* wives, is not less notorious than that they have been apt to leave behind them children who are content to reflect without adding to the lustre of the name they bear.

Summary of Fashion.

By the arrival of Mme. Demorest's Quarterly Report, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following comprehensive statement in regard to the prevailing styles of dress for the ensuing Season :

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.

The Spring styles exhibit, therefore, little less care and taste in preparation, than any of those which have preceded them. The mass of materials may be less costly, but the colors are even more varied, delicate, and charming; and the taste, and coquettish beauty of arrangement, fully make up for the absence of more luxurious qualities.

We rejoice to see that gray, as a "uniformity," is less in vogue than for the past two seasons. At first, it was considered both economical and lady-like; but the *furor* that was created for this class of dress-goods threw an infinite amount of trash, in the way of gray fabrics, upon the market, not worth the paper in which they were carried home, and which frequently, after having been expensively made up, would be destroyed by exposure to the first shower of rain. Lady readers are, of course, aware that it is the mixture of black and white that constitutes the ordinary gray, and they have only to remember that, if the black is *cotton*, the material is worthless, so far as service is concerned, never to be caught by any of the tricks to which the most honest of the trade will resort.

TRIMMINGS.

Trimmings for dresses are used quite profusely. Buttons, frillings, bows, puffs, and double ruchings being the favorite style of decoration. Very pretty trimmings are very often made of the material, and in a comparatively inexpensive manner. For example, plain taffeta silks are beautifully trimmed with box-quillings, edged with narrow black lace and bows, with ends edged with lace.

SLEEVES.

The coat sleeves have nearly all assumed a modified "leg of mutton" shape, which seems to be received with favor, and certainly possesses a quaintness which is novel, and not unbecoming. A very pretty design is straight at the wrist, and has a sort of medallion cuff, which extends upon the upper or full part of the sleeve. This upper part forms an immense puff, and is laid in three treble box-plaits at the top. [See full-sized Paper Pattern.]

Another is loose at the wrist, and full on the upper side, where a broad frill is festooned at intervals with flat bows. The frill extends round the wrist, but is rounded on the upper side, where the ends meet, in order to preserve the appearance of festoons. It is an excellent style in which to make up the shepherd's-wool-checks, and easily and handsomely trimmed with a little binding of black silk, and black silk bows.

These shepherd's-wool-checks, by the way, are almost the only goods that are reliable in black and white, they being all wool. They are in demand

among ladies of the most distinguished taste, for suits, consisting of dress and short English paletot, or "sack," as it is now generally called; a very appropriate dress for Spring wear, and can be afterwards worn as a Summer traveling dress.

Flowing sleeves are never wholly unfashionable. There are always people who prefer them to all others, and, indeed, they do possess a grace of style, and a facility for display, united to a matronly and dignified appearance, unlike all others. A late and favorite design is called the "Violetta." It is not very wide, and has a cap, laid in box-plaits, on the top, and forming a square *bouffon* puff, terminating in a short square, open sleeve, which falls over the under one. The only objection to this sleeve is the amount of material which it would take, an item worth consideration now, provided it were costly.

CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS.

The immense cloaks and mantles which have enveloped the entire person, so as to hide the dress, promise to give place to the English paletot, or short sack, ("Zou-zou") which has recently been introduced, and to variations from this style, adapted to different figures, but all short and jaunty, the antipodes of the long, dark, mysterious wraps, which formed a disguise as effectual as the robes of a Sister of Charity.

A new French mantilla is also very handsome and graceful. It is full on the shoulder and at the back, and is set into a pointed yoke with large box-plaits.

BONNETS.

For ordinary walking bonnets, fine white split straw, bound and trimmed with green, or green and black, are new, and look very fresh, spirited and becoming for the season. Very stylish straws are simply, yet elegantly, decorated with velvet, with straw ornaments. Straw trimmings have now been brought to such perfection as to be extremely beautiful.

Silk hats, both drawn and plain, are always in vogue to some extent, particularly at this season; but, to our taste, there are no bonnets so pretty for Spring wear as straw.

THE LATEST STYLE OF SKIRTS.

Crinoline is narrow at the top, but extends out into an amplitude as great as ever at the base, in order to support the skirts of the dresses, which must not be less than five yards round.

These graceful, durable, and economical skirts possess and combine every desirable quality, in connection with a very superior quality of steel of a permanent elasticity. The standards are very numerous, and being passed through the covering, prevents the possibility of their slipping on the springs, or getting out of order. The ladies have universally awarded their unqualified approbation and conceded their pre-eminent superiority over all others. They need only to be examined to be fully appreciated.

On sale at Branch of Mme. Demorest's Fashion Emporium, 111 Montgomery street, where also may be obtained any and every desirable Pattern for Ladies and Children's Dress; and also many new articles of ladies wear, such as light and durable Spiral Pads, Skirt Suspenders, new style Hooks and Eyes, etc., etc. This department is under the superintendence of the accomplished and accommodating Mme. Langraff, whose artistic taste in matters pertaining to ladies' dress, is too well known to require comment.

Editor's Table.

AFTER the severity of the winter just passed, which has been so disastrous to many of the enterprises of our young State, it may be that many of the friends of the *HESPERIAN* would like to know what of its prospects? and as we cannot convey to them an understanding of the appreciation which is everywhere felt for the Magazine, and the readiness everywhere manifested for its support, better than by giving at length a letter recently received from our friend and co-worker, Miss A. S. Breck, we shall venture to do so. The letter, it will be perceived, is written from Vallejo—quite a small town, and yet, in less than a week, it yielded to Miss B.'s efforts over seventy new names to our subscription list, all of which were accompanied by the money. Surely, this speaks well for the intelligence of that community; and yet it is only a prophecy of what people and communities, in various parts of the State, are ready and willing to do, as soon as opportunity offers, which will be immediately, as Miss Breck is now absent, and intends to make the tour of the *entire* State, the coming season—when we hope to receive many substantial evidences of the appreciation bestowed upon this the only representative of periodical literature in this State. And in this connection we would mention, that every kindness extended to Miss Breck, either by the Brothers of the Press, or others, will meet with grateful appreciation as done unto ourself. But here is the letter. Judge you whether the State of California can support one literary Magazine, or not:

“VALLEJO, April 21st, 1862.

“MY DEAR MRS. DAY:—I promised, when I left San Francisco, to send you, from time to time, ‘jottings by the way;’ in other words, to give you my thoughts and impressions as I proceeded on my journey.

“I arrived at this place on the 9th, and was kindly received by the Hon. C. B. Denio and his good lady. Mrs. Denio was about to make a visit to the city, and I volunteered to take charge of the little ones (four in number), and also to attend to the creature comforts of her liege lord, and see that he had his meals at the proper hours. On his part it was stipulated that he should introduce me to his friends on the Navy Yard, and use his influence to assist me in my efforts to secure subscribers for the *HESPERIAN*. Thus, you see, I can attend to the domestic as well as the literary wants of man.

“I must confess that, for a few days, I had fearful misgivings as to my success. In the first place, the times are hard, and the men employed on the Yard are dunned almost every pay-day, for some object, and to add to my trouble for two or three days after my arrival, when I would get ready to go to the Yard, it would rain, until Tuesday morning last, when the sun smiled upon us so brightly, that I summoned courage and accompanied Mr. Denio to the Navy Yard; and I am happy to say that, although I had fixed many

things that I thought would be pretty to say to the men, by way of inducements to sign for our magazine, Mr. Denio himself said so much prettier things, that I really had nothing to do, but to stand and take the names of the men and the money, which seemed to be paid with a cheerfulness that did honor to their heads as well as their hearts. I received the same kind attention from Mr. Powell, the master joiner, Major Root, the dock-master, Mr. Grimes, the master blacksmith, Mr. Barbour, the acting master caulker, and Mr. Bailly, the master laborer.

"There are a large number of men at present employed on the yard; many of them are engaged in refitting the U. S. sloops-of-war *Wyoming* and *Lancaster*, which at present are at the yard—the former, I believe, to be sent to China, and the latter to return to Panama, there to watch over the interests of the Government and its people, as she has for the last three years.

"There are some permanent and, I may add, extensive improvements going on upon the Yard. Among them, and perhaps the greatest, is a foundry and machine shop, where is to be cast the death-dealing cannon; those *huge* anchors, too, that hold our war-ships to their moorings, are to be made here, instead of being brought from the States; here, too, in due time, is to be put together that greatest of modern workers—the steam engine—a laborer that never tires, but with nerves of steel and breath of fire, is to bear along those iron-clad steamers that are to be our country's defences against the machinations of old England, and what some miscall the other *Great Powers* of the world. Our own country is the greatest Power the world has ever yet seen, and the reason is obvious—the people are the governors, and *thinking* ones, too.

"In passing through the several departments, I could but note one characteristic of the men employed upon the yard. They all seemed to be intelligent and thinking men, not mere machines that were to be wound up and set agoing. It is true, their faces were sunburnt and their hand showed labor—unlike some creatures that we meet daily, who, instead of being termed men, should, perhaps, be called a pair of stuffed pantaloons. Each of them had a kind word for me, and I am candid to say that, although I have never had the most exalted opinion of the sterner sex, and as a consequence had almost made up my mind never to marry, but try and 'paddle my own canoe,' my visit to the Navy Yard has had a tendency to do away with much of the prejudice of my youth. But, don't be alarmed, I have no serious intentions *yet*, and have resolved to first visit the mountains and see the miners; but I will say this: if I ever do make up my mind to take that dreadful step, which, according to the laws of our land, not only blots out my personal identity, but my very name, I believe it will be with one of those men who are not ashamed to work: these are the men of whom it may be said, the world is better because they have lived. They are, after all, the men who move the world; these, and men like them, are they who are fighting the battles of our country to-day—men who *think* as well as work. It is such who climb up the steeps at Fort Donelson, and stand firm before the hordes of traitors

at Pittsburg Landing, and finally send them back in confusion to their hiding places at Corinth. God bless the working-men of our country! If the Roman matron, when asked for her jewels, could point to her children, and say, 'These are my jewels,' so our country, when asked for the evidence of her greatness among the nations of the earth, may point with pride to her laboring men, and say, 'Here it is—this is our bulwark.' But I fear you will say I have fallen in *love*! Well, that is so! but my love is entirely too general to be dangerous. Notice, I say *men*, not *man*.

The foundry of which I spoke, is to be ready for business the present season, much of the machinery having already been shipped from the Atlantic States. Mr. Denio has just completed a large chimney connected with the foundry, and not to mention it would, perhaps, be unpardonable, as it is generally believed here that the said chimney is his *weakness*, having laid out all his skill as a mechanic, intending it, I suppose, as a monument of his skill as a bricklayer; and although I do not know what kind of a hand I would make in describing and setting forth the beauties of a piece of masonry, or what my opinion is worth to Mr. D., still I will say that I think it one of the finest things of the kind I have ever seen. It is one hundred and thirty-nine feet high, and so constructed that you can enter the N. W. corner, through a small door, and by means of a firm iron ladder, ascend to the top. I was invited to go up, but fearing my hoops would be somewhat in the way, I declined.

"Although my letter is already too long, still I cannot think of bringing it to a close without mentioning some of the officers to whom I was introduced, and the kind words of encouragement they were pleased to bestow upon me and my enterprise. Oh, why cannot men who hold positions always thus speak? A kind word costs nothing, and may send many a fainting heart on its way rejoicing. I was introduced to Purser Murray, who not only subscribed for the Magazine, but also spoke so kindly to me that I was more than half inclined never again to question that the men ought to be called the 'Lords of Creation.' Purser Murray is what may be truly called a real 'old Irish gentleman.' Perhaps I ought not to say *old*, for although upon the shady side of sixty, he is one of those men who will never grow old. I also got acquainted with Dr. Bishop, the lately-appointed surgeon upon the Yard, and I will only say, that if he is only half as successful in setting broken limbs and building up the human system that's out of tune, as he is in prescribing kind words to keep people from getting sick, Mare Island, or the people upon it, may feel thankful to 'Honest old Abe,' for sending to this coast Dr. Bishop. Mr. Brown, the civil engineer of the Yard, was pleased to extend to me kind words of cheer. He is one who never tires doing good, but is always ready to battle for the right.

"I did not meet Capt. Gardener, the Commandant of the Yard, although I called at his office two or three times, and was almost tempted to think that he purposely avoided me, or, in other words, had agreed not to be at home; but, of course, the Captain's known liberality, and I may add gallantry, for-

bids such a conclusion, and when I again visit Vallejo, I shall make it a point to call until I do find him at home, and obtain his name to the list of subscribers to the HESPERIAN.

"I ought to mention others, but time will prevent. I have as yet said nothing about Vallejo. It is a pleasant place of one thousand inhabitants, mostly dependant on the Navy Yard, I should think, for its patronage. There are three hotels: the Washington House, kept by Mr. Conley; the Union Hotel, by Mr. McCudin; and the American House, by Mr. Seeholts—all these are desirable places, for persons visiting the Navy Yard, to stop at. There the wants and comforts of the weary traveler are well attended to. Of the pleasant homes of Vallejo I will say but little, as I have not time to do them justice; but I am convinced of one thing, that happiness does not always come of luxurious living, for I find more genuine contentment, more pure love and friendship, in the houses of these honest mechanics, than I ever did in what the world calls the higher walks of life; and if I live to be an old gray-haired woman, I shall bless the noble-hearted people of Vallejo, who gave me such hearty welcome. I will speak further upon my ideas of a home at some future time.

"I have obtained over seventy subscribers to the Magazine, in this place and on the Island, and have received from many of those noble fellows a hearty 'God bless you,' with a wish for the success of the enterprise.

"Truly yours,

ANGIE S. BRECK."

A LETTER more recently received from another source, would be calculated to awaken fears that we might be deprived of the services of our friend, Miss Breck, did we not so well know her strength of purpose and her devotion to the cause which she has espoused. This letter we, also, take the liberty of laying before our readers, at the same time assuring our friend Jones that it would afford us the greatest pleasure to confer any favor upon him which we could *consistently with our own interests*. But, for obvious reasons, we must most respectfully decline speaking that "timely word."

MARE ISLAND,

"DEAR EDITRESS:—I am not accustomed to write for any periodical in the State. You, in consequence, no doubt, will think strange that at this time I should be induced to attempt it. But, like other people, I, too, am governed by surrounding influences, which act as promptings to evil as well as noble deeds. The last of which influences I became seriously affected by, were the circumstances in connection with the introduction to your HESPERIAN MAGAZINE, which I find to be a neat and well ordered collection of literary matter, which was placed in my hands by its interesting solicitor.

"I have now arrived at a point where it becomes necessary for me to acknowledge my weakness, notwithstanding my delicacy in its exposure, but deem it sufficient for me to say that I became mighty quick a subscriber. After listening to her remarks as to the needful utility of this book, and the good influences she desired to impress upon the minds of the people, and especially the *young men* of California—well, then, dear Editress, I just

caved! And when I had come sufficiently to my senses to again be led on with the importance of this literary mission, I really plunged soul and heart in the cause. I introduced my friends, and by some mysterious influence, which I would rather have you imagine than for me to attempt to describe, they momentarily seemed impressed with the great importance of advancing its interests, the proof of which was demonstrated by the forking over of the four dollars to the *witch* of solicitors. To tell the truth, I do not believe she was half as much gratified by her success as your interested friend and subscriber. Now, Mrs. Editress, you might do me a great favor by speaking a timely word. Please do; she, no doubt, will know from the circumstances who I am. Should you not find her at all susceptible, I would ask, for the sake of one who will never fail to be a subscriber, do not send her this way again.

JONES."

MR. JAMES V. MANSFIELD.—We cannot refrain from noting the advent to our city of this world-noted individual, whose powers in what is called *Test Mediumship* are so wonderful as to astonish all who call upon him. We believe these singular phenomena should be investigated, and, if possible, explained, by the savans of the age. If they do it not, then the common people must take hold of it, and decide whether it be of God or not.

Mr. Mansfield is located for the present at the Russ House, in this city. His kind and gentlemanly deportment, his willingness to favor rigid and candid investigation, should at once be taken advantage of by all who feel any interest in this new science, or any desire to communicate with the loved departed ones.

FULL-SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

WE send this month an entirely new Sleeve Pattern, alike novel, graceful and comfortable. It is composed of two pieces—the sleeve and cuff. Lay three box-plaits in the top of the sleeve, fold the pattern together, and sew from the wrist, which is plain and tight, up to the elbow. Then gather the fullness of the upper part of the sleeve in at the elbow, and put on the cuff. This sleeve is exceedingly pretty, trimmed with lace and buttons.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE have transferred our Branch of Mme. Demorest's Pattern Emporium, and all the business—Cloak-making, Patterns, Hoop Skirts, etc., etc.—connected therewith, to Messrs. S. O. Brigham and Henry Polley, who will conduct the business in all its branches, at the Old Stand, No. 141 Montgomery street.

The Ladies' Department is under the special superintendence of Mme. Langraff, whose artistic taste and affable manner cannot fail to give satisfaction to all who may favor her with a call.

N. B.—A new supply of Patterns and Hoop Skirts (the famous "DEMORREST PATENT,") were received by last steamer. We unhesitatingly recommend our friends and the public generally to call and examine the new styles, and to give Messrs. Brigham & Co. a share of their patronage.





THE AMAZON.

This jacket will at once become a favorite with our lady readers, because it is neat and coquettish. It is very simple and tells its own story. The sleeve is peculiar, and the prettiest of the family of coat sleeves. It is slightly full and the back is brought over the front and laid in box-plaits; in the centre of each of which is a button. The regular sections in the jacket, are simply over-lapped and fastened with buttons.



BLOCKADE SLEEVE.

This sleeve is plain at the top, with a cap cut in squares. It is cut moderately flowing, but the flow is lessened by the lower part of the sleeve being over-lapped, the edge being cut in square blocks, and finished with a narrow quilting or binding and buttons.



CHILD'S GORED DRESS.

This is a very beautiful gored dress for a little girl. The gores are cut in points, and overlap each other, each point being fastened by a button. The bottom of the skirt is surrounded by two frills, pinked on the edge. The short sleeves are puffed and slashed with velvet.—
Price, \$1 00

THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. VIII.]

MAY, 1862.

[No. 3

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN AND WHAT THEY ARE.—THEIR RELATIONS WITH
THE UNITED STATES IN THE EXISTING NATIONAL CRISIS.—THE
MODIFICATIONS OF THEIR CHARACTER BY THE INFUSION
OF WHITE BLOOD AND THE CONTACT OF CIVIL-
IZATION.—THEIR PROBABLE DESTINY.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

[Continued from page 60.]

THE belief of the Indians in so great a multitude of spirits and demons, affords a wide field for the exercise of priestcraft and magic; and thus we find arising from the system a host of Medas or priests, Medicine-men and magicians, and Jossakeeds or prophets. Among the uncivilized tribes of the present day, the old customs in this regard remain unchanged. The influence of the magicians is felt in nearly all the operations of everyday life,—and their power is supposed to be most potently exercised in the affairs of hunting and of war. There are hunters claiming to be gifted with magic, and warriors endowed by the Medas with a species of invulnerability in battle. Many of the warriors are made to believe that the rubbing of a certain plant, called in the Chippewa “peyhikawusk,” over their bodies, accompanied with incantations from the priest, actually renders them at times invisible on the battle field, and at other times causes them to appear not in their own shapes but in those of monstrous and terrible

beasts, to the dismay and consternation of their foes. This plant the initiated carry with them in their medicine bags, which we may say, for the better understanding of the reader, are bags formed something like the ordinary bullet pouch of the hunter, but beautifully ornamented with shells or beads, wrought into various devices. Now that we have uttered the word "initiated," we may as well proceed to say that all of Indian sorcery, prophecy or what not of the like character, belongs to two grand systems or institutions which have existed from time immemorial upon the North American portion of this continent. These institutions are known respectively as the Medawin and Jeesukawin, terms which we take from the language of the northern tribes. They are of very ancient origin and are the same in all the tribes, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, with minor differences. The Medawin is an association of men who profess the art of magic, and the Medicine-men, although not always Medas, have a sort of connection with the order. A portion of the ceremonies of this society are secret. Candidates are privately instructed and afterwards publicly admitted, by many imposing rites. Those who rise to distinction in this art are held in very high veneration. They have at their beck whole legions of demons, and it is not uncommon to see the familiar spirit of some great conjurer sitting on top of his lodge, in the shape of an owl or a raven, or crouching in the corner like a domesticated fox or wolf. An old Cherokee magician, cotemporary with Tecumseh, inspired great dread from the fact that two demons attended him in the shape of a couple of ferocious black wolves. With these he went out on his hunting excursions and being a very skilful hunter, his success was attributed to magic.

The Jeesukawin is a term denoting the art of prophecy. The secrets of this institution are scrupulously kept from the masses. During his prophetic utterances the Jossakeed beats a drum and at intervals proceeds with songs and incantations. He is generally a man of shrewd intellect, for a stupid man can never succeed in the office. The Jossakeed pretends to put great faith in certain stuffed birds, flints, and bones of a sacred character which he keeps in his lodge. No important movement of a national

character is undertaken without previous consultation with the oracular Jossakeed, and the frantic gesticulations with which he undertakes to call down the power of the Great Spirit are harrowing to behold. There is an offshot from the Medawin of considerable antiquity, which is called the Wabeno, and the object of it is principally the propitiation of evil spirits. We are enabled from copies of papers furnished to the Indian Department at Washington to present the reader with a portion of the songs in the ceremonies of the Medawin and the Wabeno. The medicine chants of the Meda are pictorially represented on pieces of bark, with various figures of animate and inanimate things. Each figure is symbolical, and calls to the memory of the performer the particular words of the song to be used. The medicine lodge is supposed to be filled with the presence of the Great Spirit. The priest, surrounded by his associates, sings—

The Great Spirit's lodge—
You have heard of it—
I will enter it.

This is repeated by his followers, while the priest shakes his rattle—a terrapin shell or gourd filled with small pebbles of uniform size—while each member of the society holds up one hand towards heaven. A candidate for admission approaches, holding in his hand an otter skin pouch, the precise object of which we do not understand. He repeats after the priest the accompaniment of the drum and rattle,—

I have always loved that that I seek.
I go into the new green leaf lodge!

After a few other ceremonies the Meda men assemble in another lodge containing a vapor bath. None but the superior Medas enter this lodge, and while they are taking their bath, they tell to each other certain secrets known respectively to each, there being various orders in the Medawin. During this process members of the lower order are initiated into the secrets of the higher. Previous to entering the bath the chief priest sings while the rest follow, beating time on their drums and moving round the lodge with measured tread—

I go into the bath—
I blow my brother strong.

An initiation fee of valuable wampum is here presented in due form, and accepted. The next ceremony is to dance around the Meda tree, which is no real tree, but an imaginary one supposed to be within a circle outside of the lodge. The words which are here chanted, with many repetitions and transpositions, are

What! My life my single tree!
We dance around you.

The dance here is of a very unique and indescribable character. Next comes a priest into the circle with a stuffed crane skin, over which he mumbles for some seconds, whilst the countenances of the bystanders assume a solemnity of aspect impossible upon any other than an Indian face. By some hocus pocus plovers and other birds are made to spring from the crane skin. These birds are supposed to be spirits evoked by the power of necromancy. As he shakes this crane-skin the priest sings:

I wish to see them appear;
I wish them to appear.

Here the priest shows a charmed arrow which, when sent upon its mystical mission, penetrates the sky and never ceases its flight until its return is ordered by the Meda. The priest chants

This, this is the Meda bone.

Something is then done with a hawk-skin, and the priest says—

All round the circle of the sky
I hear the spirit's voice.

Presenting symbols of the sun pursuing his course through the meridian, the priest sings—

I walk upon half of the sky.

Representing in his person the god of thunder and lightning, he continues—

I sound all round the sky:
You shall hear the sound of my big drum,
Do you understand my drum?

Here a stuffed raven is exhibited, with the words—

I sing the raven that has brave feathers.

The priest then puts on the wings and head of a crow, and with many frantic motions chants—

I am the crow ! I am the crow !

This skin is my body.

And so the ceremonies proceed for several hours, with various prayers and incantations and symbolical representations which have a meaning known only to the initiated.

The mysteries of the Wabeno are conducted mostly at midnight, and their object is to propitiate the spirits of good and evil. The necromancer, holding a magic bone in his hand, opens the performance with these words : “ I speak to the Great Spirit to save my life by this token, and to make it efficacious for my preservation and success. Hear me and show pity to my cry.” He then sings—

I am a friend of the Wabeno, &c.

He now shows the symbol of a tree which is supposed to emit supernatural sounds, and sings—

I (the tree) sound for my life as I stand.

During this time the members of the Wabeno, excepting the priest, are sitting. Now they rise and begin to dance. Here a Wabeno dog runs towards the priest, who commences vomiting blood. All sing—

I shall run to him who is my body.

The dog is then sent out for the purpose of killing something, but what it is we have never been able to find out. However the priest knows all about it. All on a sudden they call a halt, and the priest, in the attitude of Macbeth when he saw the ghost of Banquo, exclaims with startling effect—

Who is that standing there ?

A Wabeno spirit is standing there !

Many wonderful evolutions are performed around the imaginary spirit. And then a wolf, depicted on a piece of bark, is presented. He has horns on his head, and his business is to follow the Wabeno spirit on the hunt for some object of a mythical but important character. Another symbol is presented in the picture of a great war eagle, accompanied with a chant—

They shall gather in the sky—

The birds shall gather in the sky.

This bird is supposed to be in the same line of business with the wolf. Some obnoxious animal, who is in reality nothing but some evil Manito, is now killed by the magician in the following manner : An image of it, made of grass or cloth, is hung up, and the magician shoots an arrow through it. The arrow, for some reason unknown to us, is immediately drawn out and burnt.

A picture of the sun is then exhibited with many manifestations of reverence and awe, as being symbolical of the Great Spirit. Various other ceremonies are gone through with, the main idea of which seem to be to symbolize the power of the Wabeno through the aid of the Great Spirit, to subordinate the vegetable and the animal world and the various elements of nature, together with the Manitoes of good and evil, to his will.

The Medicine Feast, accompanied with dancing, is an observance connected with the Medawin. Those who partake of this feast belong to the inner sanctuary of the institution, and their secrets are carefully concealed from the masses. The secret grips and signs have been recognized as identical with some of the grips and signs of Free Masonry. A friend of ours, who was a Mason, informed us that on a certain perilous occasion, while traveling on the Plains east of the Rocky Mountains, his knowledge of Masonry saved his life. Having wandered at some distance from his companions, in pursuit of antelope, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a band of plumed and painted warriors of the Dacotah Nation, commanded by a very fierce and terrible-looking old chief. Scarcely hoping for a moment's respite from death, it struck him that he had heard that observances similar to those of Masonry were in partial use among the Indian tribes, and as a desperate last resort, he rode in front of the chief and gave the Masonic sign of supplication. To his surprise and delight, the chief returned the true response. Our hero then advanced and shook the hand of the chief, giving the Masonic grip. It was returned, and the chief gave him safe conduct back to his camp. We have heard of instances of a similar character, seemingly well authenticated. Free Masons who have observed the ceremonies of the Medicine Feast closely, are positive with regard to the identity of certain of the signs and formula with those of Masonry.

Candidates for admission to this Feast are required to fast for three days. During this fast, they are taken by the older Medi-

cine Men into the woods, and secretly instructed into the mysteries of the first degrees of the society. They are also severely sweated in a vapor bath, which is mingled with the fumes of certain magical herbs. The object of this is the thorough purification of the subject, before clothing him with the divine power. The public ceremony begins as the sun approaches the meridian, and takes place in a large leafy bower erected for the purpose. The ground is covered with blankets, upon which the candidate kneels. Eight Medicine Men then march in single file around him, with their medicine-bags in hand. At the completion of each circuit, they halt, and one of them makes a short speech. This is repeated, until each Medicine Man has had his say. Their medicine-bags are then laid upon the blankets, and, after violent retching, each Medicine Man ejects from his mouth a small white sea-shell, called the Medicine Stone, which he claims to have vomitted from his stomach. These stones they put into their medicine-bags, and arrange themselves in front of the candidate. Advancing in a stately dance, with measured step and chant, they suddenly halt in close proximity to the initiate, and one of them with a fierce exclamation, to which the others add energy by a simultaneous "Ough," thrusts his medicine-bag into the chest of the initiate. He, as if struck by lightning, at once falls to the ground and grows rigid, quivering in every muscle. At this time he appears very much like one under mesmeric or psychological influence, and rises in a sort of somnambulic state which he does not seem to shake off during the remainder of the ceremonies. After this comes the feast, at which dog-flesh is the prominent dish. The candidate is now a Medicine Man in full membership and communion. The betrayal of the secrets of this order is punished with death. We may remark here that these Medicine Men have actually the power of controlling the muscles and will of persons upon whom they fix their attention with that view, and they have been seen to throw men prostrate, without touching them, by a mere motion of the hand. These facts are so well established, that we must seriously incline to the opinion that the secret of Mesmerism is not unknown to the members of this order.

The aboriginal idea of a future state is somewhat vague, and the Indian's mind has mapped out no distinct localities or con-

ditions answering to the Christian notion of a heaven or a hell. Such conceptions of a state of future rewards and punishments as are now found, or have been from time to time found, since the settlement of this continent by the whites, interwoven with the religious creeds of the savages, are, without doubt, attributable to an ingrafting of the religious teachings of those missionaries who, having penetrated into the forests and partially converted the natives, have afterwards left them to their original bent and the sway of their early mythological notions. With a full belief in the immortality of the soul, the Indian, in his primitive state, recognized no accountability to the Great Spirit for any of his actions. He was thankful for the light of the sun, the return of the seasons, the growth of the crops of maize, and the abundance of game in the forests. But he believed himself to be subject to the machinations of evil and malignant spirits, over whom the great passively Good Spirit had no particular control, and to these most of his propitiatory prayers and sacrifices were made. His principal dread was that he might after death, by demoniacal influence, be transformed into some beast, bird or reptile, of whose character or habits he happened to entertain a special horror. That he might become the soul of a tree or a mountain or a stream, or that he might wander a homeless spirit through a thousand various mutations, unrecognized by kindred or friends in the "land of souls," was a part of his belief. The "land of souls" is a term which signifies a sort of shadowy world, the counterpart of this, where the souls of men and animals go after death. The horse, if killed, goes with his rider, and the dog with his master. And yet the soul of a man or an animal was by no means confined there, but might haunt the material sphere and go through various material transformations. Happiness, in the future life, according to the Indian faith, was the rule; misery the exception. Everybody would be happy, unless he had the extreme ill-luck to be given over to the demons, and from this fate due watchfulness and a fee in proper time to some great Meda would save him. One reason why the Indian died so calmly and with so little dread was, that he had no belief whatever in a hell, and no conception of a place of torments.

The spirits of the departed often come back and visit upon the living their wrath for offenses committed against them while in the flesh, or for neglect of their graves or of certain customary offerings to the dead. The spirits of animals come back and enter living persons, causing disease; and it requires a fearful amount of conjuring on the part of the Medicine Men, to exorcise the evil presence.

We have observed elsewhere that the Indian tribes have for the most part persistently rejected the tenets of the Christian faith. They find great difficulty in believing that the Great Spirit would give a book, containing his revealed will, originally to the white man and not to the Indian. They cannot see how they are to be held responsible for the conduct of Adam and Eve many ages ago. In short, the logic of the gospel scheme of human salvation is beyond the grasp of their untutored reason. The reply of Red Jacket, Chief of the Six Nations, to the speech of the "Black Robe" (the Christian missionary), who in presence of the assembled Council of the Iroquois had proclaimed the "true Gospel," is a fair sample of the general reasoning of the Indian mind upon the subject of the white man's religion. It is as follows:

"Friend and Brother:—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken His garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and Him only. Brother, this council-fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. All have heard your voice and all speak to you now as one man—our minds are agreed. Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship and serve the Great Spirit, and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you preach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are wrong. But how do we know this to be true? We are told that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did He not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, and the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island; their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He

had created the buffalo, the bear and the beaver, and taught us how to take them; their skins served us for clothing. He gave us also corn for bread. If we had some disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small, but they found friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a large seat, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return [alluding to ardent spirits.] The white people had now found our country; tidings were carried back, and more came among us, yet we did not fear them, for we took them to be friends. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land—they wanted our country. Then our minds became uneasy: war took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also introduced strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands. Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but you are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us. Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the same book? Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was handed down to you from your forefathers. We also have a religion which the Great Spirit gave to our forefathers, and which has been handed down to us, and we worship accordingly. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive and to love each other and be united. We never quarrel about religion. Brother, we have been told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We will therefore wait a little, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find that it does them good—makes them love each other and less disposed to cheat Indians—we will then consider of what you have said."

Poor old Red Jacket! He desired to see faith and practice, precept and example united. He desired to see the religion of the Christians illustrated in their lives! He failed to discover it, and so remained a benighted Pagan:

The advent of one of the first of the missionaries who went among the Cherokees, was attended with a very grotesque and amusing circumstance. With patient labor the pious and devoted man (for he was truly such), had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Cherokee tongue to justify him in addressing the

people. At his request, on a day selected, the chiefs and warriors assembled to hear the important mission which he had to deliver. With great gravity did they sit and listen, while the venerable minister went on to simplify to their comprehensions the general principles of the great moral code which is founded upon the golden rule. His remarks seemed to give much satisfaction to a grim old war-chief, who sat, painted and plumed, in a corner of the Council House, and who arose at intervals to endorse what the preacher said, and to advise his people to pay good heed to it. "You hear," he would observe, "what this good man says. It is the truth that he is telling you. See that you do not forget it." After such interruptions, he would nod to the preacher to go on, and with great gravity resume his seat. Finally the speaker arrived at a point where he introduced the story of Christ. The narration greatly moved the war-chief, and when the missionary went on to tell that, notwithstanding all the good and kind acts of Jesus, his miracles and his benefactions, he was taken up by the Jews and tried for his life, the excitement of the savage visibly increased, and he shot fiery glances around him. But, when the missionary related with painful precision the details of the cruel death upon the cross, the old warrior of a hundred fights could contain himself no longer. Springing to his feet, he brandished his tomahawk aloft and sounded the war-hoop in the ears of the startled assemblage. "White Chief!" he exclaimed, "lead us on the war-path! Show us the murdering dogs of whom you speak. We will revenge the death of this good man!" It was some time before the missionary could explain to him that the killing of Christ was no recent affair, but an event very far back in the past, and that the people who did the deed were not accessible at the end of any war-path which could at that time be conveniently opened. Upon this explanation, the ardor of the chief at once abated, and he subsided into such a total indifference regarding the new religion, that he could never again be induced to pay any attention to it whatever.

[To be continued.]

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

I've seen the day go down in clouds,
Mid sheets of falling rain,
And heard the thunder's fearful roll,
The winds dirge-like refrain.
And thought that all was lost—
In night's deep boding gloom,
Whose brooding shadows cast
Deep prophecies of doom.

And lo ! I've seen the brightest morn
From darkest night arise,
In more than regal splendor born,
Bright triumph of the skies—
Its genial radiance shed
O'er all earth's darksome way.
A gorgeous pageant led—
By the sun's glittering ray.

So weary child of toil look up
Though darkness round thee roll.
Drink to the dregs the brimming cup
T'will clarify thy Soul—
By all thy grief of heart
Thy agony and woe
Is born that better part
Which only sufferers know.

From night the day is born,
From darkness cometh light—
Joy is for those who mourn,
HE doeth all things right.

There is no situation, however, humble, the which to fill to
perfection does not argue superiority of character,

THE TESTIMONY OF MAN'S SENTIMENT TOUCHING THE RANK OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. W. FARNHAM.

[Continued from page 89.]

Thus much of the sentiment of man (as a lover) touching the spiritual superiority of woman. How does woman answer it? She uses, we know, no such language toward him, however deeply and unreservedly she may love him. She has seldom to propose to herself a reform from any vicious or gross habit, because of this new and stirring experience. It is oftener seen to be, in some degree, the reverse, and so far as she lets his control supersede self-control, and his influence lead her away from herself, she leaves, in so doing, the pure, orderly, tranquil habits of her previous years, and takes on, in conformity to his wishes, slight if not serious irregularities, dissipations or light habits, which have led him a long distance, it may be, from the point in his life where it was as well regulated and balanced as hers is. If he looks to her to be himself improved and regenerated in respect to the things wherein he condemns himself, she does not look to him for the same or similar blessing and help. Something, certainly, she does expect from him, as I have said, which is much—very much—to her, but not this; nor often anything like this. And she feels so much reality in the grounds on which he claims it of her, that if she smiles at seeing herself addressed as an angel or the angelic creature who is, somehow, to get it accomplished, it is not a smile of levity, or derision, or unbelief, but rather one which expresses deep and serious happiness that her soul has taken its prize in the arena of life; and the task that comes along with it is sweet to her, not alone because of the love she gives and receives, but because in the loving, somewhat, the divinest action of her divinest capabilities as a savior is called for. Her own sense of truth, if she be not utterly unintuitional or conscious of some grave, repeated or wilful derelictions, is not outraged in the imputation to her of angelic qualities. For by such language she understands her lover to mean what, by comparison with himself,

she knows is true, her greater purity of life, refinement and delicacy of nature, with a correspondent deeper love of, and attraction to, all that is related to these beautiful attributes. At least, so much is meant, and perhaps something more, which we shall find under succeeding heads of this argument. If she be a true, worthy woman, with the deep religious heart that belongs to such an one, she hopes, in the humility of her soul, that she shall justify this great faith in herself—shall prove her angel nature to him who affirms it, in doing him the good he prays for at her hand. * [Please *read* the note below.]

All that he makes individual, she feels to be true of womanhood, if not of herself, and therefore never denies it, for, according to the depths that are moved by the love appealing to her, she more or less yearns to excel the truth of her sex, rather than fall short of it. So she takes his words of adoration earnestly, or, if with chiding, it is more in fondness than sharpness, and in her heart prays that it may be even so.

But think of reversing this language in its application, and addressing it to man! How foolish, how absurd, how shocking to taste would it be! How would it offend and disgust him! How incapable would any woman be of writing or speaking seriously to a man in such a strain, except in those peculiar and very rare cases, whose extreme infrequency proves that their opposite is the almost universal rule. Even his *materiel* and the most obvious of his mental and spiritual faculties forbid it. Conceive the utter falsity of addressing a bearded, booted—perhaps bald—collared and cravatted man, as an angel! His eye is full of the resolution of external conquest and worldly success. In the expression of his face are mingled the sense of, and the desire for, external power, intellectual acuteness, the challenge to competi-

* There is grave difficulty in stating, in an acceptable manner, or even, as above, in hinting at the real nature of woman, arising from its very general perversion through miseducation, slavery or dependence, or all these combined. But I cannot sacrifice what I feel to be truths of woman to accommodate my statements to any standard of false developement, prejudice, or false judgment of her. All these being temporary effects of temporary causes, must in time disappear, and the true woman will be commonly seen, as now she rarely is,—so rarely, indeed, that I can scarcely expect all readers to recognize her portrait, even were it much more perfect than the broken lineaments of her which I now present to them.

tors, the alert, persistent self-defence, the complacency of attained or near success; the pain of already-endured or the anxiety of impending defeat. Is this an angelic being? A very efficient, able resolute, just, brave, and even tender man, he may be, but no angel, certainly—not angelic in any sense that he would be pleased to have expatiated upon by one standing face to face with him. The men to whom these terms *can* sometimes be applied, are the womanly men—the St. Johns, not the St. Peters, the Oberlins, not the Luthers—the Raphaels, not the Buonarottis—the Channings, not the Beechers.

But if a sentiment so uniformly expressed as this of man proves (and no one, I think, will deny that it does,) the existence in woman of the qualities and capacities it supposes and appeals to, no less must its absence in woman prove that the same attributes in him are not his leading ones—not those which she most broadly recognizes and builds her hopes of happiness and good from him upon. It is quite clear that each of the sexes in loving the other, has its chief delight and most abundant and substantial satisfaction, in those qualities wherein their personalities are opposed; and that, of the two, the larger personality as a whole must bear the most detailed analysis, and command the most respectful, reverential treatment and development.

“When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi’ ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, *but*
My lesson was in thee.”

The man says: “If you cast me off, I shall die heart-broken. I am in your hands. Do what you will with me, only be merciful and loving. Rule me as my sovereign, but be at the same time the Queen of Love; for I am your subject. Love me, and make a man of me. You alone can do it.” Thus it is that men delight to acknowledge the superiority of the woman beloved over themselves. Not only this, but they fill pages and even whole sheets with statements of herself—to herself: these being mostly, when not wholly, the unfolding, as they see them, of the spiritual and affectional elements of her being, and the showing of her power in those directions which are delightful and refreshing to man, because they are the opposite of the phy-

sical and intellectual directions in which his power unfolds most spontaneously. Nor is it vanity or egotism which makes a woman receive and read such sheets without impatience or protest. It is, as I have said, a perception, an intuition, that in the broadest sense, if not wholly in the personal one, they contain truth. They are the treatment of her personality as a whole, and the reverent recognition of what is at once its strongest and noblest side. But man's personality receives but a fraction of the treatment given to woman's in such a correspondence, because, being the lower of the two, it does not kindle the inspiration, in either soul, to handle it so. We never, in such high hours as those of pure, exalted love, voluntarily choose the less noble of two themes or subjects before us.

So if woman says little of herself in answer to all that he has said of her, she also says little of him compared to the space she is spread over. The *nises* of his developement being in the direction of the physical and intellectual, as opposed to her intuitive and affectional; worldly and external, as opposed to her spiritual and internal: it follows very clearly that without inordinate egotism in him, or silliness and inanity in her, he will command, by much, the lesser space in their discussion of themselves. Hence, the love-letters of women who are capable of departing from personal, local and transient topics, pass, after what is allowed to these and to the emotions and hopes common between them and their lovers, to impersonal matters—statement or question on things high or low, according to the writer's range of vision; but they never say: "I hope to be regenerated by your purity and goodness. I feel myself made better and nobler in approaching you. I pray you to keep watch and ward over my hardness, and soften it; over my worldliness, and put something higher in its stead; over my ambition, and transmute it into aspiration; over my selfishness, and make it less eager for the gains and goods it craves."

Whatever a woman's love for a man and her candor with him, she never asks him for such help. Her love will induce her, for his sake, and that she may be to him the best and noblest of which her life is capable, to endeavor to cure herself, it may be, of some hurtful weakness, some infirmity of temper,

which will mar his happiness if not overcome or eradicated. But the good she expects of him (besides the inestimable good—which is his as well as hers—of full and true relations) is of the external material, or outward kind, to the securing of which an energetic body and brain, a brave heart, and a strong arm, are more necessary means than the fine spirituality, the aspiration, the love of purity and beauty, and the attraction to these which, according to his capacity to appreciate them, he hopes to find in her. This kind of good high natures shrink from asking, in any manner, of another, even where it is their right to expect it; and still more, feel degraded in parading or discussing at any length. It is a shame to ask bread or raiment; but a glory and a brightness in one's day, to ask for spiritual light and guidance.

A very brief reference to the sentiment of man toward woman in the minor forms of its expression, must suffice me here; and it will be found to be entirely harmonious with that we have seen in the major one of Love.

In the era of man's ascendancy, society, because of his sensuality, has been too gross, and the standards, therefore, too arbitrary; the forms too despotic to admit the existence, except very rarely, of simple friendship in any near, living warmth between the sexes. For the same reason, its open acknowledgement and cultivation where it did exist, were practical social impossibilities. It is only within a few years that there could be found, anywhere in the societies of which we can get knowledge, circles of persons who could hear of a real friendship—one leading to frank, affectionate and interior relations—between a woman and man, without a raising of the eyebrows, a shrugging of the shoulders, a sidelong glance of unbelief. Women, who, knowing their own natures, could of themselves have had faith in it, surrendered their judgment to the suspicion or disbelief which men created everywhere about them, and infused through the social atmosphere. Hence, they shrunk from permitting or acknowledging relations which would subject themselves to such criticism; and hence, too, there is little to be found, even in personal history, that shows the existence of such attachments. Man, in his passional life, being sensual, as distinguished from woman, who is spiritual; and intersexual friendship being that

relation which calls for the frank and warm exercise toward its object, of whatever capacities for attachment the nature possesses, save those which are sacred and exclusive to the high relation of love, there have been as yet but few examples of its brightest and most beneficent existence. Of these, fewer still have been permitted to appear before the world's eye, or pass to record in the memory of the lives they blessed;—so that this relation of men and women, which is destined to become, in the purer and higher era of Female Ascendancy, one of the common, most helpful and valued experiences of mankind, has been hitherto a rare phenomenon. But even so, we find here and there a life brightened by it. Can any person doubt, for example, that Mrs. Thrall's friendship for Dr. Johnson was a gracious and softening influence falling upon that rigid, inflexible nature of his? Can any one read the letters of Cowper to or about Mrs. Nuwin, without feeling how invaluable her cheerful, tranquil, self-sustained and sustaining affection must have been to his morbid, suffering soul? On all the levels of private life, where one can gather the inner soul-experience of people, how often good men acknowledge themselves to have been essentially helped by women who were only their friends! How many men one hears, in the various moods which lead them to self-disclosure, declaring that in this or that strait or difficulty, now perhaps long past—when they were disheartened, broken in spirit, ill in body, or anguish-stricken from loss of fortune, or disappointment in love, or the utter frustration of hopes they had been building or resting in—some sympathetic, tender, thoughtful woman spoke to them the needed word of encouragement; put new strength into their souls; presented to them the silvery lining of the dark, overshadowing clouds; and, in short, fitted them anew for struggle.

How often are men arrested, after years of profligacy, degradation and crime, by the vivid memory of a mother, a sister, or early friend, whose appeal had been strong to their better nature; or by the sudden presence before them of such an one! He whom a father or brother's face and voice would instantly challenge and put upon his self-defence, feels in a good woman who approaches him a fountain of tenderness and compassion,

which disarms him of his hardness, silences the self-justification or the cant with which he is ever prepared to meet men, and makes him yearn in heart for the fitness he once had to mingle with those purer lives.

Woman is called an angel of purity and wisdom to the sinful and ignorant; an angel of innocence among the corrupt and depraved; an angel of peace among the discordant and fierce; an angel of mercy in times of suffering—as in pestilence and wars; of harmony in music of—motion in the dance. All forms, these, of expressing the sentiment which man entertains of her fitness to diviner uses in these relations of life than naturally belong to him.

“Whatever I am,” said Dr. Spurzheim, “I owe to my excellent mother—to her cherishing tenderness—her pure examples—her faithful and judicious care of my infancy and childhood.” La Martine acknowledges the like obligation to his mother, especially for the culture of the deep, living tenderness of spirit which is diffused throughout his works. Mrs. Hemans declares that the truest, most sustaining, helpful and sympathetic friend she ever had, was her mother; and Margaret Fuller writes to her mother these words: “The thought of you, the knowledge of your angelic nature, is always one of my great supports. Happy those who have such a mother! Myriad instances of selfishness and corruption of heart cannot destroy the confidence in human nature.”

“I must in justice admit,” says one of the purest and most gifted men I ever knew, “that I am deeply indebted to every pure woman that I have ever been acquainted with. All that I have ever learned of true love I have derived from woman—from feeling the sphere, that surrounds her, from the influence that emanates from her love, from hearing the sound of pure affection in the music of her voice, and the harmonizing melody of her words; from seeing the heavenly love and purity of her countenance, and the angelic grace of her form and actions; and above all, from a knowledge of her internal life, and from communion with her pure, lofty, generous, heroic spirit.”

I could go on to fill pages with quotations or statements conveying the same meaning, but these must suffice me here. Be-

fore taking leave, however, of this branch of the subject, I must beg the reader's indulgence in the repetition here of what has been said in substance elsewhere, viz. : that the sentiment of Man toward Woman, as we have seen it, is founded, as the sentiment of all other intelligences in the Universe, whether they be super or sub-human, must be, upon the actual, imperishable, though perhaps long-hidden, truths of the nature toward which they exist. There is no durable, wide-spread sentiment like this, anywhere in the Creation, but must have its basis in a truth or truths, which are intuitively felt if not yet analysed by reason and weighed in the scales of knowledge. It is forbidden in nature that mere falsity or error should originate or sustain such a growth.

[To be continued.]

OH! LEAVE ME IN THE MORNING.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

Oh! leave me in the morning, friend,
If you must go at all,
And do not wait till evening shades
In sadness round us fall.

Here is my hand—you cannot know
How much it grieves my heart,
To feel the loved, the true, and tried,
By chance or death must part.

Oh! life on earth, why is it so,
That this must be our doom—
Our human flowers must drop their leaves
Ere half they learn to bloom:

But we'll not waste what time is ours,
Nor scorn the blessings given;
But, parting, hope to meet on earth,
Or strive to meet in Heaven.

Though wildly now my shrinking heart
Calls out for you to stay;
Yet leave me in the morning, friend,
If you must go away.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1862.

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

"Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on,
And waking, find thy labor done."—C. LAMB.

WE never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines of Charles Lamb, and yet how simply and quaintly it confirms our childhood's faith, when Heaven seemed so much nearer to earth than it has been ever since, and we verily believe that the angels watched over the good and pure of heart.

Once upon a time there lived in a far off country place, the name of which has long since passed into oblivion, a young girl, whom we shall call Alice, with an aged and bed-ridden mother, dependent upon her exertion for their sole support. And although all periods they fared hardly enough, and sometimes wanted for bread, Alice never suffered herself to be cast down, placing her whole trust in Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And when better days came again, who so glad and thankful as that poor girl?

It may be all very pretty and picturesque for poets and artists to picture to themselves calm, peaceful scenes of rural loveliness, in the foreground of which they generally place some happy village maid, sitting in the cottage porch at the sunset hour, and singing merrily at her wheel; even as bright-eyed and glad-hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that that which is a pastime to the few may be to the many a weary and never ending toil, engrossing the day that seems so long; and yet it is not half long enough for all they have to do, breaking into the quiet hours set apart by Nature for rest, and mingling with their troubled dreams.

Thus it was oftentimes with our poor heroine.

And yet she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lonely and toilsome life, while her aged mother would lie for hours listening to what seemed to her as a gush of sweet, prayer-

ful music, and not questioning but the songs of the good upon earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in heaven. Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard, but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love—thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since, thy trust in Providence, that for her sake, He would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks; the hope that would not die, of better times; the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials; the store of sweet and pure thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For a year Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due, but now either from the widow's long illness or the hardness of the times, which ever presses, in seasons of national or commercial difficulty, most heavily upon those least able to bear up against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor, one of those stern men who, without being actually heart-hearted, or even stingy, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating, holding poverty to be but another name for idleness, or even crime; but yet even he was touched by her tears and meek, deprecating words, and consented to give her a week's grace, in which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for work which she then had in the house. And although the girl knew that, in order to effect this, she must work day and night; she dared no longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behind-hand in future," thought her stern companion, when he found himself alone; "no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or spending money on that pale-colored hood she wore, (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion), instead of having it ready, as usual." And yet, sleeping or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—we say almost, for deep-rooted prejudices such as his, were hard, very hard, to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart.

"Well," said the widow, anxiously.

"All right, mother; with God's blessing we will yet keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die."

"Not yet—not yet, dear mother," exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life—"

"No, no—a blessing rather!"

Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object—something to love, and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet. And then, kissing her mother, but saying not a word of all she had to do, the girl took off her well-preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to the wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning, seemed already breaking, and she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but not selfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands always so ready to labor in her behalf.

And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen to sleep, and then returned noiselessly to her endless task. And yet, somehow, the more she worked the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers; the real truth of the matter was, she had overrated her powers, and was not aware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labor than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and, she doubted not, Heaven would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy, thrice happy are they who have deserved to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle life.

Morning broke at length over the distant hills; and, refreshed by the cool breeze and gladdened by the humming of the birds,

already up and at their orisons, she exchanged a kind good morrow with the peasants.

No wonder that those rough, untutored men, gazing upward on her pale, calm face, and listening to her gentle tones, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed, with that quick-sightedness of affection which even the very blind seem gifted with in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met hers every time that Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how wearily the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes; and yet she never dreamed of the deception which had been practiced in love to soothe and allay her fond anxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened that, about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks; for, of late, she had indeed toiled far beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. Still that stern old man said within himself: "it is ever thus with the poor; they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet," he added, a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half relenting glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allotted her, ay, even if it were but one single day! But he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at the spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing I can do to help you, my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing—unless you tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow, with a

mournful smile ; and then inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings ; Alice knew that they were sad by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother, dear," said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscences of bygone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in these homely and transient revealings ; falling asleep in the midst, through weariness—for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on—but presently awoke again half bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid, gently.

"Asleep, dear mother, I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me; I could not help it. But you will not sit up very long?"

"No, good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, my child," said the widow ; and in a few minutes afterwards Alice was again the only wakeful thing in the little cottage—if, indeed, she could be called so with her half-closed eyes and wandering thoughts, although it is true, the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull, drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed almost like a lullaby.

Presently the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake, hymns as usual, low, plaintive and soothing ; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and dreamed of heaven. But all would not do, and she arose at length and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed her so heavily. And then, opening the casement, sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth. How naturally prayer comes at such times as these. Alice clasped her faded hands involuntarily, and although no words were uttered, her heart prayed ! We have called her, in our love, pure and innocent ; but she, of her holier wisdom, knew that she was but a weak and erring creature after all, and took courage only from remembering that

there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But, gradually, as she sat thus in the pale starlight, the white lids dropped over the heavy eyes, her hands unclasped, and sank slowly and listlessly down; the weary and toil-worn frame had found rest at last.

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat erstwhile at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair and raiment white and radiant as a sunbeam, while another bending gently over the slumberer, and looking first at her, then at her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles, too, in her sleep; and as if still haunted by her favorite hymn tunes, sings again, very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingering away at length, upon the still night air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound as of wings, alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now, the morning broke again over the earth, and their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly.

Alice awoke tremblingly from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel towards her, she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure she was not dreaming, and then gazed around the quiet apartment, where all remained just as she had left it; but the task—the heavy task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and feared, even then, not having time enough to complete it—lay ready finished before her! But, after a little time, the girl ceased to wonder, for remembering to whom she had prayed the previous night, guided by an unerring instinct, knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gushing of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven. And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off, smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing at their own work.

We are told in the legend, that from that hour the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again. It may be that Alice's employer was pleased with her diligence and punctuality; or the stern landlord, shamed out of his prejudices by

the unlooked for appearance of the glowing and happy face of the youthful tenant, three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and many grateful thanks besides, for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it; or there was a charm in that web, woven by bold hands, which brought Alice many more such tasks, with better payment and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is, that the age of such miracles should pass away.

And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil! Only be gentle and pure-hearted as that young girl—trust as she trusted—pray as she prayed—and be sure that Heaven, in its own good time, will deliver you!

LITTLE BESSIE.

BY MRS. JAMES NEAL.

OVER Little Bessie's grave
Glide the shadows to and fro;
Over Little Bessie's grave
Lightly falls the winter snow;
And the whiteness of the mould
Seems a tablet pure and cold.

Once I saw her gentle smile,
And I thought her like a dove,
Sent from out her ark awhile,
On a mission brief of love;
Only tarrying here a space—
Earth was not her resting place.

How we miss her tiny feet,
Pacing up and down the floors;
Little Bessie, calm and sweet,
Treadeth Heaven's corridors.
Happy now for evermore,
With our angels, gone before.

Over Little Bessie's grave
Still the shadows come and go ;
Weeping ones who mourn her loss,
Would she did not lie below :
Bitter 'tis indeed to part,
With one tendril of the heart.

One by one they glide away,
All the earthly joys we know,
Evanescent is their stay,
As upon her sod the snow.
Yet how oft renewed their bloom,
Flowers spring beside the tomb.

Ah ! this world is bright and fair,
But its sweetest garden spots
Lie where little children are
Set as God's "forget-me-nots."
If He pluck them may we say
"Thou gavest and Thou tak'st away."

Then when shadows come and go,
O'er our hearts as o'er her sod,
From the buried hopes below
Shall the spirit rise to God—
As sweet Little Bessie's soul
Reached beyond its earthly goal.

Then the shadows we shall see
Gliding ever to and fro,
Are the little winged ones,
Who have left us here below ;
And their mission is to bear
All our messages of prayer

Upward to the throne of Grace,
For "their Angels do behold
Evermore the Father's face."
Ah ! the pet lamb of our fold
Lieth not beneath the sod—
Little Bessie is with God,

THE eagle would be starved if he always soared aloft against the sun. The bird of wisdom flies low and seeks her food under hedges.

THE CHEAP DRESS-MAKER.

BY FANNY GREEN.

WITH a feeling of deep love to my fellow beings, who yet occupy false positions in life, these sketches are submitted to the public ; and if the attention and interest of even a few of such as fill the more fortunate places in society, may be arrested, I shall not have labored in vain. To the hearts of such as are happy in all the social and domestic relations—who, blest with competence, or the power of pursuing some well-paid avocation, are placed above the temptations of want, I commend these stories of the forlorn outcast, the childless, the fatherless, the brotherless, the poor, and the sinning—who have either borne up against the storms of Fate, until everything lovely and beautiful in life is frittered away ; or, else, finding themselves unequal to the conflict, have sunk altogether—until, perhaps, urged by want, or seduced by temptation, they have turned aside from the Right ; and so have lost all *acknowledged* claim to the favor of the good. To the virtuous I appeal in behalf of these last, also. It is now beginning to be felt, that even the worst specimens of humanity are not wholly bad ; and the Virtue that once gathered up her spotless robes, and shrunk from all intercourse with the vicious—and even from all knowledge of that most unfortunate class—is now learning the better lesson of inquiry, whether, in a like position, with like temptations, she also might not have fallen, might not have gone even farther astray. Such inquiries are necessary and wholesome ; and they almost always show that society has somewhat to answer for in these transgressions—consequently, that every member of society is bound by a solemn duty to inquire into the causes, and do as much as in him lies, for the discovery and application of the true remedy. Nor are these investigations always entirely without pleasure, as well as profit ; since it often happens that shining examples of Truth and Virtue are found adorning the waste places of human life—flowers of the desert, that flourish under the most adverse circum-

stances, putting forth their wondrous beauty to adorn the arid bosom that so scantily nurtures them.

I give these stories as FACTS; and if the skeptic should feel disposed to scoff at the means by which they became known to me, let him go into the crowded lanes, and wretched alleys, of any of our large cities—let him look into the heart of the inebriate's wife—of the widowed mother—of the desolate orphan—of the poor sick father, when he divides the last crust among the famished group of his motherless children;—and without the aid of the mesmerizer, he may find their parallels.

I give the sketches entire, with no important alterations from the original papers, that were always penned immediately after the Claire-voyance, before any important fact had escaped the memory, or the first vivid impressions had faded from the mind.

It may be well here to state the reasons which first induced me to yield myself a subject to the magnetic influence. I had been for months afflicted with a grievous malady, which, with very slight intermissions of repose, rendered life so miserable, that my daily and hourly prayer was for immediate death. In this way I continued to drag along the weary load of life, until Dr. C——, a distinguished magnetizer, came to the little village where I resided. I had heard something of the effects of this Panacea, which is put into the hands of men for the great purpose of healing; but I had no faith that means so simple could reach a case so desperate as mine; and therefore took no pains to see a mesmerizer, though it often happened that one came to our neighborhood. But my brother had more knowledge, and more intelligence on the subject, than I; and hearing that Dr. C—— was at the village, he invited him to visit me.

There are periods in the life of every human being, if they were only treated with the attention which they deserve, when the Spiritual overpowers the Sensual, or the Ideal passes into the Actual, and we feel that the interposing veil between Soul and Sense is drawn aside by some invisible hand, while glimpses of truth are let in upon the mind, with an intensity and power to which a palpable testimony could add nothing. And yet this light reaches not the bodily eye. It was, perhaps, but a mo-

mentary flash ; and, before we could say it was there, it had gone ; yet we feel its monition with a degree of certainty, which acknowledges no error—which admits of no deception. So it was when I first beheld my deliverer, looking upon me with his large hazel eyes, so bright, so gentle, and so true, that, as I gazed into them, I felt that they had, indeed, opened to me living wells of hope. He was standing by my bed ; and, though but a moment before I had cried out in my anguish, praying that the paroxysm, with which I was then struggling, would prove itself effectual and final, I stretched out my hand to him in the fullest confidence of relief. I think he perceived my faith ; for he sat down at once, and, taking my hands, began to mesmerize me. In a few moments I was perfectly calm and tranquil.

It would be vain to attempt even a shadow of my delight, when the almost unmitigated anguish of months first subsided into one delicious moment of pure and perfect ease. EASE ! Who can measure the deep and joyful meaning of that little word, but the sufferer who has been stretched upon the rack of pain, until torture had become a daily habit of life ? Poets have sung of Elysium, and the Inspired have chanted divine songs of Heaven ; but if their strains could give expression to the first intense consciousness of relief from long-protracted and bitter suffering, they would have a deeper melody than human tongue ever yet hath uttered—a deeper joy than human art ever portrayed. In that moment, the single idea of REST contains within itself the very essence and concentration of all felicity. And then, in the reaction, when the blessing has proved itself a substantial reality, the whole heart is penetrated to its inmost, by one all-pervading, grateful thought—and every fibre, every nerve, which had almost become torpid in the unequal struggle, suddenly recovers more than its wonted vigor and sensibility ; and the soul is elevated to a pitch of joy, of wonder, and of love, which only the suffering human can feel, and which must far transcend the calm pleasures of unsuffering angels.

But, not to dwell on these points, in less than one month I was cured of my disease, while, at the same time, a habit of magnetic sleep, and *clairvoyance*, was induced, the results of which will be seen in the following papers.

In one of those miserable attics that overlook crowded courts, where the poor swarm by hundreds, sat a fair young girl, busily plying her needle. Her face was much swollen, as if from the effect of long and violent weeping, which had now subsided into an expression of sorrow, so calm, so silent, and so deep, it was even more distressing to look upon, than the most violent paroxysms of grief; for it was unnatural in one so young, and was, of itself, evidence of a discipline that might have broken meaner hearts, and had *only not* broken hers.

The angels of love and mercy sometimes walk about in disguises, wearing the garb of sorrow; and in the spirit of the beautiful scripture, "God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," the trial is always measured by the strength, so that the highest amount of good may be wrought out of the conflict. Only through suffering, may the human soul reach its sublimest, its divinest power; and yet it knows not its angel, nor perceives the strength it is acquiring—nor catches a glimpse of that day afar off, when the softening thorns shall be annealed into buds of fairest promise, and the unfolding darkness glow with the inbeaming light it had long embosomed. Meanwhile, the eyes may be red with weeping, and the heart, wrung with the bitterest anguish, may measure all the Future by the Past; yet none the less surely cometh its redemption.

I saw that the eyes were frequently turned towards a darkened corner of the room; and looking there, I beheld the cause of the poor girl's distress. A dead body, decently prepared for the grave, was lying there on a low cot, sleeping the last sleep, in the calm quietude of long-denied repose. Looking through the shade that covered the face, I perceived it was the body of a female; and from the apparent age, and strong resemblance to the girl before me, I knew it was her mother. Here, then, in these two facts, was a whole history of suffering, such as is seldom wrought with human destiny. Strangers, and friendless they were, or those kind attentions that come to the homes of the poorest, had not been wanting on this mournful occasion. Poor they were, or the desolate mourner would not now be pressing down the heart-heaviness that almost choked her, and caring for her work, when she should have been watching beside the dear

form, so soon to be lost to her on earth forever. She had expended all her small earnings in procuring comforts for her sick parent, and in paying the last rites of love and duty. Indeed, it had been many weeks since she had earned all their mutual support; and for months her mother could do little to eke out their small pittance of the coarsest fare. For some time, the duties of a nurse had been superadded to her other labors. Her work, however, had been hardly suspended during the night; and often, in her sweet spirit, she blessed God that she had something to care for; for when she thought of her mother, the stealthy sleep, that *would*, sometimes steal upon her heavy lids, was frightened away—her weary eyes looked clearly out from the gathering film, and she would lift the work that had fallen from her overwrought hands, and go on again briskly; for how, else, could they have lived? It is wonderful to think of, what human strength can endure, when nerved by the affections! Now she must finish the piece of work she held, before she could even have bread; for I knew by the faint and sick look towards an empty cupboard, that she was, even then, hungry. There she sat, alone, in the chamber of death—scene of all the bitter struggles and the final change—and all so fresh upon her memory, struggling against the bitterness of her great sorrow—with no single word of consolation—no look of sympathy, or love, from any dear familiar face—until the silence smote upon her heart; and the nervous snap of the quickly drawn thread, and the light clink of the meeting thimble and needle, coming out in relief, as it were, against the deep stillness, had a frightful sound—as if the unnatural Necessity were conscience-stricken, and crying out against itself.

I watched her with intense interest, as she still wrought on. The sleeves were stitched and inserted; but the hooks and eyes, that most trying part of the dress to one nervously agitated, frequently got entangled with each other, or fell from her trembling hand, that almost refused to do its office—ere they were completely sewed on; and the gathering thread of the over-full skirt—for ladies must have full skirts, though the poor maker die of starvation before the far round is circumnavigated—broke several times, occasioning her much temporary distress.

What a lesson is here, I said within myself, for the gay, the

thoughtless, the rich, the extravagant, the penurious. The bereaved Fashionables have all their dear five hundred friends to make arrangements—to order mourning of the latest and most becoming styles—and, even while they are trying on their new sables, to whisper softly in their ears, that no loss had ever been like theirs—no human family was ever so tried before. And then they criticise the garments, and pronounce upon the fits, and calculate upon the general effect of the whole scene. Almost all have some comfort at such times. Few there are so desolate that no human being comes to share and alleviate their sorrow. This young girl is one; and yet her rare beauty, her gentleness, her sweetness, should have won many hearts to share the great load that was pressing so heavily upon hers: and such would have been the case anywhere but in a large and selfish city, where suspicion is cherished as a virtue, and a poor stranger is treated as an enemy. She is bereaved of her only friend; and yet she has no time to think of it. She must sit here, alone, and think only of her work, if that were possible; for she is so poor that the very tears which nature craves are not permitted; and the indulgence of her sorrow is among the luxuries she cannot afford. She may not have one day—no, not one hour of undisturbed regret; but the terrible necessity obtrudes itself, even into the hallowed chamber of death. She must work even there, with her weary eyes almost blinded by protracted watchings, and burning for the tears that might not flow to cool them—faint from long fasting—in the first heart-sickness of her bereavement—with the last, low, gurgling words of the departed yet ringing in her ears—with the last cold kiss yet moist upon her cheek—and the last awful struggle belonging, as it were, to the present—still she must work! But an hour ago, and that voice, which had been the very music of her life, had spoken to her sweet words of comfort, of blessing, and of hope; now she might not pause to think it was hushed for ever; for the work might be ill-done, and she might lose even her poor employment—she might starve, or be thrust of her dire necessity into the arms of the spoiler. And those dear eyes that had shone upon her short life, familiar stars of love, from whose sweet heart-beams she had never wandered for a single day—still sustaining, still cheering her—shining still through the blackest depths of want and misery—had looked upon her but a moment

since, with all their fulness of unutterable love. Now, she could not pause to think they would look upon her no more forever, in all this weary earth-pilgrimage; for the thread might be drawn away, or be insecure in the fastening; or the finishing would be imperfect; so she would lose the opportunity of making dresses at twenty-five cents, a price for which her *charitable* employer received one dollar. I had seen much of human suffering. I had often been present in the chamber of death; but I never saw aught like this.

At length the work was finished, and nicely folded. The fragments were gathered together, and the shreds carefully picked from the faded rag carpet, that no want of neatness might dishonor the memory of one, who I knew by every token in that humble room, had been an example of order, and had educated her child in that same beautiful principle of the Divine Mind.

She put on her bonnet, and took up the bundle. She was going to carry the dress home; but no; not yet; poor as she is, she must have one moment for her tears; or her heart-strings will really burst with their great tension. The bundle was laid hesitatingly down, and the bonnet thrown aside. She approached the bed and paused, as if longing, yet almost fearing, to uncover that placid face, whose calmness mocked her own distracted thoughts; for she durst not trust herself with the full indulgence of her sorrow, lest some duty should be neglected. She looked around the room—adjusted more neatly the faded curtains and arranged in their several places the neatly-kept but defaced wooden chairs. Then there was nothing more to be done. She went to the bed with a firmer step than before; and, drawing the lawn away from the still face, she brought a chair opposite, and sat down. No tear fell. No muscle stirred. There was something terrible in that deep, voiceless, motionless expression of grief, that moved me as no other form of sorrow ever did.

The girl could not have been more than seventeen; and her appearance was even more childlike than usually prevails at that age; but she had a strange beauty that is peculiar to the gifted children of the poor where suffering has developed a prematurity of character, and a wild spiritual light is diffused over the whole being, reflected from scenes without and beyond the Present—

showing the strong tendency of the cramped and trammelled human soul to transcend its unnatural position.

The small thin hands were clasped together; the silken-fringed eyelids rested on the transparent cheek; the delicate, but rounded outline of the form was bowed down; and the sun-tinged rings of her luxuriant flaxen hair, fell over a neck and shoulders of faultless beauty.

Presently she drew close to the bed. She knelt beside it, hiding her face in the thin drapery. Then the unnatural tension gave way, and she sobbed—O, how fearfully! and the slight bed shook with her convulsive throes.

“O, mother!” she cried, “is it, indeed, true, that you are dead? *Will* they take you away; and *will* you never come back to me again?—never, mother! never! I have thought much of this, even long ago; but I never dreamed before how cruel it would be! Have you left me—*have* you, mother, left me forever, in this great world, *alone*?”

A shiver passed over her slight form as she uttered this; and for a moment, articulation was lost in low broken sobs.

Again her voice broke forth—“Who shall I have to care for, and love, now? Who will nurse me when I am sick? Who will comfort me? And when everybody else frowns upon me, who will smile, as you always did? O, mother! You are dead, and I am living—living, mother, when there is nothing to live for; and it would be such a joy to die!”

After a short pause, she added, with a shudder—“Who will now protect me from the wicked? Can I, indeed, live without you? O, that I might lie down, this moment, and sleep beside you!”

“A pleasant bed-fellow you propose to yourself, truly, fair Ellen Everett!” was spoken in tones half jocular, half-pitiful, by a young man who had entered the room. The intruder was tall and singularly elegant, in appearance, combining a high intellectual character, with the air of a man of rank and fashion. Before Ellen was fully aware of his presence, he drew near the bed, and gently raised the fair mourner. He had not the air of a practiced libertine, but rather of one who, by some strong temptation, or untoward circumstance—or, it might be, from mere idleness and the necessity of some excitement, had fallen into

habits that wronged not only his better nature, but his previous life. Even in his familiarity there was an involuntary expression of respect, as if he had not yet lost the perception of purity in character, or the veneration which it always inspires when recognised. He might have feared that the touching tenderness of the scene would move him from his purpose; and therefore assumed an air of levity he did not feel. He certainly had no appearance of the heartlessness which his words might imply.

Poor Ellen was in a position truly fearful; and well might her guardian angel have trembled for her fate. Yet she did not shriek; she did not fall into hysterics; but her whole form seemed to dilate and expand with the most beautiful pride, as she broke from his paralyzed arms; and, planting herself at a little distance, she turned her indignant eyes full upon him.

"Why are you here?" she asked, while a consciousness of the reason sent the rich blood mantling over neck and brow, the sunset falling suddenly on a statue of Parian marble.

"Upon my soul, sweet Ellen, this is but a cold welcome for one who has left the gayest haunts of pleasure to mourn with you—to comfort and bless you." He drew nearer and whispered, as if he durst not utter the words aloud—"Again to offer you that protection, which you cannot now refuse," and once more he attempted to embrace her.

"Was not my sorrow great enough before, that you have come to insult me—even—before—she—is—buried?" The last words had been uttered with painful struggles, as if each syllable had nearly choked her; and again she spoke: "Look at her. Would she be smiling there so pleasantly, if she knew what you have been saying? No, Mr. Weldon! she would rise, even from the dead, to rebuke you. She could not hear you, and be still!"

"You talk very charmingly, my sweet Ellen; but every word you speak becomes you so well, it only seals you more surely mine. Come, come! I will have no child's play! I love you, as I have often told you before; and, now that you are destitute of other protection, I have come, for the last time, to offer you mine. I give you the strongest evidence of love in this. I come to save you from the public streets—from brothels, and hospitals, that you will too surely find; friendless, hopeless, young, and beautiful, as you are!"

"Love!" she repeated, with a look of scorn, that thrilled out from the indignant heart of virtue. "Would love destroy? Would love disgrace? Have you a sister, Mr. Weldon? and would you be willing to hear such language addressed to her? I had a brother once. He is now dead. All that I love are dead!" she added; and with a voice and expression of the most touching simplicity, she yielded for a moment to the thought of her utter desolation, clasping her arms around her own delicate form, as if that were all she now had to cling to; and she must shield it as best she might. But the thought of her danger again roused her; as taking advantage of her abstraction, Mr. Weldon approached.

"Come not one step nearer, sir! not one step nearer! If my brother were living, you would not dare! But I am *not* friendless, as you said! It is true my mother lies there, dead; but her spirit is still with me! It is embodied in me! It is stronger than you are; and defies your power! There is a God in Heaven; nay, there is a God here present with us! I am *not* without protection; for He will stretch forth his arm to save!"

"Upon my faith, sweet Ellen, your anger is so beautiful, that I could almost wish you would be always angry. But I am not to be baffled in this way;" and throwing off the wooer, and assuming the confident air of the conqueror, he approached, and again clasped the struggling girl in his arms. "Why, what a little vixen you are, Ellen! I came here thinking to find you all dissolved, perfect softness; and with the very reasonable hope of kissing away your tears!"

"Kissing! O, mercy!" was uttered in a kind of shriek, that had within itself the elements of all evil expression of sound. "Kissing!—in this very room where her mother died; and, as one may say, right before her corpse!" and to the utter horror of Ellen, a person advanced into the room, and confronted the trembling girl; fixing upon her a pair of wall eyes, whose only expression was of deep and malignant cruelty, which now lighted up their dullness with an unnatural glare, like a thin sulphuric flame playing over the dead surface of molten lead.

[*Concluded next month.*]

THE LIFTING OF THE VEIL.

Republished, and Inscribed to a Dear Friend in Affliction.

BY MRS. E. A. SIMONTON PAGE.

BETWEEN the Here and the Hereafter,
Heaven's repose and earthly strife,
Hangs a mystic screen dividing
Souls from souls and life from life.
Soft as dew falls on the waters,
Or the mist o'er mount and dale,
Soundless as a bud's unfolding,
Is the lifting of the veil.

When we pine with restless yearning
Some long-vanished form to view,
Seems the veil a luminous ether,
Saintly faces smiling through.
We can almost catch their whispers,
Sweet as sigh of summer gale—
Almost see the beckoning fingers,
And the lifting of the veil.

Yet when all the soul is weary
Of life's turmoil, pain, and whirl,
Till we strive to rend the curtain,—
Lo! we beat but walls of pearl.
We have missed the crystal doorways,
Or the keys celestial fail—
And we wait without, impatient
For the lifting of the veil.

When a face we love grows pallid—
Purer, clearer, day by day,
Till we see the spirit's luster
Shining through its tent of clay;—
When the jewel leaves the casket,
How we shudder, weep, and wail,
At the angel's noiseless beckoning,
At the lifting of the veil!

To the Infinite Creator
The grand Universe is one—
Far blue corridors are linking
Sea and sky and star and sun.
It is all the Father's mansion,
And the loved our hearts bewail,
Did but reach an inner chamber,
At the lifting of the veil!

Though we may not hear their footsteps,
As they journey to and fro
Through the hidden, shining chambers,
Noiseless as the dropping snow—
Though we may not see their vestments
Silvery pure as moonbeam pale,
We shall meet them fair as morning,
At the lifting of the veil.

With His visible works so mighty—
With such splendors spread abroad,
What must be the secret places
Of this Palace of our God?
Not with anguish—not with weeping—
But with rapture should we hail,
Every beckoning of the angels,
Every lifting of the veil!

FATHER TAYLOR, the eccentric seaman preacher, was once asked where he thought Ralph Waldo Emerson would go after death. The witty old man replied: "The dear, good, blessed soul! I don't see in him any evidence of saving faith; but then I don't know what Satan could do with him!"

A PAIR of stockings, sent to the ladies' committee at Portland, for the use of the soldiers, was accompanied by the following rhyme:

"Brave sentry, on your lonely beat,
May these blue stockings warm your feet,
And when from war and camps you part,
May some fair knitter warm your heart."

Summary of Fashion.

FROM Madame Demorest's "Quarterly Report of Fashion," we learn the following interesting items in regard to Fashion:—

BODIES.

The bodies of new Spring toilettes are simple, though becoming. The open corsage, with revers, is not so much worn now that lighter materials are taking the place of the heavy fabrics. For ordinary wear, the style most in vogue is plain and high, of a moderate length, and set in a belt at the waist, over which a belt and buckle is worn.

FULL DRESS.

For full dress, the body, whether high or low, is pointed before and behind, at a depth which might be considered extreme. At the sides it is straight.

JACKETS.

Jackets are always worn somewhat. They are too convenient and too useful to be wholly discarded. This season they are very pretty, and in a great variety of dainty styles, which form a marked contrast to the large, awkward, and ungainly fashions in which they were first introduced. Jackets in any style, however, require a neat, trim figure, or else a great deal of taste, to prevent them from looking slovenly. Persons inclined to *embon-point* look much better, as a general rule, in a plain dress.

GARIBALDI SHIRTS.

For morning wear, "Garibaldi" shirts, which were introduced late last season, are in great favor among young ladies, and look very *piquante*, and sufficiently tidy over a neatly fitting corset. A sailor's shirt, hanging loosely over the belt at the waist, gives the best idea of them. They are made in flannel, in cashmere, and also in fine corded and spotted cambrics, which are very pretty.

BONNETS.

"Three stories" has been the designation of the bonnets, the past season, from the altitude which they reached above the forehead. But the Summer bonnets will not be content with three stories, four, five, and six, will hardly fix a limit to their aspirations. In other words, the bonnets are very high in front, and form a square, instead of coming to a point over the forehead, without, however, flattening in the centre in the least.

For Spring reception and dress hats, drawn white tulle, with blue velvet curtain and blue velvet bow, and feathers across the front, is the style displayed by Madame Bishop, the acknowledged authority in the world of taste and fashion. The design is even more delicate and charming, with velvet

and feathers in a beautiful light mauve or purple, the soft fulled tulle, with its silvery sprigs, forming a most lovely contrast.

The round or "fancy" hats have become a leading feature in this department, and our readers will admire the Summer novelties imported by Mme. Bishop, who is the leader and originator, in San Francisco, of fashions in ladies and children's hats of this description. We refer our lady readers to her rooms, No. 12 Montgomery street.

TRIMMINGS FOR DRESSES.

The most important changes which we notice in the making up of costumes, consists in the novelty, profusion, and variety of trimming. Our readers must, however, bear in mind that *cheap* trimmings are only a vulgar addition to any toilette, and that, unless the decoration is handsome and well chosen, the severest simplicity is preferable. For the bodies and sleeves of rich dresses, the most beautiful ornaments of Spanish point and guipure are fashioned in the form of bows, insertions and medallions. Bows of ribbon are also much worn, and are frequently used instead of a *bouquet de corsage*. Fringes are somewhat in vogue, made in chenille, in a novel and beautiful style; and, recently, embroidery, so long confined to *lingerie*, has been revised, and, in superb mixtures of silk, steel, and jet, forms a superb and elaborate ornamentation for shawls, robes, and the pretty basquine.

The most popular of all methods, however, is the trimmings *a la Grecque*, or ruched style, which can be made simple enough for the plainest; or elaborate, with the addition of bows and lace, or colored edges, for the costliest material.

For lighter materials, such as pique, and especially for children's clothing, braid is very much employed, and, if arranged with taste by a skillful *modiste*, is quite as effective as embroidery.

We have mentioned elsewhere that bonnets were very high in front, but the ornament is no longer placed directly over the forehead. A very full band, or *pouff* of lace or ruching, is placed across the top, leaving the lower sides to be filled up with the hair and strings. On one side of this *pouff*, the flowers, or bow and feather, is laid, giving a very striking and more becoming effect to the *ensemble* of the face.

OPERA SKIRTS.

Some skirts are now made open at the seams, which are turned back *en revers*, and trimmed with ruches. Beneath the revers a gore of black or white quilted satin is placed, so as to give the effect of a quilted satin petticoat.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL-SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

WE send this month the ARABELLA SLEEVE—beautiful in its simplicity. It is composed of but one piece, trimmed with a single row of *ruche*, or plaited ribbon. From the top, extending to the bottom of the sleeve, a ribbon, with bow at the elbow and hand, with two ends to fall gracefully.

Editor's Table.

IN this City, May 19th, by Rev. T. Starr King, Nathaniel Page, of the firm of Soule & Page, to Miss E. Amanda, daughter of James Simonton, Esq., of Portland, Maine.

THE HESPERIAN long since declared its sentiments in favor of the UNION and it is gratifying to us to know that our contributors are in sympathy with us on this question, and it is with more than ordinary pleasure that we extend our gratulations on this occasion to a contributor so highly appreciated, and so tenderly regarded as Miss E. Amanda Simonton. Her exquisite poems have enriched the pages of the HESPERIAN from time to time, and her name is a household word, hallowed and revered by many hearts now pulsating warmly with good wishes and prayers for her future happiness and peace.

The beautiful gem which we publish this Month, entitled the "Lifting of the Veil" from her pen, is worthy of the finest poet that ever strung a Lyre, and many a wounded and bleeding heart will find solace and consolation in its soothing strains and uplifting sentiments.

We have been favored with the following beautiful tribute :

TO A POETESS,
Lately Married in San Francisco.

BY PHILOS.

Save from thy tuneful verse, I know thee not,
Nor ever have I looked upon thy face ;
But thy sweet song, what'er may be my lot,
Will ever charm me by its winning grace.
Oh ! pow'r ethereal, harmony divine !
Thou claimest loyal hearts of unseen friends ;
What holy triumphs over souls are thine,
When gentle truth with fervid genius blends !

I know thee not, but yet I bless thy name,
And wish for thee a happiness supreme,
As e'er on gold and azure pinions came,
To tint the pageant of a summer dream :
In the new tie that binds thee as a wife,
May only silken chains thy heart enfold,
And still as sweetly may thy song of life
Flow on, as in the halcyon days of old !

THERE are periods in nature when the forces at work are unseen, when the trees are stripped of their verdure and their naked branches toss helplessly in the air, affording no grateful shade, and giving no promise of returning

beauty in quivering leaf and delicate blossom, prophesies of nature and ripened fruitage. And yet far down in the roots of the tree, deep in the center of the trunk, the vital forces move on, silently, slowly it may be, but nevertheless with a power which ere long will manifest itself in a mantle of green, clothing each twig and barren branch with beauty, meet heralds of the higher uses yet to be developed by the same still forces.

All things in nature must undergo their transition periods, times when they seem to the casual observer to droop and even die, but after a few days or weeks, or it may even be months, the vital forces within having accomplished their interior work, begin to give outward evidence of their wondrous power, first, in the renewal of outward life and the putting on of leaf and tendril and blossom, and then in ripened and luxurious fruits.

Periodical literature, we think, is subject to the same law, at least those efforts whose early vigor have enabled them to sustain life long enough to reach such a period. And this, kind friends, is the condition of the HESPERIAN to-day, and has been for some time past. But do not be alarmed, though it is shorn of the beautiful illustrations and embellishments of its more youthful days, but trust the vigor of its interior life, the vital forces of love and enthusiasm which will ere long renew its beauty and develop it to new and higher uses at your firesides.

Considering the condition of our entire country and the devastating floods which have swept over our portion of it, the wonder is not that the HESPERIAN has lost some of its outward attractions, or that the issue is a month behind its appointed time. The wonder is, that the vitality of Life has not been extinguished, the wonder is that it visits your homes at all; that amid all the desolation and loss the State has so recently sustained, that there are so many hands yet extended, so many hearts yet interested in its support.

The HESPERIAN has seen its share of what, in worldly parlance, is called "hard times;" the flood time of Frazer River could not submerge it. It has overcome the want of confidence felt by the public in all new enterprises, it has outlived the malice of those who aimed to destroy on account of its Union sentiments, and it has held its own in spite of the flood and terrible pecuniary disaster of the past winter.

It has been said that California is unappreciative of mental effort, literary labor—we think we have proved to the contrary, for the cause which the HESPERIAN represents has a place in the *affections* of the people, and the warmth of *love* gives vitality to any cause.

If California, for years, has supported a magazine, the editorial conduct of which was in hands so feeble, whose contributors, talented children of genius though they be, have for the most part, snatched from hours of daily drudgery and toil, the few hasty moments which gave their "breathing thoughts and burning words to the world"—If, say we, California has so well supported this feeble literary ray, notwithstanding the obstacles and disadvantages which every way beset it, what will it not do for it in more prosperous years to come. The *experiment* has become a prophecy, and the support of literature in Cali-

ifornia is no longer a problem. The HESPERIAN, feeble as it is, has proved that there is in California, and down deep in the hearts of the people, an innate *love* of literature as it springs pure and clear from the founts of inspired genius, which will in days not far distant, support literary magazines, whose qualities and dimensions will not be inferior to any in the United States, and will also give to mental effort a reward as liberal as she now bestows on the physical labors of her sons and daughters. We had thought that we should never again resign our pleasant duties to other hands. But man proposes and God disposes, is as true now as in the days of old, and many circumstances combined, make it necessary for us to absent ourself for a season from the Editorial conduct of the HESPERIAN. Our place will be filled during our absence by our friend, Mrs. E. T. Schenck, a lady every way qualified for the position, who will have Editorial charge and general business supervision.

The declining health of our only remaining child makes change of air necessary, and we have determined to go to Europe as the best placé for the development of the work which we have in hand, and also that from there we can furnish the HESPERIAN with embellishments and illustrations which the unsettled state of our own country has deprived us of, not only that, but from there we will keep our lady friends fully posted in regard to the movement of that fickle dame FASHION, and send full sized paper patterns, both from London and Paris.

A few months must elapse before we can fully complete our plans, so as to have the HESPERIAN fully embellished as we design, but so soon as space can be traversed, so soon will our readers hear of us, and the HESPERIAN give evidence that it is emerging from its transition state, putting on new forms of beauty, and rising into higher use.

In view of this, friends and patrons, will you not excuse the lateness of our issue, and bear with us patiently for a little time, nor that alone, but give us your sympathy and encouragement, your subscriptions and advertisements, to aid us in our work yet a little; we know you will, we know that we shall not appeal to the liberality of a California public in vain.

Through your kind encouragement, the fields of literature in California will yet whiten with abundant harvests, and although many who went out early bearing precious seed with them, saw it fall in stony places or by the wayside, and themselves fainted and fell exhausted by the way, yet shall California awake to snatch from oblivion those sacred names and render justice, tardy though it be to those departed ones, and cherish with tender regard and more parental solicitude and pride those sons and daughters of genius which yet remain to her, and who by their labor preserved her History, enriched her literature and set to rhythmic measure and harmonic cadence, the deep musical vibrations and pulsations of her life.

FRIENDS—Seas and lands will soon divide us, but we do not say Farewell, for the Divinity of the Soul asserts itself, and although absent, we shall be present with you.

CONTRIBUTORS—We are more than thankful for the aid which you have

from time to time afforded us. Such aid as has, more than anything else, made the HESPERIAN valued and valuable. We need your assistance still; stand by the work, send in your contributions and let us urge you to even more than usual effort for a little time, during the first of our absence, that Mrs. Schenck may be made to feel at home in the editorial chair, by the consideration and kindness of the different members of the HESPERIAN family, and also, that the interest of the Magazine know no abatement. Although absent we shall be in daily communion with you, and shall write you from abroad. Let us hear from you not only through the pages of the HESPERIAN, but by private letter, for there are niches in our heart which would be unfilled had we no word from you.

BROTHERS OF THE PRESS—You who have so often by timely words of encouragement, cheered us on our way, what shall we say to you? Memory carries us back to the time when we sent out the first number of the HESPERIAN, a stranger to your doors; with what appreciation and tenderness was it received, with what courtesy and kindness has it ever been treated. To say we thank you, would but feebly express the deep swell of gratitude we feel, and still we ask you, as faithful sentinels, to guard well the interests of the HESPERIAN. Not by words of meaningless flattery, but by approbation *when deserved*, and by intelligent, impartial criticism of its course under all circumstances. Wage war upon it when you discover it in error, for as EDITORS of the Ninteenth Century, you should be champions of PROGRESS and of TRUTH.

WE received the following truthful article from the pen of Francis H. Springstead, of Red Bluff; and as many of our friends may desire to be rich, we commend them to the perusal of these pungent thoughts. Let us hear from you again, friend Francis:—

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men without anything in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold—tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands.

It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men, as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

That man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life, is man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow—a desponding and complaining one—a timid, care-burdened man—these are all deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do. Such is a man "rich without money."



FAIRY APRON.

Consists of three pieces, front, back, and sleeve. The front has a seam from the neck to the waist that is scalloped, and finished with a narrow edging or braid. At this seam there is a piece taken out, so as to leave a plait in the skirt. There is a box-plait laid down the middle of the waist, and braided. This plait throws additional fullness in the skirt, and makes it set easy and graceful. Is suitable for a child from two to four years, and requires one and one half yards of brilliant.



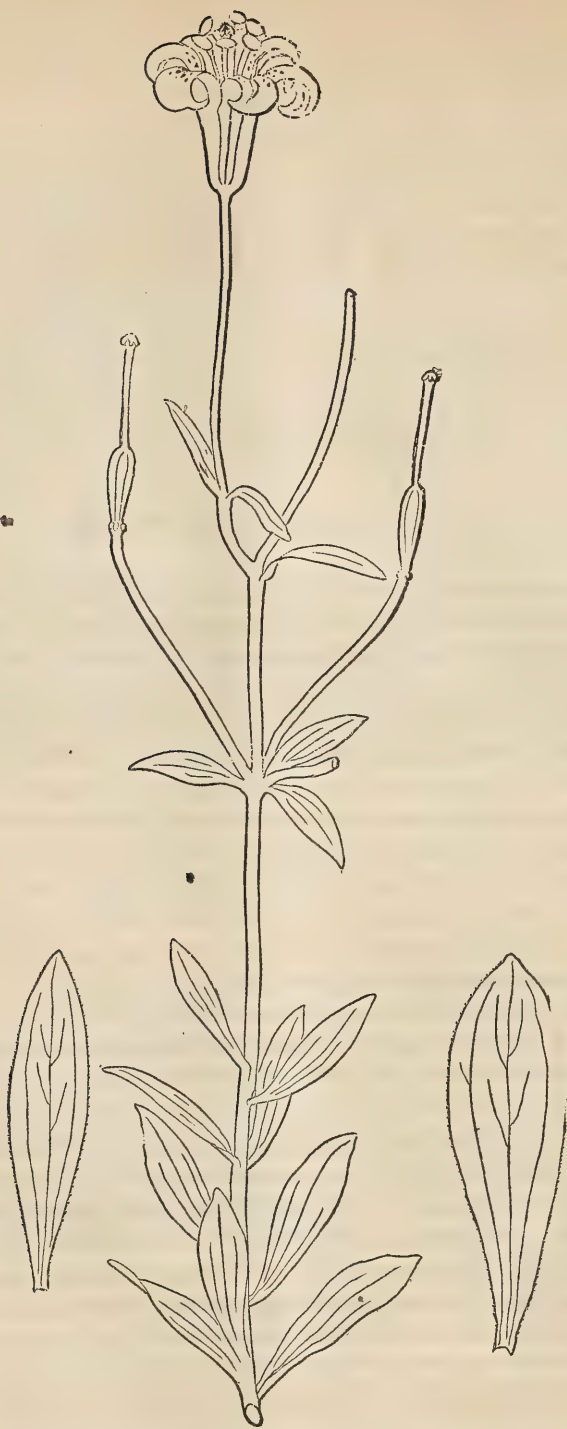
MINNIE DRESS.

A plain waist, the neck cut in small scallops trimmed with edging and narrow velvet, to contrast with the dress. The skirt is trimmed with a piece of the dress, from eight to ten inches long (according to the size of child), and four inches wide at the bottom, scalloped at the edges, and narrowed to a point. These should be trimmed with velvet, and set on with buttons. A bow and sash of the same for the waist. Short puff sleeve, finished with bands like the skirt.



DIAMOND SLEEVE.

This sleeve is full at the top, with a cap in three points. The lower part has four slashes at equal distances from each other—these slashes are trimmed round with lace, or ruching, and the spaces between are drawn and fastened by a bow—this leaves diamond-shaped openings, through which a full under-sleeve is displayed. The sleeve is wide enough at the bottom to show the under-sleeve, which should be fastened at the wrist.



THE LILIPUTIAN LILY. (*Lilium parvum*.—KELLOGG.)

THE HESPERIAN.

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[No. 4.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

JUDICIAL murder is a relic of that epoch, in our world's history, when mankind were governed almost exclusively by their animal passions, instead of that heaven-born injunction, "Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." It is a memento of that far antiquated period when the savage and undeveloped condition of the human family rendered such laws necessary. The truly enlightened element of the present generation, however, can see no further necessity for its existence. It is gratifying to witness its fast fading power from a christian land; and as an evidence that we shall soon be released, entirely, from the crushing grasp of the unnatural incubus, we have only to revert to its extensive abolition in times past. But a brief period has passed into the great sea of eternity, since the death penalty was an every-day sentence for every minor offence known to the catalogue of crime. It is now abolished in every enlightened country for every crime but murder. Despair not, virtue-loving friends; for legalized executions will so surely be abolished for the single remaining crime of murder, as the law of progress will cause the ponderous wheel of Time to make future revolutions. A few years since, when priest-craft ruled the land, men were executed by the hundreds of thousands, against whom there had never been a charge preferred, with the solitary exception that they had presumed to entertain an opinion of their own on the subject of the immortality of *their own souls*.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. F. H. DAY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

The natural progressive ascendancy of moral suasion over brute force will, at no very distant day, label legalized murder, "slumbering relic of savage ancestry."

Then why not arouse from your stupid lethargy, and crown yourselves with the honor of erasing from our statutes the black stain, and thereby place society and posterity under an obligation to you which shall grow more and more benignly effulgent as the forward march from time to time the better qualifies them to appreciate their deliverance from bondage.

And when you have accomplished this, do not substitute that almost equally iniquitous, sin-contaminating, iron-barred prison for life. Disabuse yourselves of the erroneous idea that the human mind is not yet sufficiently developed to receive the enlightened principles of Truth. Believe it not that we still have to drive man to his duty as we drive swine to the slaughter. The highest pride of every man's ambition, should be to work for the moral and intellectual elevation of mankind. We are creatures of circumstances—no man is responsible for *all* his defects, nor is he entitled to credit for *all* his virtues. Were a man surrounded, from his cradle to his grave, with nothing but virtue, he would be entitled to no credit whatever for being virtuous; because he having had nothing but virtue to choose from, it were impossible for him to be otherwise than virtuous. And on the other hand, were a man surrounded with nothing except immoral influences, he could not of course be held responsible for being immoral—he having had no choice left him whatever, it was a necessity of his very situation to don the garb of immorality. Now let us apply this universally admitted infallible rule, to two extreme phases of society—characters which we meet with every day. Here is a man, the perfection of Nature, and the polished idol of Art. He has inherited a perfect moral intellectual, and physical constitution, and has been surrounded every moment of his life with everything that was capable of developing the better qualities of his nature. Society takes a special delight in erecting institutions for his moral and intellectual cultivation; and being the favorite of society, he is constantly surrounded with all the concomitants of virtue, and almost unavoidably makes one unbroken chain of moral progression. Now for the opposite character. Here is a

man who was so unfortunate as to be born of drunken, diseased, profligate parents. The consequence is that he has inherited a diseased, imbecile mental and physical organization; for which he is just about as responsible as the "man in the moon." Through the tender months of infancy, it was his sad fate to nurse the breast of an intemperate, passionate mother; and from childhood to manhood, fortuitous circumstances threw him almost constantly in the midst of evil influences. Now people may talk as much as they choose about what a man can do in the way of resisting evil influences, but the enlightened, penetrative physiologist, who bases his argument on the mighty foundation of *Reason*, knows that that morally defective being is *not* able to resist *all* the unwholesome influences which are necessarily met with in our association with society. Our legal sages (?) can very easily see that if a man inherits some physical infirmity, he cannot resist the same amount of bodily fatigue that he could have done had he inherited a vigorous physical constitution. But when those *same* gentlemen in official capacity are weighing some sadly moral defect in, perhaps the same man, they make not an iota of allowance for his universally acknowledged mental inheritance of moral disease; but then and there, on that very occasion, they hold that feeble trembling atom of mortal clay, responsible for *all* and *every* mental and moral defect, regardless of the all important fact as to whether they were inherited, or acquired. Oh shame on such an abuse of power.

But we will return to our unfortunate character; and we do so to find him struggling with the depressing conflicts of adversity; and while battling with the discouraging failures of life, he becomes involved in a personal difficulty; and while smarting under a real or an imaginary insult, in the thoughtless heat of passion, he commits murder—a deed from which he would shrink with horror, after one moment's serious sober thought. Oh! how that poor unfortunate brother prays that sympathy and mercy may be extended to him in his fallen condition. But how do we grant him that mercy? Ah! we don't grant it at all. And did we *only* withhold rational sympathy we *might* be pardoned. We not only withhold it, but we do that which is ten thousand times worse. We perpetrate the same deed in cool blood—the result of calm deliberative action—which he committed in a temporary fit

of insanity. Believe it not, that murder is less murder, because legalized by feeble, fallible man. All the crude, fallible laws of feeble mortals will vanish like the mist before the wind, when our cause is appealed to that Justice, who alone is able and willing to grant pure, unalloyed justice to every individual case. How indescribably small, and murderously presumptive on that great day, when all mankind are to be judged "according to the deeds done in the body," will your legal decisions of "hang that man," or "cut that man's head off," look to you. In all our dealings with our fellow men, cause and effect should be profoundly considered, and impartially weighed in their true relation to each other. But such is not the case in our unjust style of dealing. With us, Cause is entirely lost to view, while Effect is punished for the crimes of both. We have already seen that men are often the victims of a chain of circumstances, a vast majority of which they have no more power to control, than they had to govern the act of their birth; which is evidence enough that we should treat the faults and failings of mortality with a very great degree of tolerance. Let us abolish the death penalty, and in its place let us *not* substitute that horrible imprisonment for life. Oh! think of the awful responsibility of robbing a human being of his last mortal freedom, and his last hope of moral reformation of character. How futile would be the efforts of an unfortunate criminal, whom the condemnatory voice of the community had sentenced to a life of infamy and disgrace, in a dark, damp, sin-contaminating prison, to retrieve his lost character. It would be pleading for that which he knew would not be granted, for his very sentence is a public avowal that he is unfit for society—*totally lost*. Think you not that is assuming a little too much? No man ever lived who was so pure, that in him could not be traced some imperfection; nor ever lived there a man so buried in sin that in him could not be found some good. That being the case, there is no rule in existence more plain than that if we are under any obligation, whatever, to labor for the reclamation, and final salvation of the human race, we are under obligation to labor for *all*: the only distinction necessary is to work hardest for those who need our exertions most. Now do those plain rules of justice correspond with the present rules of society, which are to consign those who most need our exertions to infamy without a hope of being saved,

while we bestow all our labors upon those who comparatively need them not? We think not. Then let us reverse our tactics. Like begets like. He who has uncouth associates, will most likely be uncouth himself. We find that our present method of managing criminals, sinks them lower and lower in crime and degradation, and the reason is obvious—there is no encouragement held out to them to reform. It is to the interest of those having them in charge that they should not reform. Should they (the criminals) become worthy, useful members of society, they (the officers) would be thrown out of fat offices. From the first petty act down to the last dark deed which has consigned him to State Prison for a long term of years, every move was calculated to degrade him more and more. Perhaps his first act was stealing two bits worth of potatoes to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger; and had he then been taken in charge by some person who took a sincere interest in his moral welfare, and privately and secretly talked with in the right spirit, in all probability it would have been his last deed of crime. But on the contrary he is taken and publicly rushed through the streets to the city prison; there his likeness is taken, and he is posted up in the streets as a public thief. His doom is now sealed. What hope has he now to labor for a good name? Should he live an immaculate life for the space of twenty-five years, he would be still branded as a public thief; and all because of that heartless, brutal public exposure. In the place of our present prison let us substitute for that purpose a confinement surrounded with all the concomitants of virtue and morality. Let our present sentinels and safeguards, who rule with powder and lead, be removed and their places supplied with moral teachers, whose business it should be to labor for the moral reformation of the prisoners. Let the period of their confinement be left to the discretion of the teachers in charge, as they would be better qualified than any other persons to discriminate as to their fitness to be turned loose upon society. Should they think it advisable to keep a prisoner confined fifty years, let it be so. I would have them labor for the state, the same that they do now; but the main feature in the management of the institution should be the moral and intellectual culture of its inmates. In a word, instead of robbing them of the last ray of hope—a necessary result of our present plan—I would have them governed through the mystic influence of love.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.*

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY

WHY do ye tear

Yon lingering tenant from his humble home ?
His children cling about him, and his wife
Regardless of the wintry blast doth stand
Watching his last, far footsteps with the gaze
Of speechless misery—What hath he done ?
In passion's madness did he raise the steel
Against his neighbor's breast,—or in the stealth
Of deep, deliberate malice, touch his roof
With widely desolating flame ? No—No.—
His crime is poverty.—He hath no hoard
Of hidden wealth from whence to satisfy
His creditor's demand.—Sickness perchance
Did stay his arm, or adverse skies deny
The promis'd harvest,—or the thousand ills
That throng the hard lot of the sons of toil
Drink up his spirits. Ye indeed may hold
His form incarcerate,—but will this repair
The trespass on your purse ? To take away
The *means* of labor, yet require its *fruits*
In strict amount, methinks doth savor more
Of ancient Egypt's policy, than Christ's,—
Themis, perchance, may sanction what the code
Of Him who came to teach the law of love,
Condemns—“ *How request thou ?* ”

There are who deem

The smallest portion of their drossy gold
Full counterpoise for liberty and health,—
And God's free air, and home's sweet charities.
'Mid the gay circle round their evening fire
They sit in luxury,—the warbling song,
The guest,—the wine cup speed the flying hours,
Forgetful how the captive's head doth droop
Within his close barr'd cell,—or how the storm
Doth hoarsely round his distant dwelling sweep

* The article “Capital Punishment,” from the pen of a highly valued contributor, reminds us of the following Poem, by Mrs. Sigourney, written during the “dark ages” when imprisonment for debt was legalized.

Where she who in their lowly bed hath wrapped
 Her famished babes, kneels shivering by their side,
 And weeping mingles with her lonely prayer.
 Revenge may draw upon these prison griefs
 To pay her subsidy,—and sternly wring
 A usury from helpless woman's woe,
 And infancy's distress; but is it well
 For souls that hasten to a dread account
 Of motive and of deed, at Heaven's high bar,
 To *break their Savior's law*?

Up,—cleanse yourselves
 From this dark vestige of a barbarous age,—
 Sons of the Gospel's everlasting light!—
 Nor let a brother of your sun-blest clime
 Reared in your very gates, participant
 Of freedom and salvation's birthright, find
 Less favor than the heathen. It would seem
 That Man who for the fleeting breath he draws,
 Is still a debtor, and hath nought to pay,—
 He, who to cancel countless sins expects
 Unbounded clemency,—'t would seem that he
 Might to his fellow-man be pitiful,
 And show that mercy which himself implores.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties—maintaining good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and natural claim, as the reluctant—the backward sympathy—the forced smiles—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance—the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little lower down; with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they sink into insignificance.

THE way to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.

THE CHEAP DRESS-MAKER.

BY FANNY GREEN.

[Continued from page 136.]

THE intruder was a woman of at least the middle age, yet with an exceeding affectation of juvenility in her dress and manner; while a thin veil of simpering softness, was thrown over features so sharp that they pricked through the slight covering.

"Yes, this is the reward of all my kindness—of all my sacrifices—of all that I have ventured in coming to this house—where fevers are nothing to the foul moral atmosphere, so to speak," continued the lady, warmed into unwonted eloquence by the thought of her own heroism; this is what I get for being charitable—for picking up the very filth out of the mud-gutter, as 'twere! and giving work to them, that should have been given to their betters! Making assignations, indeed! you good-for-nothing dirty huzzy! I'll teach you what it is to impose upon virtuous ladies in this way!" and suiting the action to the word, she approached the agitated girl, who stood at a little distance leaning against the wall, wholly unable to support herself, and presenting a picture of the most pitiable distress! and seizing her by the arm, shook her rudely, saying, at the same time: "You needn't stand there shaking from head to foot, and turning all colors—trying to act out innocence! I know you! I'll tell your minister! I'll complain to your church! I'll have you turned out, you whited sepulchre! How did you dare to enter our holy church, and come to the holy communion table; and kneel, even beside *me*, to partake of the sacred emblems of the body and blood of the blessed Saviour! I wonder the holy bread didn't choke you! I wonder the sacred wine didn't strangle you." Here the lady was so wholly overcome with the fervor of the religious sentiment, that she sank into a chair; and, taking out her salts, prepared for a regular campaign of hysterics, to which her extreme sensibility made her quite subject. She put the corner of her handkerchief to her

eyes, and having ascertained that it was really wet—that she had actually made the experiment successful—she contrived to keep up the flow of tears for some time.

“Who are you, madam?” asked the gentleman, approaching her, and fixing upon her, eyes so penetrating that she felt they read her secret, “and by what right do you intrude yourself into this chamber of mourning, and presume to lay rude hands on this suffering young lady!”

“I am the person, sir, who gives the dirty little jade employment! But for me, sir she would have starved. She came to me a stranger, sir, and asked for work—I have such a trusting disposition—I never *can* suspect anybody! They told me I should ruin myself yet, by taking in everything out of the street without credentials! But I can’t be suspicious: and I don’t suppose I ever shall be, if I’m deceived every hour in the day!” and here she fell weeping more violently than before, at the idea of her own confidingness—it was so touching!—saying at intervals, as she found voice. “She has been back and forth to my house—to MY HOUSE, sir! And my mother, knowing my inexperience, and ardent nature, warned me, sir! yes, my dear kind mother warned me to beware!—and told me she was an arch-deceiver—and that my own reputation would suffer—and she feared I was opening my doors to a—a—my delicacy shrinks from the expression. You must know, sir, what I would say!” and at the thought of all these affecting circumstances, she burst out again into renewed sobs.

“I am too practiced an observer,” he replied, “to be imposed upon by all this sham. Your acting may be very fine; but it won’t go for fact. Now, madam, let me ask you one question. If there *is* guilt here, I, at least, must be equally guilty. Why, then, does your indignation fall wholly upon her? Society must answer for you. Society that tolerates, nay, cherishes the most open and shameless profligacy in man, while it makes a capital offense, and punishes with an unrelenting heart, the barest suspicion of it in woman! And woman tolerates this! Oh, bitterly, deeply, as I feel my own unworthiness, I could preach upon this subject! I could hold up enormities to your view, that would make your soul quake in your body—I could show you how the envy, the malignity, the cold uncharitableness of woman, come

in to aid the selfishness, and the sensuality of man, until our streets throng with neglected, despised victims—and our drawing rooms with cherished and caressed libertines. Look at me, madam. By your own showing you must have believed *me guilty*; and, yet, should you happen to wander into the society where I am known you would *smile* upon me; and the knowledge of my guilt would be no barrier to your civility!”

“I did not come here to be insulted, sir! I’d have you to know I’m none of that kind of character you take me for! But it is well I *did* come, though it has been almost too much for my sensibilities!” She again inhaled salts; and feeling herself sufficiently strong, she rose from her chair, as if about to leave the room, saying at the same time: “She shall be exposed! I’ll have a church meeting this very night!”

Ellen sprang to her side, and strove to detain her. “Stay, Miss Linsey!” she cried; “stay, I beseech you, and hear me!”

“Don’t touch me, you dirty thing!” returned the lady, drawing up the folds of her mantilla, and adjusting it over her prominent shoulders with truly professional tact. “And here let me tell you, miss, never to enter my doors again; for I’ll never give you another stitch of work the longest day I live! I’d have you understand, miss, I keep no house of assignation!”

“Oh, Miss Linsey, do not cast me off!” said the afflicted girl, clinging to her arm with a force that could not be repelled. “Do let me go to your house! Let me be your servant—your slave—till I can find some other home! Indeed, I am too young to be all alone.”

“Well, if this audacity don’t beat all! The creature must be drunk,” coolly returned Miss Linsey; for her hysteric affections were producing their reaction, and she looked at the girl, who, from extreme faintness, weakness and agitation, had fallen at her feet, bowing her beautiful head quite to the ground, and sobbing fearfully.

“Oh, tell her, Mr. Weldon!” she cried, looking up imploringly in his face, “tell her the truth. She will believe you, for you are rich.”

There was a keen sarcasm in the simplicity of her remark that did not escape even the obtuse perceptions of Miss Linsey; and she was about to reply, but was interrupted by the gentleman’s asking: “You are pious, madam?”

"I humbly hope so," replied the lady, dropping her eyes with a look of practiced humility.

"You profess to be a follower of Jesus of Nazareth?"

"Of the Blessed Saviour who died on Calvary for the salvation of such as have made their calling and election sure—being chosen from the foundation of the world, to be the recipients of grace," replied Miss Linsey, her humility continuing to deepen as she spoke. "I have been snatched as a brand from the burning, by the precious gift of his atoning blood, and, now"—she laid a hand, whose leanness was not wholly lost in the profusion of its rings, upon her heart, while the large whites of her distended eyes, took an expressive roll Heavenward—"and, now, if I know myself, I think I may say that I am so far resigned to the will of God, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit, that I feel it would be perfectly right, if he should see fit to punish me for ever, in all the torture of Hell-fire. I am a poor miserable sinner, and don't deserve anything else!"

"You have a very just appreciation of your own merits, I perceive, madam," he rejoined, bowing with a slight smile. "But this is not to the present point. Suppose your Divine Master were here, madam, at this moment; what would he say to this young lady? We will suppose she is guilty, as you seem to think. But she is so young. She is poor. She is friendless. There is everything to discourage any effort at respectability, and nothing to encourage. She has a thousand excuses. Would HE spurn her from his threshold? Would HE drive her by starvation into deeper crime? Answer me, madam."

Several times she attempted to speak; but, really, she had never before taken this view of the subject; and so she was wholly unprepared; and he went on.

"No; *you* would hear the withering rebuke, like those of old, and *she* would hear the welcome words of blessing; 'Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; go and sin no more'; and he would take her by the hand, and lead her to a place of safety.

"Now for the facts. She is not only innocent of all gross misdemeanor, but she has a delicacy, a purity, of which you, madam, and thousands of others who would conspire to drag

her down to ruin, never dreamed. There are many who cling to correctness in the overt action—propriety in the tangible fact—who are yet, corrupt, impure, in heart and mind ; while I believe there are many among the utterly ruined, who yet have delicacy and feeling, that revolt at the life they are compelled to lead. It would be well if society should come to appreciate these things more justly ; and it would, doubtless, be shown, that Moral Reformers may find subjects of conversion where they are least expected. I think it holds good, as a general law, that the really pure are most lenient to the faults of others. Certainly, if I find a woman in haste to condemn the peccadilloes of her sex—who is too pure to render necessary help, even to the vicious—or who, in a doubtful case, adopts the worst construction, I always suspect her. That is my rule ; and I have ever found it a good one. And to speak yet more plainly, madam, I believe that the idea of this young lady's impurity, is not one half so offensive to you, as the sight of her extreme youth and beauty."

Hereupon the lady became so indignant that she made a violent rush at the door, tearing herself away from the clinging arms of the still prostrate girl ; who, yielding to the forced expulsion, fell heavily upon the floor. They then saw that she was not only quite senseless, but rigid as if the final rest she coveted had really come.

"Poor Ellen ! dear Ellen !" exclaimed Mr. Weldon, lifting her respectfully, and chafing her temples ; at the same time snatching her salts from the hand of Miss Linsey, he held it to her nose, when she inhaled a long breath ; and soon after opened her eyes, but quickly reclosed them. He laid her down on the carpet, and placing a cushion under her head, he knelt beside her, and continued rubbing her hands.

"Here is indeed virtue," he said, as if communing with himself rather than addressing another, "virtue triumphant in the sorest trials. And you, Miss Linsey, boast yourself pious ! You call yourself charitable ! Yours is such charity as will keep any number of poor wretches from starving, so long as it can make a handsome daily speculation out of their miserable

labors ! Yours is such piety as deals in cant phrases, set forms of speech, and shuts your doors, and your cold ears, and your stony heart, against the stranger and the helpless ! Upon quite insufficient evidence you would destroy the character of a poor young creature, whose character is all she has, and plunge her, headlong, down to ruin ! Common murder is white compared with such a crime ! You are deaf to cries that might move flint to feeling ! Ah, it is just such charity—just such piety as yours, that fills up brothels, and makes our streets swarm with prostitutes ! ”

He paused a moment ; and then added, “ I, too, have been guilty—fearfully, shamefully guilty in this matter ; but through your fault I have seen my own. I thank you for the view. I am now arrested in my vicious course—and it shall be the business of my life—yes, my whole life, madam, to make atonement ! I entered this room with the vile intentions of a seducer of the innocent. I trust I shall leave it a humbled—a penitent—a regenerated man ! ”

“ Dear, dear Ellen ! ” he said, while his tears fell like rain upon her pale face, “ I have learned a lesson this hour that I shall never forget. Peerless gem of beauty and of virtue ! I will not ask your love until I am worthy of you. Look upon me, sweet Ellen ! and bless me once more with the light of your soft eyes.” He raised her up, and folded her reverently to his heart. “ Pardon me, my precious one ! ” he added, “ and shrink not ; for your chaste form is sacred here, as if it rested in a brother’s arms.”

“ O, God ! ” he exclaimed, as her frightful paleness seemed to deepen, “ let me not feel myself a murderer ! ” He threw his purse to Miss Linsey ; “ for heaven’s sake,” he said, “ step out, or send for a little wine ! She is fainting away, perhaps for want of food ! ” Mechanically the lady obeyed. Another attendant was summoned from below, and a slight draught was administered, which soon had the desired effect ; yet more than all, perhaps, his passionate exclamations roused her. She looked wistfully round ; and, with the first consciousness of returning life, she strove to leave his arms. He then delicately resigned

her to the care of the landlady, who had just appeared. by his request, to protect her, and supply her wants for a short time.

Then bending over her, he said, "Ellen, be of good cheer. I have a truly Christian mother, who is not too pious to succor the friendless. You shall be placed under her protection this very hour. You shall be to me as my dearest, my tenderest, my most sacred sister; and, if the devotion of a whole life may win love, I will win yours. Are you afraid yet to trust me, sweet Ellen? You will not fear to trust my mother; for she will be most truly a mother to you; and you shall rest in her kind bosom, even as you have slept in the bosom of her you have lost."

He drew her to the bedside; and, kneeling with her beside that pale form, he said: "Here I invoke the just-parted spirit to witness the sincerity of my vows. Here I solemnly dedicate to you the heart you have redeemed; and, as I prove true to you, Ellen, so my God, in the hour of my extremest need, be to me." He bowed his head a moment upon her clasped hands and then rising, left the room. But there was a beautiful joy in heaven, over the return of that wandering soul; and a spirit hovered round him evermore, to strengthen him in temptation, to confirm all his better promptings, and to cheer him by sweet whispers of confidence and hope. It was the spirit of that mother guarding, through him, the safety and happiness of her child.

* * * * *

Years had gone by; when, once more passing through the city, I saw a numerous company assembled in one of the princely mansions that may be found there. Curiosity drew me in; and there I beheld a bridal scene. A young man of noble bearing, had just received his fair young bride from the hands of a fine matronly woman, I instantly knew to be his mother. She drew the bright young creature to her arms, ere she relinquished her hand; and as she parted away the rich sunny curls to kiss her white brow, I saw it was Ellen—the poor, despised, and forsaken orphan.

Her beauty and her fine intellect, had been cherished, and expanded into maturity under the most favorable circumstances.

ces. The Profligate had become true to his better nature ; and as he took her from his mother's hand, he whispered in her ear : " All that I am, dear mother, we owe to her. She arrested me in my headlong career. She saved me from utter ruin ! When I give to your arms a daughter, bless her, O, bless her ; dear mother ! for she has restored to you a lost son ! "

Loveliest among the lovely—eminent among the gifted—cherished by the mother—almost adored by the son—Ellen has become the center of a large circle of admiring and loving friends ; of grateful and affectionate dependants ; to whom she is a minister of all good things. She is continually seeking out the unfortunate of her own sex, and she leads the erring back to virtue with the sweetest words of encouragement—even to the vilest ; succoring the unprotected ; and, with angel charity, lifting up the fallen. Such is the type of her life. Her virtue is too intrinsically pure for contamination. Her robes are of such texture as receives no spot from contact with the polluted ; and the fulness of blessing from many a redeemed soul, is her reward. When this spirit becomes universal among her sex, the great day of the World's Redemption will have dawned.

DEAN Swift says : " It is with little-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles ; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out. "

THE whole use of a hat is probably not generally known—it is of more use than covering the head. If, when a person falls overboard, he had presence of mind to instantly take off his hat, and hold the rim of it to his chin, so that the hollow would be upward, it would keep him above the water as long as ever he could hold it. This has been tried and proved correct.

A DEAF and dumb person being asked what was his idea of forgiveness, took the pencil and wrote : It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon.

TO A LADY FRIEND.

BY HENRY JACOB.

WERE I a poet, Heaven blessed !
To sing in verse divinely,
I'd speak of woman's love and grace
In language more sublimely.

But what poor art I'm gifted with,
Let me employ sincerely,
And give my friend what proof I can,
Her worth is prized most dearly.

To be a mother—sacred task
To guide the child in youth;
To give it wisdom and support—
To teach it love and truth.

O God! Thy holy Ordinance
All mothers should possess;
For who are strong without Thy aid—
How they Thy Law impress?

That mother in whose heart Thy Law
Is registered secure,
Can pass through ways beset with sin,
Yet keep her children pure.

And O what kind reward must be
Bestowed upon that soul,
Whom from God's hand receives a trust,
Returns it pure and whole.

O woman dear! All earth should bless,
All earth should cherish ye;
Without thy grace and goodness here,
Where would man's Heaven be?

Lost as the wreck afloat at sea,
His soul would drift astray;
But cherished by dear woman's love,
Man's soul finds Heaven's way.

Although I live in hermitage,
I view the world around,
And see no joys to gladden man
Where woman is not found.

Be happy then, in this belief,
No matter what thy care,
That man's divinest blessing is
That woman's good and fair.

THE LILIPUTIAN LILY.

(*Lilium Parvum*.)—KELLOGG.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

[For illustration, see page 146.]

“CONSIDER the lilies how they grow!” is the divine admonition to the weary heavy-laden wanderers. God careth for them and us; therefore we will confide in our Heavenly Father’s beneficent providence. His hand has not only made, but signally consecrated the memory of these beautiful creations. Earthly emblems of faith and love! how sweetly do they inspire and charm the heart of humanity! for all the world knows, loves, and cherishes them. Any new species therefore of lillial lineage has a world-wide interest. It affords us much pleasure to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. H. G. Bloomer, Botanical Curator to the California Acad. of Nat. Sciences, for his worthy zeal in cultivating this little native lily, from which our sketch has been taken.

The plant is from the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, on the route to Washoe. As its name indicates, it is one of the least lilies known to us; and although, as we are informed, it is often somewhat larger in its native soil, still it is relatively, to others of the same family, always very small.

The scattered leaves and erect flowers, are the chief characteristic features; which, to the popular mind, are sufficiently obvious. All other lilies of the Pacific slope, have more or less nodding flowers; (and whirled leaves)—the *L. Philadelphicum* and *L. Catesbeii* of the Atlantic States, it is true, have erect flowers; but they are quite distinct. We hope soon to have an opportunity of examining the bulb.

Technical description.—Stem cylindrical, nearly smooth, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 feet high. Leaves scattered, oblanceolate, sub-acute or acute, smooth above, 3-nerved, margins scabrous; nerves smooth beneath, lamina very minutely scabrous below; bracts leafy.

Flowers about 5, whirled in 3’s and mostly alternate above,

erect, tubular-bell-shaped, sepals revolute above the middle; tube and throat yellow and purple spotted within; revolute portion red, with well defined limits; the 3 inner petals somewhat narrower, smooth and slightly grooved above; outer broader sepals plain, somewhat more spotted.

Pistil scarcely a little longer; stigma undivided; stamens subequal, regularly spreading; ovary half the length of the style.

NOTE.—Since the former was in type, we have received specimens from the mountains, by Mr. Stivers. Some of these we find with lanceolate acute and acuminate leaves, margins ciliate; others as described; but sometimes obscurely 5 to 7-nerved. The flowers are even smaller than our cultivated one here figured; but less revolute.

The bulbs are loosely scaly, similar to other lilies. The origin of the stem nearly central.

It is worthy of notice in this connection, that the White Lady Washington Lily of California, (*L. Washingtonianum*.—Kellogg,) see Vol. 3, No. 2, HESPERIAN, has a somewhat rhizomatic oblong bulb, horizontally increasing westwardly—stems arising from the west end, and gently curved east at the base; the very long lance-linear acute and acuminate scales inclined from the stem in a similar direction. Will those who have ample opportunity please verify or correct these observations. We frequently hear of very magnificent plants of this rare lily, 5 or 6 feet high, with 30 or more flowers.

WHENEVER political speculations, instead of preparing us to be useful to society, and to promote the happiness of mankind, are only systems for gratifying private ambition, and promoting private interests at public expense, they deserve to be burnt, and the authors of them to starve, like Machiavel in a jail.

A GOOD education is a better safe-guard for liberty than a standing army or severe laws.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. E. A. SIMONTON PAGE.

To Creation's starry rim
Vibrate rich, melodious voices,
As wide Universe rejoices.
Up the midnight dim,
Silence lifts its mystic hymn.
Through the lapse of ages vernal,
Grand *Te Deums* rise eternal.

Music trills and gushes where
White cascades in pearly fringes,
Through the mountain's purple tinges,
Drop with cadence rare ;
Stirring all the vibrant air,
Like the rippling notes of laughter,—
Silvery echoes tripping after.

Music solemn sweeps and dwells
In the chilly ocean surges—
Mighty, everlasting dirges,
Wail of passing bells.

Its sad moaning falls and swells,
Lulling 'neath the murmurous billows
Forms the swaying sea-moss pillows.

Music trembles where the breeze
Its mysterious chant is waking ;
Rustling flowers and grasses making
Dreamy symphonies.
Then with tremulous stir the trees
Leaf by leaf, with sway sonorous,
Swell the grand, majestic chorus.

Music raves and muttereth
In fierce winds, like martial clangors
Oversweeping mortal languors—
Victory and death,
Dirge and pæan in a breath !
Shriek, and wail, and shout and sighing,
In discordant minors dying.

Music wakes the rill that trips
Through the crimson-hearted Summers,

In low, broken, odorous murmurs,
As from maiden's lips
Falls love's dear apocalypse—
Echo, like some raptured lover,
Sings the strain by snatches over.

Music murmurs where the rain
Fitful requiems seems swelling,
Like a wordless anguish telling
Some heart's pain,—
Tears and sobs the wild refrain.
Muttering low, the deep-voiced thunder,
Rolls grand diapasons under.

Music inharmonious springs
From each changeful, restless spirit—
Only God Supreme can hear it!
Every moment wrings
Varying murmurs from the strings.
Blest that life whose pure emotion
Seems one psalm of sweet devotion.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

ELECTRICITY OF WOOD.

M. RATT, a cabinet-maker, when planing wood, remarked that several chips manifested electric phenomena.

By means of an electrometer he ascertained, that in certain species, especially those of America, the electricity was positive, while in others it was negative, and this particularly characterized the French woods.

SOUNDS CAUSED BY ELECTRICITY.

M. SELIER has found it sufficient to place an electric diamond upon a pane of glass in order to produce sounds.

When a well polished sewing needle, suspended from a hair, is placed in a glass bowl filled with an acid, sulphate of copper, the bowl crackles, even after the needle has been withdrawn and the liquid poured out.

Small currents of common electricity become perceptible to the ear, by the means of wheaten straw, struck upon a drum of vegetable paper.

THE NOBLENES OF WOMAN.

DEAR MADAM,—Believing that the following sketch may be interesting to your readers, at least, such of them as have made themselves acquainted with “Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom,” I send it for publication in your Magazine. It is the report of one who actually stood on the spot, and was not only a witness, but an actor in the most thrilling and horrible scene of the storm and shipwreck, described in the latter part of the work referred to. It was translated from the Portuguese, by a friend who was in Rio at the time, and witnessed and participated in the unparalleled enthusiasm, with which Simao, the hero of the tragedy, was received and honored.

AUTHOR OF SHAHMAH.

AMONG the many beautiful episodes which were connected with the great Tragedy of the Pernambucana, there were none more remarkable than the following. It is with the highest degree of pleasure, that we record the heroic conduct of a beautiful young lady. On board the ill-fated steamer was a widow with her only child, a daughter. In the short space of one year, she had been called to follow to the grave her husband and five children, three daughters and two sons. The fell Destroyer had mounted the “Pale Horse” and gone forth, turning not to the right hand or left—passing not on “the other side,” but directly through their midst, and every near relative on earth, but this one, had fallen before him. Only her daughter was left. Only her mother and a tender and devoted lover had been left to the daughter; and they claimed her tenderest and purest affection.

These two, the mother and daughter, had been down to Rio Grande, spending a few weeks for a change of air and scene. They were now returning to their old homestead, where they expected to be joined by the beloved of her affections. Little did they dream of the scenes of woe and distress through which they had to pass.

On the morning of the day when the steamer struck, the beautiful Elonore rose from her couch, where she had fallen utterly overcome with fatigue and anxiety, when the weather had been pronounced more favorable on the evening before; and

in spite of the awful terrors of the night, she had slept soundly. Having made her simple toilet, she assisted her mother to dress ; and then with their arms clasped around, to support each other in the rocking and tumbling of the vessel, they knelt to mingle prayers, and ask the blessing of their Heavenly Father.

With words of encouragement the young Elonore persuaded her mother to keep her state-room till she called her. Then the noble, unselfish, and heroic girl set off on her mission of goodness. With a heart full of all sweet affection, a soul overflowing with the richest charity, and a bosom heaving with the greatness of her love, she walked amidst that awful scene, cheering all with a word of kindness, or hope, or trust. And how lovely did she appear, with her pale cheek of lily whiteness, and her black and glossy hair, streaming on the wind, now blown back from her fair brow, now floating like a dark cloud around her beautiful forehead.

There was a charm in her cheering words—there was a power in her very presence, which in spite of the horrors, infused an unwonted degree of hope and trust. Her beauty, her sublime faith, her divine sweetness of speech and manner, appeared superhuman. It seemed as if some benignant angel had inspired and spoken through this gentle, delicate, and apparently timid girl, who till then had never felt the cold wind blowing too rudely on her soft and tender form. She must have been—she *was* inspired. This truly heroic girl not only sustained herself but charmed and blessed others ; for she infused into them a portion of the pure and exalted sentiment which warmed and strengthened her own soul—a deep faith that beheld good in all things—believing it present although unseen, and, recognizing its ministries, even in the apparent evils which now overwhelmed them with inconceivable anguish and woe. This exalted sentiment was expressed—not only in the light of her beautiful dark eyes—not only in every look and gesture, as she flitted over the rocking vessel, like a dove from the Ark of Peace, but in her low and murmuring words, when for a moment her motions were arrested, she would whisper : “ Father, we are thine—all thine ! ” How beautiful, how comprehensive ! the paternal re-

lationship—the filial faith and trust—all in these five short words!

When the vessel had struck, and the brave Simao had made the passage to the shore, this noble girl assisted every one of the aged and sick to make the passage first. After great exertion in passing to and fro to different parts of the ship (for any movement required a continual watch, and the exercise of great muscular effort to be secure,) she still adhered unshrinkingly to her work of self-sacrifice and love.

At length she had the pleasure of announcing to her mother that her turn had come. But the mother, refusing to avail herself of her daughter's generosity, urged her to go first.

"You are young, dear Elonore," said she; "full of health and hope, in the very spring-tide of life. You have one awaiting your return, to be united to you forever. He is noble and worthy. Let us try and be just to him. Here is none but you to mourn my loss. My children and husband are gone before me. It is more reasonable, proper and just, that the few remaining years should be taken from me, than that you should be deprived of all. And it is not your good, alone, that I am seeking. Your own Salvator's heart will be torn and broken, if he should thus lose you. No; it must not be, Elonore, my bright and beautiful—my last and best—never shall it be said—never shall it *be*—that your bright, young life has been sacrificed to your mother's desire to live. If it were so, my life would always be a source of misery. Your watery grave would be ever before my eyes. My tears would be a never failing stream. No, Elonore; go, I beseech of you! Go; I command you."

The beautiful girl dropped on her knees before her mother; and clasping her sacred form, looked up with tearful eyes.

"Dear mother," she said; "have I not been always obedient—have I not rejoiced to do your bidding?"

"Never my daughter, until this unhappy moment have you disobeyed me; answered the mother; and she drew the bright form to her heart; and folding her arms about her, she whispered in low, husky tones; "let it not be now. Go, my daughter. Go, and be happy."

For a moment, when they felt the two hearts, whose very beats had so long run parallel, throbbing thus together, they were completely overcome; and they wept and sobbed in each other's arms.

But Elonore, feeling that the indulgence would unnerve them both, slid gently from her mother's arms. Once more falling on her knees; and with the tears still streaming down her cheeks, she said:

"Mother, mother! hear me! For eighteen years you have nurtured, and watched over, and protected me, with unceasing love and care. In all this time you have never seen one act of disobedience. O, Mother! your life gave life to me; and forgive me now if I must, even contrary to your wishes, place it before mine. I have been fed and strengthened by the warm milk from your bosom; and I have no right to accept the sacrifice you offer—your life for mine! O, mother! I should hate myself—I should curse my life, and forever pray for death, if I believed it possible I could be guilty of such a wrong! Salvator, himself, would despise and spurn me, as a hateful object. He would see shame stamped on my down-cast look, cowardice in my forehead, and selfishness in every feature. I could never see him. No; I could never look in his manly face again. Mother, I have no fear of death. What is the world to come but a sweet rest in the bosom of my Heavenly Father? What is death but the waking to a new life in Christ? What is the leap into eternity, but to be received in the arms of angels, and borne to the abode of saints? No, mother, forgive, do forgive me; but I shall not obey you. So long as there is life in me, I will exert all the strength I have to bless and save you. Despair shall never seize me—hope shall not desert me; nor the deep faith of my bosom fail. All that I am, have, expect, or may ever command, is yours; and to you it shall be devoted, O, my mother! Elonore de Velonice is your daughter—she is her father's noble child; and she will never cast the stain of a weak and selfish meanness upon her high lineage. No; the angry voice of my father would cry out from the grave; the sound of my noble brothers' curse would be borne on the wings of the wind, to upbraid and disown me; God would not listen to my prayers; the Saints would refuse inter-

cession, and their divine consolation and mercy would be denied me."

She paused a moment, and then, with a calmer voice and manner, added :

"And besides, mother, only hear this ; I am able to help myself off ; and you are not. If I leave, I shall certainly lose you. If you leave me, you will almost certainly find me restored to you—and that with a tenfold blessing."

She arose from her knees ; and taking her mother in her arms, she kissed and blessed her while the matron, who had been piteously weeping all this time, being completely subdued, could make no resistance ; and she was borne to the side of the ship in order to be ready when the brave Simao should return.

When Elonore assisted her mother over the side she simply said : "If we meet no more, you and my Salvator will be in my last prayer."

This noble and devoted young creature assisted two other young ladies, and then she consented to take her chance. This is the same heroic girl who entreated Simao to let her go, and save his own life ; but the brave sailor fought with desperation, and finally triumphed ; though he reached the land in a very exhausted state, as has already been rehearsed in many of these reports.

But what manly form is that, standing on the brow of a high rock, close by the shrinking and trembling form of the agonized mother ? He has been with great difficulty restrained from entering the sea for the purpose of rescuing Elonore, so maddened had he become by her non-appearance at the last arrival. He stands with a pocket telescope, watching every movement. He sees them leave the ship. He notes every point of progress. He writhes in the struggle of the brave sailor ; and when he saw that Elonore was dashed by a terrible sea from the arms of Simao, the telescope fell from his hand, and he at once prepared to plunge in the boiling flood. But, on seeing that Simao plunged so vigorously and boldly after her, he paused, and in a moment had the unspeakable joy to know that he had regained both her and the cable.

When Simao drew near the beach, with the spring of a tiger he leaped down from the rock to assist them. In his stalwart

arms he clasped them both, and half led and half bore them from the rapidly approaching danger.

And Salvator de Vega folded the noble and heroic girl to his bosom, with a joy and pride in her magnanimous conduct which, if possible, greatly enhanced his former love. He had been called unexpectedly to Laquena, where he was waiting for the arrival of the steamer, thinking he should then rejoin his Elonore and her mother, and escort them home. But, by one of those unaccountable impressions, which almost every one has observed, and which sometimes operate with an irresistible force and authority, he was led, even against what seemed to be his better reason, to leave the place, and that at almost the very time when the Pernambucana was due, and join a hunting band, whose proposed excursion would take him too far south, in the ordinary course of things, for him to think of joining her. And yet his convictions were overborne, and in being taken apparently out of the way, he was brought into her immediate neighborhood. Hearing of the shipwreck, he had hurried to the shore just in time to witness the arrival of the exhausted mother on the top of the rock, whither she had crept to gain the earliest tidings of her beloved child. With what agony he beheld the struggle cannot be fitly conceived, and all language fails to depict the soul-harrowing scene.

This noble young man embraced and claimed Simao as a brother. He offered him his friendship, at the same time tendering to him the freedom of his house. He afterward settled a fine estate on him and his family, that no reverse of fortune might ever again reduce him to want, for with such a heart as that of Simao one could not long remain rich. He showered down his wealth upon all who needed it, and to deserve assistance was with his nobleness the surety of obtaining it.

The meeting of the heroic girl with her noble mother was too affecting—too sacred—for even the rescued passengers to look upon, and all turned away, until the call of Salvator brought them to his assistance. Then they saw that the too intense strain of the heart had given way. They had fainted in each others arms.

There were, doubtless, many other scenes which seemed more like a story of romance than the simple truth.

WORK IS WORSHIP.

An extract from Joan of Arc.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE breath, and bloom, and music of the Spring,
At open door and window stealing in,
With their sweet voices calling, wooed the step
Of loving children outward ; but there came
No word of respite unto little Joan.
Until the noonday sunshine, had looked down
From the wide chimney, and along the floor,
Lay in a straight line from the southern window.
Still, with a light step, flitting to and fro,
She held her silent, never-changing walk
Before the spinning wheel. While thus constrained
By her material duty in the task,
Which never had been wrought, until that day,
She sighed for freedom. All the living forms
Of Earth and Air, with many a gladsome song,
Poured forth their praise. She only was enslaved.
But oft in her abstraction, she would go
Out in the aisles, of dim, religious wood,
Till she forgot her task, and twisted off
The filmy thread, that ran unevenly,
As if it had been jostled by her thoughts,
So she went on, until her mother's chiding
Recalled her.

ISABEAU.

See, now, 'tis all awry !
Turn out the spindle point, and mind your work ;
For not one crumb of supper shall you have,
Until the skein is off ! Look there again !
It goes off like a pack-thread ! now it slopes
Into a hair-like film ! Why, what's the matter ?
Indeed but thou art precious wonderful,
With a most marvelous vision ! But I'd like,
As Jean says oft and truly—I would like
First sight before the second ; common sense
To do the common things of every day,

Rather than this great power of conjuring up
Something *uncommon*, and so much unlike
Good decent people, that they hardly know you
To be one of themselves. I say 'tis naught.
There, go your ways ; for you are getting useless !
Fie ! Joan ! I am ashamed."

The weeping eyes
Hid in her apron, and, without one word,
The child sat down a moment, as the mother
Proceeded to adjust the spinning-wheel,
And then went out and left her to the struggle.
How pitiful it was ! The tender soul,
In the first day-spring of its early freedom,
When it had only tasted for itself
Fountains of love and beauty that were open
To angel children, thus to be arrested,
Was stricken with a deep and deadly fear.
'Twas out of tune with Nature. *Could* she bind
The rapturous pulses that were throbbing so
To join the world-wide chorus of the spring ?
Was this the good God she had learned to worship,
Who did not bid the mother send her forth
Into the woods and waysides, to be happy
With every other young and yearning creature
That pined for sunshine, air, and bloom, and music—
To wander free beneath the forest arches,
Or the broad banners of the golden light ?
Thus was her strong faith stung with unbelief,
And rudely shaken from its simple trust.
Then with what yearning did her soul essay
To burst its bonds ; could she but only die !
Then she might pray with angels, sing with cherubs—
Once more unfurl her buoyant wings and fly
Back to the blessed light and air of Heaven !
How *could* she live ? O, bitterer than death
Was all this struggle and corrosive care !
The sudden tears were dried ; the heavy eyes
Looking as if the last clear light of hope
Were dead within them. Then the smothered sobs,
Strengthening and deepening, with a gradual strain
Bore on the aching heart, until it lay
As if itself were turned to living stone,
And thus bound in its anguish.

" Daughter Joan !"

A sweet voice spake within her, and the pang

That held her heart-strings every fibre strained
To its extremest tension, as if touched
And softened by some pure anointing oil,
Gently gave way. Then a delicious calm
Filled her whole being with a tender sense
Of life, and love, and beauty.

Bowing down

Before the unseen Presence, whose soft light
In white waves lay around her, visible,
And yet interior to the golden sunshine.
Her rigid lips were mellowed into sound.

JOAN.

Who art thou ?

VOICE.

Michael, thy angel friend.

JOAN.

Then tell, O, tell me, whither shall I fly
That I may ease my aching soul with prayer ?
I cannot live ! O, better far to die
Than stay in such a bleak and barren world—
So dark and noisome. O, I almost loathe it !
She shuddered as she spoke ; and then the tears,
Which had been pent so long, burst forth again.
The angel—now distinctly visible—
Stood lovingly before her, with his eyes
Fixed on her struggling form. The paroxysm,
Thus quietly subsiding, left her still
And passive to the influence of the power, when thus he spoke :—

MICHAEL.

Look up, thou loving child,
And learn the wisdom of a higher worship ;
For empty prayer is vain. The bended knee,
The ritual, long and harsh ; the groaning penance,
Are naught, unless they mate the active hand—
The willing heart. Know, then, that WORK IS PRAYER !
Behold thyself, a helpless being, cast
Upon a world of varied stores and uses.
To bring out and appropriate from these
Shelter, and food and raiment—simplest needs—
There must be labor. Hence it is ordained
That work is good ; for He who made the body,

And gave it to the keeping of a soul,
Provided that its nurture should expand,
Refine, and elevate the finer life.
It is the Law of Nature. Everything
Must work if it would live. The very birds,
That seem so idle, singing all the day,
Must gather food, build nests, and rear their young.
Believe me, daughter, labor is ennobling,
And he who shuns it, though in kingly courts,
Will lose the proper strength and full proportions
Of a true human being.

JOAN.

Strange it is
That what is hard and irksome can be good.

MICHAEL.

This is a problem unto wiser hearts
Than thine, my daughter. Yet, I pray thee, listen.
For toils and struggles, and temptations, all
When rightly borne, suffered, and overcome,
Are woven, gem-like, in the spirit's crown,
And bitterest tears impearl it. Go, my child,
To lead an active worship. WORK IS PRAISE.

JOAN.

O, shining one! I bless thee for the light!
A flood pours in upon my grateful soul,
More beauteous for the shadows that have hung
In midnight darkness round me. God is good,
And I will serve him with the working hand.
She stood before him, with her lifted eyes
Radiant and overflowing with the sunshine,
Whose glory beamed out from the opening soul;
Then the fair features, with a tenderer flush
Mantling above their paleness, glowed and shone
Like alabaster, while the light beneath,
In bloom-like emanations, seemed to hang
Around her like a soft, transparent veil.
Tenderly and lovingly he gazed upon her;
And while his deep eyes, looking into hers,
Seemed to absorb their glory, thus he spoke:—

MICHAEL.

Bound with this child-life there is one great purpose—

A higher work, a higher destiny—
 A name, whose living syllables, embalmed
 With love, that, through all human generations,
 Shall never waste, nor fade, are thine, my daughter.
 Wouldst thou be strong, and true, and unto this
 Great mission bind thyself? Go, thou, and work;
 Work truly; and in moments thou shalt gather
 The essence and aroma of a life
 Higher and nobler in its bitterest struggles—
 However servile—than may ever come
 To kingly idlers. Yes; thou Royal Worker!
 Surpassing in thy queenly womanhood
 The feeble, inert nurslings of the palace;
 Go; knit thy sinews; brace thy human soul
 With tension for its superhuman duty,
 And know that God and angels are not idle;
 For they shall be companions of thy toil,
 And stand by thee forever.

The meek head
 Gently inclined itself, with reverence sweet;
 Then swept the dark hair forward, as a shadow,
 Over the moon-like lustre of the face,
 That shone out with a spiritual beauty
 It never had before. The drooping eyelids
 Fell o'er the dewy softness of the eyes;
 The fair hands crossed themselves unconsciously
 On the still bosom. Bending thus she stood,
 Moveless as marble, with the tender veil
 Of her material being so transparent
 That the white soul stood there, as if undraped,
 In the high angel's presence, unabashed.

* * * * *

She went back wiser; then the spinning-wheel
 Chanted sweet hymns, and smoothly ran the yarn
 As it flowed out chiming to the music.
 Patiently, hopefully, she struggled on;
 And when her task was truly wrought, and all
 The active duties of the day were over,
 Bird-like, her spirit mounted, singing prayers
 That soared up strongly, with a lark-like wing,
 That entered in the very gates of heaven.

SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

"AUNT KITTY HATHNEWS."

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

IN that mysterious-looking cottage near the margin of the Bay, surrounded by sombre old oaks and rustling maples, lived Aunt Kitty Hathnews, the seeress of the village. But "fortune-teller," "sorceress," were terms that the NEIGHBORS freely applied to Aunt Kitty in her absence, and always in low undertones; they feared to utter the opprobrious epithets aloud; the birds of the air might convey them to her ear, or the wandering winds repeat them through the leaves of her whispering trees.

A sybil of the past! How suggestive is the name, to the youthful imagination, of a slight, stooping form; of long, attenuated fingers, clenched and claw-like; of features sharply pointed—thin, compressed lips, hooked nose, and small, penetrating black eyes. How suggestive is it of one who wanders at dead of night through forsaken graveyards, muttering incantations to the stars; who when the north wind shrieks his shrill treble through moss-grown ruins, where decay has written his fearful autograph, can ride exultingly upon the blast, as wild and fierce as a spirit of the storm; who laughs and chatters, fiendlike, as she pauses a moment in her ærial flight to shake the creaking hinges of some latticed window, and whisper in the ear of a sleeping maiden that the heart is faithless in which she trusted, until she starts from her slumbers to a new-born agony and to listen to the wailing of the melancholy winds, that seems to confirm the maddening tale, and to mourn over her heart's desolation.

But you will be grievously disappointed in Aunt Kitty, my friend, if you imagine her to have been one of the above class of the wierd sisters; neither was she of the strongly marked, Meg Merrilies order, nor of the wild, dark, gipsy description. No,

no ; but, like her own nose, that was neither classical, nor to be classed with any particular style of noses, she was nondescript, *sui generis*, if it please you, in person and manners.

Nature had been liberal, lavish even (in proportions), to Aunt Kitty. Her rotund form was of ample dimensions, and she was generously endowed with heart and brain. Her hair was of a ripe carrot color, crisp and sunburnt, instead of damp with night dews, and there was a play of light in her small grey eyes, partly sarcastic and partly humorous, blended with a humane expression, not at all appalling to the observer. And she had the habit of looking inquiringly into the face of the person she addressed, as though she sought to read his thoughts from its expression, rather than from his language.

Aunt Kitty's whole appearance, indeed, was suggestive of comfort—the fullness of comfort—of quiet and refreshing sleep and generous dinners. And yet, Aunt Kitty was not one given to appetite ; on the contrary, she belonged to that class of peculiarly constituted individuals who draw large benefits from apparently small resources, and thrive marvellously where less affluent natures would pine and wither away. Aunt Kitty was a true child of nature, and followed the lead of her thoughts as strictly as the currents of the winds and waves obey their laws of direction, untrammelled by the teachings of the Schools. *She* was no vassal to any system of dietetics, no meagre starveling of a fearful creed or barren philosophy, and “the great Mother” nourished her from earth, sea, and air, and she rested upon her heart in calm contentment.

But, although Aunt Kitty was liberal and independent in her habit of thought, yet she was not irreligious. Her Bible was her daily companion. Its place was on a small round table that stood by the side of her arm chair, between the fire-place and the window that looks out upon the bay. There she might always be found in stormy weather and in the long winter evenings, with her knitting in her hand and the Book open before her for easy reference. And there she would sit and think, and pause at short intervals in her knitting to read and think, and to marvel as she read that the divines of her day should render

“the way of life and salvation” so difficult for sinners, when her precious bible declared it to be so plain and simple “that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.”

Neither kith nor kin had Aunt Kitty, the NEIGHBORS said, and she lived all alone in her little cottage that the sunbeams rarely visited, saving when the trees were leafless and their branches pendant with icicles. And Aunt Kitty, whose heart was warm and affectionate, must have felt lonely sometimes, very lonely in her solitude, removed, as she was, also, from social sympathy by reason of the sentiments with which she inspired my GRANDMOTHER’S NEIGHBORS. Many of those ancient worthies really believed that she possessed a knowledge of the “black art,” and that she took private lessons in demonology from his satanic majesty at the noon of stormy nights, when good men slept, housed comfortably from the peltings of the pitiless storm.

Truly, Satan was no myth in those days, but a veritable personage, a *bona fide* individual, distinguished in a peculiar manner from the *genus homo* by a long tail and cloven feet (any modern doubter will find him so represented in the illustrated English bibles of that period), and it was generally believed that he held his revels at the midnight hour, exercising freely the power of locomotion in going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it as in the days of the man of Uz, and amusing himself in imparting his fearful secrets to any stray heir of darkness he might chance to meet in his nocturnal wanderings.

It was said by the NEIGHBORS that Aunt Kitty married a “seafaring man” in her youth, and lost her companion early in life. But it appeared like a tradition of the middle ages to the younger portion of the community, for, to them, she had always been old and widowed. And Aunt Kitty’s surroundings had a tendency to heighten this impression. There was an air of age about the gnarled oaks that towered above her dwelling—the shadow of the centuries lingered there and fell upon the cottage and its inmates. But, in the absence of kindred and social ties, Aunt Kitty turned to domestic animals for companionship, as many others have done under similar circumstances, and did not feel wholly forsaken. Her gentle cow, “Goody,” with her counte-

nance of wondering sadness, was a treasure and a blessing, in her quiet way, saving when her little calf was taken from her yearly and converted into veal, when she would look so piteously and imploringly at Aunt Kitty as to awaken a slight compunction of conscience for the part she had acted in the tragedy, and it would pain her to reflect that she was impelled by the necessities of life to inflict suffering upon her best friend. The cow was rightly named, Goody. She had no naughty trick of kicking over the milk-pail after she had generously permitted it to be filled with her warm life-tide for the nourishment of her kind mistress, and she was never known, during her short, useful life, to take advantage of the reserved right of cows and hold up her milk, as modern animals often do to the great annoyance of milkmaids. But, unfortunately for cows, the time-honored right has been taken from them by some ruthless, modern inventor, who has so successfully applied the principle of suction to their teats that they are obliged to surrender the precious liquid unconditionally to the aggressive power. What a disagreeable letting down from their former dignified position! If one has a drop of the milk of human kindness in his veins he cannot forbear pitying the poor cows, who must have a feeling sense of the outrage, and an alarmed consciousness, at the same time, of their weakness and inability to prevent it. Verily, invention is a subtle despot; he wrests from Nature her profoundest secrets and takes advantage of her own laws to circumvent her operations.

And Aunt Kitty had other friends to cheer her solitude—cats innumerable, in which she delighted; cats remarkable for beauty of form and color, and for grace of motion, exhibited in wonderful feats of jumping and leaping all over her premises. To these she gave names suggested by some peculiarity of appearance or habit. All were alike familiar with her voice, and would come running or leaping toward her as she called their names—Spring, Spin, Shell, Top Leap, on through the whole catalogue of cats, from the Quaker maltese to the richly-colored tortoise-shell. And Aunt Kitty reared all their little families of kittens with the interest and care of a tender mother

until her trees were literally covered with the feline race, and luminous eyes could be seen peeping through every opening among the leaves.

And, in addition to the cow and cats, there was her friend Randolph, a pure English mastiff, the very prince of dogs, noble and generous, with a dignified bearing and large melancholy eyes, so human in their expression that one might believe, for a moment, as he looked upon Randolph, in the Pythagorean theory of the transmigration of souls, and fancy that some ancient feudal chief had been sent back from the Stygian shore to do penance for his lordly pride, and learn, of a lower order of animals, the habit of patient submission. Stately and grave, he moved about her grounds as if he held a title-deed to the estate and felt the responsibility of caring for and protecting the property. And Randolph was on friendly terms with all the other animals. Not one of Aunt Kitty's numerous cats was ever seen to run away sputtering with rage from his angry growl, with her back elevated and her fur bristling with terror. But he would often set aside his dignity, in a summer afternoon, and walk leisurely round and round the trees, trailing his tail on the grass to attract the attention of the little kittens and entice them to run after him, and when they had frolicked until they were weary, they would all lie down cosily together upon the greensward for an afternoon nap, each kitten appropriating as its right any unoccupied portion of the limbs, neck, and shoulders of Randolph for a cushion for its head. Nothing pleased Aunt Kitty more than the picture thus presented. She delighted in seeing the lower orders of animals living in harmony. It reminded her, she said, of the good time spoken of by the prophet, when the leopard and the lamb should lie down together, and a little child should lead them, and the nations should learn war no more.

And Aunt Kitty had yet another pet that was the favorite companion of her solitude. It was a garrulous old parrot, that always slept with one eye open, and never omitted an opportunity of making itself seen and heard. This quaint piece of Nature's workmanship would perch itself for hours upon Aunt Kitty's shoulder, or upon contiguous branches of oak in the

warm season, and chatter in a marvelous manner, such as none but its mistress could understand, turning, at short intervals, toward her and repeating in rapid succession, "Poor Aunt Kitty! Poor Aunt Kitty!" And, when it chanced to see any person passing the cottage, it would call out: "Aunt Kitty at home; walk in! Aunt Kitty at home; walk in!" This doting old parrot might have been linked to the past and to Aunt Kitty's heart by a tender tie of affection, or it might have seemed to Aunt Kitty the spirit of her long-lost mate, incarnate, come back from the pleasant fields of Paradise to be near and care for her when none were left to love.

But, as dear as Aunt Kitty's pets were to her, the NEIGHBORS generally felt a strong aversion for them. The superstitious sentiments with which they regarded her were reflected upon her animals, and even upon her cottage and grounds. Polly Spoonall declared, in her peculiarly emphatic manner, and with a significant shake of her head, "That parrot is a perfect little imp, and as for those cats, they look like evil spirits, every one of them; the trees are literally alive with the horrid creatures; it is startling to see them looking down from the branches upon you with eyes of flame, as if they were preparing to pounce upon you. But *I* think they are fitting companions for their mistress; she *never* goes to church, like christian folks, as we all know, and it wouldn't surprise me if she really had dealings with the devil."

But while Polly Spoonall took genuine pleasure in giving expression to her ill-natured thoughts, she "would not, for the world," that Aunt Kitty should hear of it, because she was the only person in the village whom she really feared. And beside, she entertained a feeling akin to respect and admiration for Aunt Kitty's peculiar powers; and, notwithstanding her acknowledged religious scruples, would often resort to her for the interpretation of dreams and omens, and to learn her opinion of the world-future of some of the NEIGHBORS whom she either envied or disliked, hoping that Aunt Kitty's opinion would accord with her malignant feelings.

Poor Polly! in her insane desire that some injury might be

inflicted upon those who were obnoxious to her, or whom she regarded as "evil-minded persons," and deserving of punishment, she never paused a moment to reflect that the evil that she hoped would befall them might react upon herself. We are all too prone to forget that humanity is a unit of interests, and that, like the different members of the body, if one be injured all the rest must suffer with it. That action and reaction are equal, is alike a law of ethics and of physics. The rebound of the bow may inflict a wound as fatal as the arrow that it winged for the mark.

The man who elbows his way through a crowd to-day, regardless of the comfort or convenience of others, may be painfully elbowed himself to-morrow; aye, even trodden under foot by the avenging spirit his selfishness had evoked. The politician who serves his own interest in the present, by a narrow policy, opposed to the general good, will find himself, or his children, overwhelmed and ruined in the future by the surely returning waves of the remorseless tide of events that he had set in motion. That action, and only that action, that regards the interests of the many while pursuing personal advantage; that is based upon the broad democratic idea of the greatest good of greatest numbers, will bring permanent prosperity to an individual, or a nation. A selfish, narrow policy may appear to prosper for a day, but the months and the years will demand a fearful retribution.

Aunt Kitty's favorite seat, during the warm season, was in the door of her cottage that opened upon a narrow inclosure of wild roses. This garden communicated with the principal thoroughfare of the village, through a rickety wicket that creaked with every breath of the wind. The sweetbrier grew in rank luxuriance beneath the overshadowing trees, and twined its branches closely and lovingly above the door of the cottage, forming for her a fragrant arbor of leaves. There she would sit and knit mechanically through the long summer days and gratify her social nature by observing the NEIGHBORS as they passed and repassed, and exchanging salutations with them. And if any one chanced that way whom she had not seen for a long time,

she would invariably call out to him in tones of the most lively interest : " Have you seen any lights ? heard any noises ? had any dreams lately ?

And a day rarely passed without affording Aunt Kitty an opportunity of exercising her skill in the interpretation of a dream, or an omen, for it was a superstitious age, and the most trifling incident of each hour had its peculiar significance. If Chanticleer sent up his jubilant salutation to morning from a fence, or any other poultry-yard elevation, it was the herald of a fine, sunny day ; but if he crowed upon the ground, it portended clouds and rain. If the housewife's scissors fell upon the floor, and pointed toward the east, or toward the west, a strange visitor was expected from the direction indicated. And if a candle-wick formed, in burning, an excrescence that drooped in a curve about it, it was an indication that some neighbor would shortly be wrapped in his winding-sheet.

Yes, yes, my friend, Aunt Kitty lived in a superstitious age, and the NEIGHBORS, like the rest of the world, were keenly alive to the marvelous and supernatural. All classes eagerly resorted to Aunt Kitty for an explanation of their dreams and all unaccountable sights and sounds, with full faith in her ability to enlighten them. And when they met at their social afternoon tea-parties, after discussing Parson Kindley's last doctrinal sermon—total depravity and the great plan of salvation—Aunt Kitty's sayings and doings formed an important part of the entertaining gossip.

[To be continued.]

A MODERN writer says the government is safer in the hands of the poor than under the administration of the rich, but is administered with more economy by the middling classes than by either extreme.

BENEVOLENCE is the light and joy of a good mind : " It is better to give than to receive."

ANGEL VISITS.

BY JACOB SECOR.

"They come like shadows; so depart."

The old man stood in the gathering gloom,
And gazed around his empty room,
Where all was lone, and dark, and drear,
Bereft of all that blessed him here.
But, list! he hears an angel voice
That bids his sinking heart rejoice;
A voice, so sweetly soft, it seems
Like spirit tones that come in dreams.
And now no more the twilight gloom
Enwraps the long-deserted room:
He sees a throng—the loved, the fair—
Of bright-eyed children gathered there;
He hears their laughter in the hall;
He hears their little footsteps fall,
And *one*, whose smile illumines all,
Comes at his spirit's call.
Lo! 'round his hearth, a shadowy train,
They come to visit him again.

* * * * *

"Ah! 'tis with tearful eyes I gaze,
And mingle in the dreamy maze
This fearful gift hath made.
Alas! how soon 'twill fade;
Each form and face and gentle tone,
And I again be left alone."

TRUE.—People who suppose that a good prayer is preferred to a good act doubtless imagine that God has more hearing than eye-sight. The end, we fear, will show that they reasoned from false premises. The poor are oftener prayed for than helped. The reason is, we believe, that breath is cheaper than bullion.

Summary of Fashion.

FROM the "Quarterly Report of Fashion," we give the following items :—

FULL DRESS.

Skirts long and full, trimmed with narrow flounces, or narrow platings and quillings of ribbon. Velvet is also much used for trimming dresses. Bodies—are made either quite high and plain, or opening *en demi cœur*, with small revers. For young ladies, the square body is becoming. Sleeves, are worn large, the Pagoda form being a favorite.

MANTLES AND PALETOTS.

These are no longer worn long, but of medium length. Summer Mantlets will be worn low on the shoulders, partaking of the shawl form. Muslin dresses and mantles of the same material will be worn. Plain material will be the most *distinguée*.

BONNETS.

The present fashion is anything but tasteful. They are high in front, projecting over the forehead to a point. Curtains, deep of lace, with a point of silk falling over; the face-trimming is according to the taste of the wearer, but the prevailing fashion is a heavy wreath or bunch of flowers at the top, with full cap, at the cheeks.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL-SIZED PATTERN.

THE full-sized Pattern we give this month is that of a Lady's Jacket, called the *Amazonian*—fitting half tight at the back. The pattern consists of four pieces—the front, back, side-piece, and sleeve; this last is given as far as the shape of elbow; the lengthening below this can be made according to taste—about six inches added equally at the bottom would be sufficient. This sleeve may be left open to the elbow, or closed, with cuff turned back; a wide, open sleeve may be cut from this pattern by keeping the form of the top part, and gradually increasing the width. The fronts of the Jacket are not intended to close, but are left open to show either the waistcoat or full *chemisette* worn underneath; but by adding a little to the top part of edge of front it may be made to close.

Editor's Table.

THE GIVER OF BREAD.

THE term LADY, which is, somewhat obscurely, said to be derived from an old Saxon word (*Laf-ga*), is a simple and beautiful expression of the natural office of Woman, as Mother of the Household, for it is best interpreted by the words that compose our title—the Giver of Bread. This is a representative Idea, clearly shadowing forth the office of Woman in all the domestic and social economy, resting not only with the food that perisheth, but stretching out her hand until it becomes luminous, with the Bread of Heaven. The ministry of Woman is at once the highest and profoundest under Heaven. It reaches back into the very elements of form; it orders the unfolding both of life and character, and thus determines the power and comeliness both of body and mind. It moulds, it animates, it inspires. It begins the earliest, it reaches the farthest, and it lasts the longest of all human influences. That Woman has a nature corresponding with this high calling, we are led to believe, not only by all fairly shown facts in the case, but by universal analogy, which always adapts the power to the function. Even among savage tribes, where she is crushed down by brute force, her heart is always true to the divine instincts of humanity and justice. Nor can all the deformities and fripperies of fashionable life quite despoil her of her high prerogative. She must then be taught to disabuse herself of the false, the degrading, the profane influences, by which she is more or less surrounded. We must set before her the true Mirror of Life; not that she may behold her own outward beauty—not that she may adjust her jewels or her flounces, but that she may see the signet-ring of motherhood that clasps her right hand, and the outflowing light that bends above her forehead and crowns her queenly estate with its divine halo. Never was the power of a true womanhood so earnestly called for as at the present time. The whole spirit of the age invokes, demands it. In the hands of woman is the key that is to unfold new eras of progress and beauty, and harmony. Let her not, then, idly throw it away, and thus defer the happiness which she can, at pleasure, invoke or set aside. To be truthfully and consciously capable of meeting this crisis, she must be completely renovated, both in body and mind. She must be instructed in the laws of life and health. She must be informed of her dignities. She must be invested with her prerogatives. Our position is thus fairly defined. We are not to do battle for any merely outside rights, but to call forth inherent power—seeking, not only to unfold those fine interior graces which most truly adorn life, but that latent strength which can properly take hold of and maintain all that belongs to it. To do this, and whatever else we may find within, or beyond, of good to the Human Family—especially its unfortunate members—will come within

our legitimate field of action. The field is a broad and rich one, though as yet scarcely entered. But the New Day is opening cheerily, and with the gray light of its early dawning, we hasten to our work, happy in the hope that we, too, may achieve something for the cause of humanity.

THE readers of the HESPERIAN will, ere this comes to hand, have read in the May number, the "farewell" to them, of its highly gifted and talented Editor, Mrs. F. H. DAY. She leaves many friends, who will keenly feel the deprivation her departure occasions.

Adieu is a sad word to speak; it leaves a shade of sombre hue, that will not brighten at the spirit's bidding, and awakens memories of hours, and days, of pleasant sympathies and converse that may come to us no more.

Mrs. DAY has left for a tour in the Old World—will sojourn for a time in London and Paris, and from thence send us contributions and embellishments that will render the Magazine superior to any on the Pacific coast, and as valuable as any other in the United States.

IN examining the manuscripts for the May number we overlooked the following interesting letter from our much esteemed friend, Miss Breck, who was at that time, and is now, canvassing in behalf of the HESPERIAN. We feel, with her, grateful for the kindness and hospitality extended, and are happy to embrace this opportunity to express our acknowledgments. E. T. S.

MARYSVILLE, May 6th, 1862.

DEAR MRS. DAY:—My trip from the city here proved pleasant. I met, on the Sacramento steamer, the Rev. Mr. Benton, from Folsom, who entertained me by pleasing and instructive conversation. We do not meet with such a genial soul every day, and I, for one, always feel stronger to battle with the conflicts of life after such a spirit has crossed my path. Mr. Benton gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Brodt, of Marysville. It was one of his characteristic productions. He said: "If God helps those who help themselves, good men should do it too, so give her your hand and boost her along." This letter benefitted me very materially. Mr. Brodt extended to me his kindly aid and sympathy. He, too, is a man with a soul. You know I am inclined to doubt the immortality of *some* who call themselves *men*. I am happy to state that he has a fine, flourishing church, not only in point of membership, but the house itself is the best finished I have seen in the State. I find Marysville to be a thrifty place of some 8,000 inhabitants. The climate at this season is delightful, and the flowers are unsurpassed in any region of the world. As an evidence of the good taste of the people, I will state that they have a public garden of one year's growth which will supply one hundred bouquets per day. Mr. Linthiann, editor of the "Express," and Mr. Brooks, of the "Appeal," extended me every courtesy in their power. I hope their efforts for the public good may be as well crowned with success as they deserve to be. I have visited Mr. Booth's Foundry of this place. Mr. Booth endeavored to initiate me into the mysteries of the mechanical

world. At this institution are manufactured engines for quartz mills, agricultural implements of all kinds—in short, all of those labor-saving machines by which our nation of little more than thirty millions of freemen are enabled to perform the work of hundreds of millions. I *could* but think, as I looked upon those toilers, who by their genius are doing so much for the world, that if there is one class more than another who resemble their Creator, it is the *mechanic*. He takes from the mountains the ores that are worthless to the world in their natural state, and with them not only strengthens the nerves of the nation, but with them forms a chain which binds all the nations of the earth into one great brotherhood. But pardon me; I am wandering from what I intended to say. Mr. Booth added his name to our list of subscribers to the HESPERIAN. I was invited to lunch at his house, and when I entered into the atmosphere of his home and saw the bright, cheerful faces of his wife and noble sister, I knew at once the secret of his happiness, and the reason he was able to strew flowers over the pathway of others. Men who merge from such homes as these *cannot be bad*. They heed not the luring charms of vice; they can pass these by, strong in their own greatness. This reflection reminds me of the words of a genuine writer: "A homeless man, or a man hopeless of home, is a ruined man." The men who are fighting the battles of our country to-day are nerved by the consciousness that they are struggling to protect their firesides—the wives, mothers, and the girls they have left behind them. 'Tis this that stimulates them to superhuman effort, and I believe if they had not this incentive, many would lay down their arms in trepidation and fear.

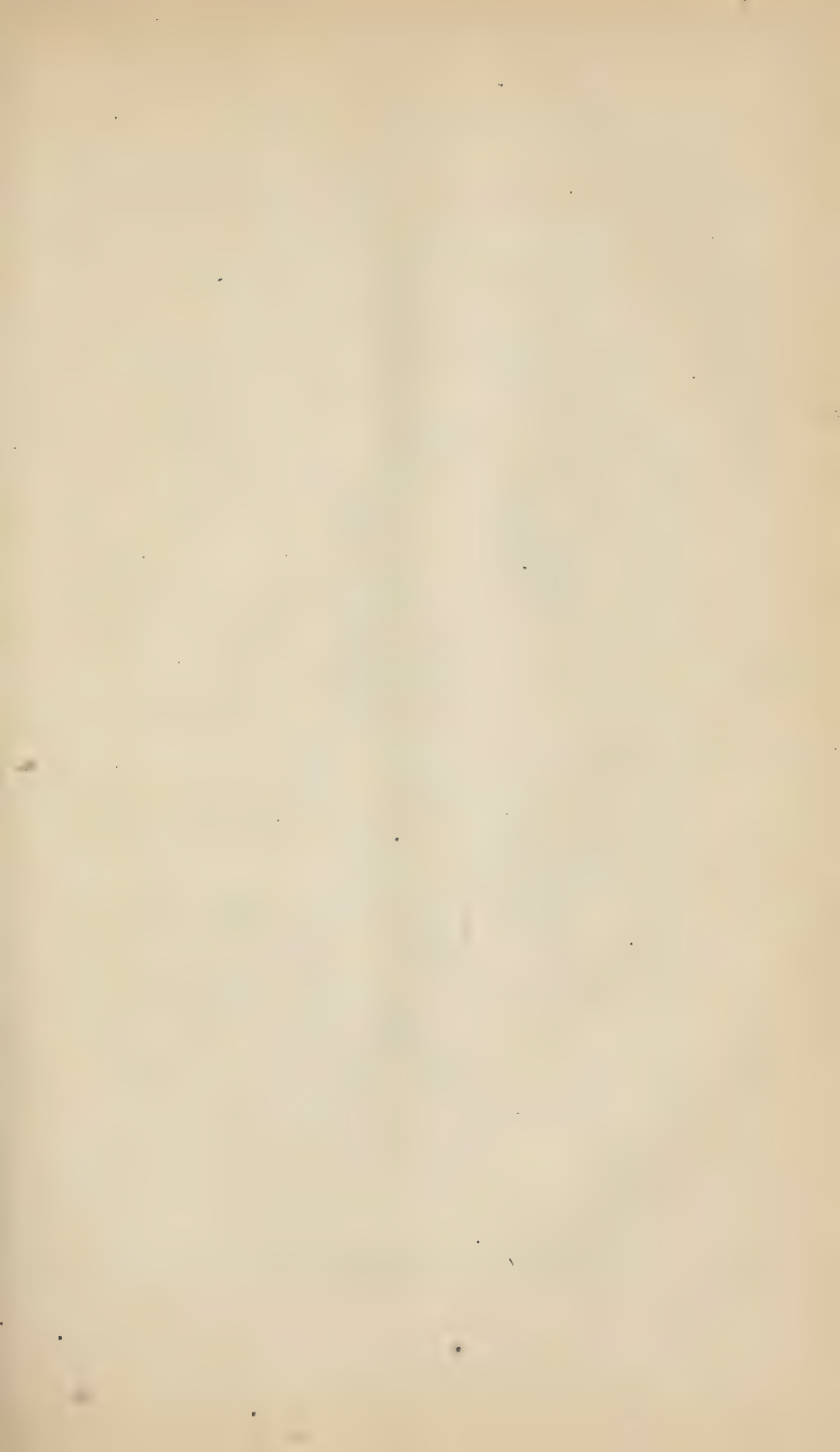
What the world needs *most* (whatever politicians may say) is the refining influence of happy *homes*, where the Godlike faculties of the soul may be expanded. Woman can there wield a power mightier than pen or sword; she can there shed a radiance of light which shall tell on future generations. But enough; I am on my winding way.

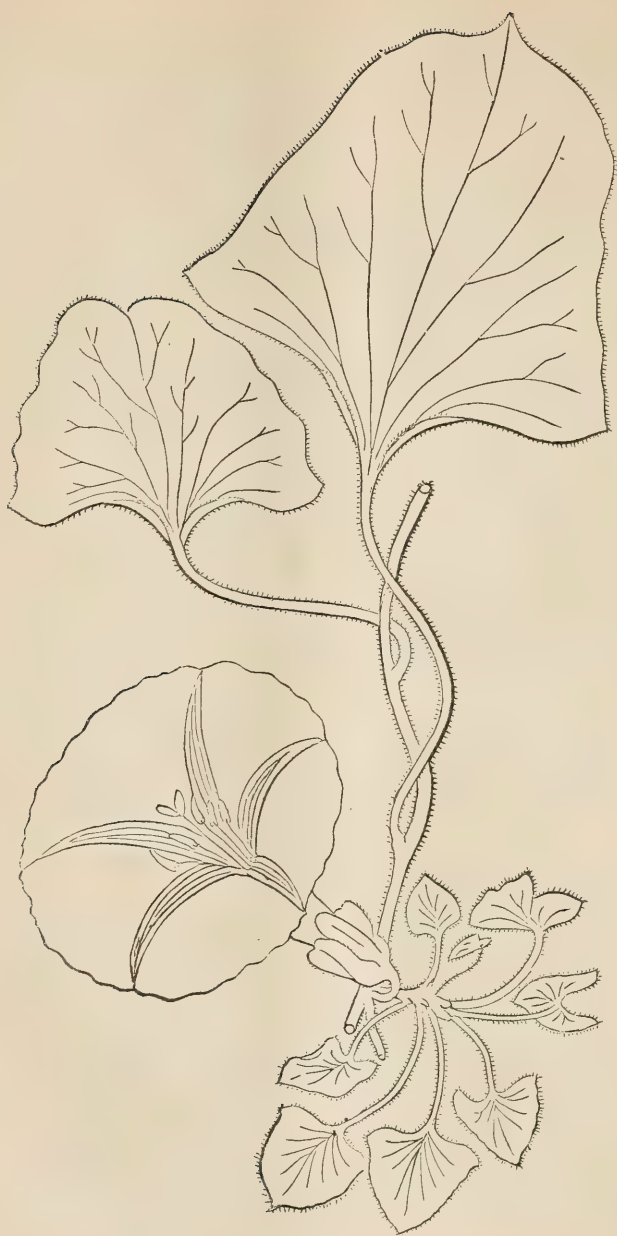
GRASS VALLEY, May 10th.

Well, here I am, amid the wild and romantic scenery of Grass Valley, in the home of Mr. Delano (or old Block), catching rays of sunshine from his genial face, and greatly enjoying the quiet, happy, influence of his good wife. We all visited a quartz-mill to-day. Mr. W——, one of the proprietors of the Empire Mill, kindly showed us the process of separating the gold from the mass of rock before us. It seems truly wonderful how, through this crushing and separating process, they can bring forth to the world such fine precious metal. The toiling millions are all working for one thing—this *yellow dust*, "The *love* of which, the wise man tells us, is the root of all evil," but after all, is necessary to carry on those great commercial transactions which move empires and indirectly govern the world, and the humble toiler, who digs beneath the soil and causes mother Earth to yield up her treasure is performing a great share toward progression.

God bless the working men,

Who rear the cities of the plain—





SPAN-LONG BRACTED BIND-WEED.



CORN-BINDWEED.

THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. VIII.] JULY AND AUGUST, 1862. [No. 5.

CLIMATE ON PHTHISIS PULMONALIS.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

THE more enlightened element of the medical profession have long since discarded the idea of treating pulmonary, or lung consumption, exclusively with drugs. In fact, I have no faith at all that drugs are of any benefit to the pulmonary patient; while I *do* most confidently believe that properly regulated air, exercise, and dietetic rules will restore to health a majority of even those cases which are considerably advanced, in an otherwise fair constitution. The latter, a judicious, suitable regulation of a wholesome diet, can be conducted in any clime; but to reap the two former—air and exercise—it is requisite for the patient to be so circumstanced, that he can possess himself of that climate which is best adapted to each and every successive stage of his disease; which at once implies and involves several important latitudinal changes, in the treatment of an advanced case. But alas! that the most lamentable view of this matter should be that many, too many, consumptives have not the pecuniary means necessary to purchase their restoration to health. But the important question is, what sections of this earth are best adapted to the cure of pulmonary consumption? This is an important question, and we will endeavor to respond to it calmly, and impartially, and as minutely as our brief limits will admit. My limits are altogether too short to discuss all the climatic qualities suitable to every stage of pulmonary disease. The subject under consideration is one which the medical faculty in times past have been very much in error

upon. The old idea that "A life on the ocean wave," was *the* life for the consumptive, has proven fatal to thousands upon thousands of ill-advised victims. A very few cases are benefitted by a trip to sea; and even those cases will reap all the advantages from a trip of six days, that can be obtained from that source; whereas on the other hand, should the trip prove injurious, a longer voyage than six days, would, perhaps, seal the victim's doom. In fact, my conscience would never suffer me to send a pulmonary patient of mine on any oceanic voyage where he could not be landed on the second, or third day, should he desire to be; for salt water voyages are *positive* in their effects upon consumptives. When they prove advantageous, improvement is very rapid; and when they prove injurious, decline is correspondingly speedy.

The undulating motion of the boat, as it smoothly glides over the waves, is an excellent exercise for the consumptive patient, where it produces but little or no sea-sickness. I believe sea-sickness to be very injurious; and yet but a few years have elapsed since it was made the basis for a recommendation for a sea voyage. Very high medical authority in times past, were firm advocates of treating pulmonary consumption with emetics. That class of physicians essayed to prove that a mild emetic administered every morning was exceedingly beneficial by removing irritating substances; and they plead that sea-sickness accomplished that little item in the treatment, without the aid of ipecac. False position—all wrong.

The idea that "a life on the ocean wave," or a life on the ocean beach, or a life even anywhere within old Ocean's climatic range, for the consumptive invalid, is all wrong, fatally wrong. An interior climate, beyond the influence of the ocean, is far less prolific of pulmonary disease, than in any sea-board vicinage. As regards the comparative merits of the two ocean shores on this continent, the Pacific is as far superior to the Atlantic, as the brightest day is lighter than the darkest night; but Minnesota is far preferable to either. In the immediate vicinage of this coast, the winters are too wet, and the summers are subject to too sudden, and violent transitions. Were it not for the excessive tran-

sitions of atmospheric temperature, this coast might be equal to Minnesota, during the summer season ; but as it is, it is far inferior. Were the changes no worse than one day hot, and the next cold, it would do very well ; but it is far, far worse, for example, to wit : At 9 o'clock A. M., it will be oppressively hot, and at 2 o'clock P. M., the wind will be blowing a hurricane ; and perhaps at six we will be enveloped in a cold, damp, briny fog. The best human system in existence cannot accommodate itself to so many, and violent changes in so brief a space of time. The heat in the morning gets the perspiration to flowing beautifully, when the cold two hours afterwards arrests it instantaneously, and the weak lungs are loaded down with an unbearable weight of foreign matter which the perspiratory organs should have thrown off. In the great Sacramento Valley, the concentrated density of effluvium constantly emanating from the vast sea of decomposing vegetable matter, exercises such an enervating, depressing influence upon consumptives as to render that the most unfavorable climate for that class of patients on this side of the continent. Then we have still another distinct climate in this State which I consider well worthy of notice—the summit of the Sierra Nevada—and having resided there six years, I ought to be able to speak of its advantages, and disadvantages, understandingly. The summit of the Sierra Nevada—say that portion which lies from ten thousand, to thirteen thousand feet in altitude—enjoys one advantage to a greater extent than any other location on this continent, to wit : it is the dryest. It cannot properly be said to have a wet season at all. During the Spring, Summer, and Fall, of course there is no storm there more than there is elsewhere in California ; and during the winter season it snows nearly all the time, but it is of such a light, dry character, in consequence of the great altitude, that it keeps the atmosphere in just about a wholesome state—never wet. But after all, it has its objections for consumptives—the air is altogether too rare to properly inflate weak lungs, in consequence of the great elevation of the country. It is subject to the least changes of any climate that I ever saw.

The Rev. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn., thus speaks

of Minnesota : "I went to Minnesota early in July, and remained there until the latter part of the May following. I had spent a winter in Cuba without benefit. I had spent, also, nearly a year in California, making a gain in the dry season, and a partial loss in the wet season ; returning, however, sufficiently improved to resume my labors. Breaking down again from this only partial recovery, I made the experiment now of Minnesota ; and submitting myself, on returning, to a very rigid examination by a physician who did not know at all what verdict had been passed by other physicians before, he said in accordance with their opinion, 'You have had a difficulty in the right lung, but it is healed.' I had suspected from my symptoms, that it might be so, and the fact appears to be confirmed by the further fact that I have been slowly, though irregularly gaining all the summer." But no consumptive should trust exclusively to any climate for his recovery. Proper exercise will assist much. The very best form of exercise that I am acquainted with, is swinging the arms backward. A little exercise will enable anyone to meet the backs of their hands together behind them in the same way that they place the insides together in front of them. It is a form of exercise which developes the lungs wonderfully. But I am not writing a regular treatment of pulmonary phthisis, and having given my opinion of which is the most suitable climate for that class of patients on this continent, I will close.

PETALUMA, July 4th, 1862.

LIFE is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guests to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.

THAT was a fearful prayer of the infidel sailor in danger of shipwreck : "O God, *if* there be a God, save my soul, *if* I have a soul ! But there is a sublimity and beauty in that of the soldier, on the eve of battle : "O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do not thou forget me !"

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

FROM AN ENGLISH POEM.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream,

And a "Churchman" down to the river came :
And I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop ; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer ;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide ;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the Church*" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of sober hue was made :
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat ;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"

"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."

"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now.

And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,

Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new.
That is the false and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then :
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men ;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the women keep silence all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side ;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MMS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness."

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

TRUE Politeness of manners, is nothing but the outward manifestation of Christian humility and charity in a *cultivated* mind.

THE ORIGIN OF WAR.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

IN very early times, quite beyond the reach of tradition, there dwelt upon the Rocky Mountains a large company of Red Men. At length certain persons among them felt a great desire for travel, and to remove from their brethren where there would be more room. But before separating, they put marks on themselves, each person according to his family, that when they should return, they might be distinguished from those who had been left behind; this was the origin of marks and scars. They then held a great feast, and at the end, the Prophet of the people spoke, and told them that if they wished to preserve their purity, they must refrain from eating shell-fish, and keep their food free from the mingling of blood. So they departed, and wandered away until they came to the big waters in the east, and there they sat themselves down. The country was rich and beautiful, and they increased mightily.

But when they saw the shell-fish, the oysters, and the muscles, they forgot the words of the ancient prophet, and they ate; and so, while they were nourished in the body, they lost their integrity of soul. They also mingled blood with their food; and they were corrupted from the purity of their fathers, and became gross and sensual. After living on this way more than eleven hundred years, they resolved to return to their brethren in the Mountains. So once more they turned toward the setting sun. After many months of hard wayfaring, they again stood in the midst of their brethren, in the great mountain hills of their fathers. But they who had still preserved their purity, stood aloof.

They freely offered them their hospitality, but refused to admit them to their feasts or their councils. The Prophets told them they must return and put away the evil thing; and if after many hundred years of a true life, they should become purged of their grossness, they might return, to be accepted and welcomed to the bosom of their former brethren. Once more they depart-

ed ; but when they came again into the land of their former feastings, their appetites prevailed, and they forgot the words of the Prophet in this practice, which had now a double power to degrade them. After many hundred years more, the animal nature grew very strong. Then a certain Hunter dreamed that a spirit, as of a beautiful virgin, came to him, and told him there was a dangerous enemy at hand, and they must arm themselves, and prepare for defence. She then told him how to make the bow and arrow, and how to fashion the war-club. She also instructed him in certain arts and exercises which would further arouse and develop this power. The Hunter, as soon as he arose from his dream, went forth and procured a heavy and knotted piece of wood, and made the war-club. He then, from suitable materials, shaped the bow and arrow. Then he painted, and adorned them with feathers. Shortly after, during the absence of the Hunter, a stranger came to the lodge, and told his wife that he had brought great good for her husband ; but before he could impart his secret, she must break his bow and burn his war-club. So she complied. He then said that the Hunter must come to the running brook near by, and to the great tree that stood on its banks, and then he could meet him. The man went ; and the stranger met and slew him. When the Hunter came not back, his wife called her two sons and sent them forth to seek their father. They found the strangers and destroyed them. Thus they had learned war, and never again did they lose it.

“THE kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo here ! or Lo there ! for behold, the kingdom of God is *within you*.”

“MAN, during his abode in this world, ought not to omit the practice of external worship, for by external worship things *internal* are excited, and by external worship things external are kept in a state of sanctity, so that internal things can flow in.”

JEHOVAH assumed the human, that he might redeem and save men. Thus, God became man, and man God, in one person.

M Y H A R P .

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

Neglected harp ! thy strings
Are all untuned and still ;
No willing effort brings
The old remembered thrill
That wildly swept along,
In days now passed away,
When careless, happy song,
Rang out, with accents gay.

The cares of life have worn,
Deep furrows on my brow,
And thou, my harp forlorn,
Hast no more charming now ;
Mute are thy tones, which oft
Have soothed some weary hour,
And all thy breathings soft,
Have long since lost their pow'r.

Yet still, in evening time,
When balmy breezes play,
Some joyous youthful rhyme,
Of life's bright gala day,
Will steal upon my heart,
And seem to touch thy strings
So deftly, that I start
To think that Time had wings.

DEATH treads in pleasure's footsteps, when pleasure treads
the paths which reason shuns.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak—*to* whom you speak—
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

R U T H M A Y .

BY FANNY GREEN.

IN an old and miserable house on Beekman street, seated in a chair corresponding with the height of the window, was a fine looking matron, working hurriedly at a silk dress. Her head was of a highly intellectual cast ; and so delicate and lady-like did she appear, I might have believed her one of her own customers. Over a table a little way off leaned a pale and tender girl, who, from the whole character of her person and expression, was evidently daughter of the first. The paper on which she had been sketching was cast aside, and a picture having been taken from a portfolio was placed before her. With a look of weariness, almost of disgust, she proceeded to round the sharp lines and soften the harsh coloring. One might see at a glance that this drawing had been the work of less skillful hands than her own ; for she was striving, with the facile touches of a cunning and ready pencil, to hide and overrule the defects of a previous worker. This was no other than Ruth May, the proper heroine of our coming story.

To say that she was beautiful would convey but a very incompetent idea of the effect she produced on every intelligent observer. Her physical form most happily illustrated that philosophy which makes the body but the clothing of the spirit ; for the delicate outline, the soft coloring, the large, deep, changeable blue eyes, the expansive brow, the golden hair, and every speaking lineament united to form a pure and exquisite transparency, by which the mind was not only symbolized, but through which the soul shone with the radiant clearness of an in-dwelling sun. Yet how few are able to appreciate such characters. Happy are they if their steps are led even through the sorest trial, to such as recognize and value them.

Her present occupation told that she was a teacher of drawing—one of those unfortunate persons who are doomed with infinite labor to engraft their own delicate limnings on the coarse

daubs of grown up misses, whose vulgarity, or entire want of artistic skill and conception first spoil the picture for people of taste, while the very fineness and delicacy of thought in the teacher spoil it again for those who are to be its final judges. And thus the poor work, predestined to a double martyrdom, is hung up amid gaudy pictures in some showy room, where the wondering guests are told how much better it would have been if the taste and genius of the young lady herself could have been consulted a little more in its execution.

Alas! that bright flush on the pallid cheek appears more like the bloom of hectic fever than the rich glow of health, making it too clearly probable that her home is not here; and that the tender, loving and lovely spirit will ere long recover its wings, and flee away to be at rest. She was a sad, and yet a happy sight—sad, that this great earth, with all its beauty and all its wealth may so poorly cherish one so gentle and so fair—yet happy, that by right of heirship in humanity she will find a better home, where there is neither coldness, nor scorn, nor unkindness, and where her beautiful head may repose in the bosom of angels.

Such were the feelings with which I first regarded her; but I did not then reflect that while the oak is riven by the tempest, the tender osier beneath, bows its head to the blast only to rise again unhurt, and even strengthened by the storm. Such a reactive power often exists where it is least expected; and with it our heroine was pre-eminently gifted. But I anticipate.

That Mrs. May was a widow might be seen in her single hurried glance at a fine picture; hurried, and yet how much it took in, during that brief suspension of the busy needle. The painting was of a young man, but by its mellow coloring, and antique drapery it must have been wrought many years since; and from the strong likeness to the girl, might have been recognized as her father. Mrs. May had been a happy wife; for as she paused a moment from her labor, that dress gown for the evening's party, which she should work unremittingly, to finish, hung for an instant over her knee forgotten; and she was looking at the canvas fondly and lovingly, as if the husband of her youth in the spirit still dwelt there. She had flown back to the pleasant

places of her early joy, forgetting all the cold and cruel necessities of the present.

The apartments occupied by these two individuals was made to fulfill all that might be claimed of parlor, kitchen, work-shop, and reception-room. But notwithstanding the various demands on its capacity, it was kept with the severest neatness; and in its furnishing details a few surviving wrecks of better days were mingled with the absolute necessities of the present. The whole effect of the arrangement bespoke comfort, and was not devoid of elegance. How much of good taste may be displayed in cheap trifles, and even in the disposition of wooden-seated chairs and pine tables.

As Ruth worked on, a tear fell on the clear blue sky she was just giving to the sketch—typical, it might be, of the tears that should overcast and mar the beauty of her own heaven. This thought was, in some wise, shared by another observer.

A fine-looking Irish woman, with fair hair, and a face genial and sunny as a June day, stood with her hand on the door-lock, as if she had been in the act of departure. Yet she lingered, and her eyes were fixed on the girl with an expression of intense interest. She stood silent a short time, and then spoke with a quick utterance, but in a low tone of voice, as if thinking aloud rather than addressing another:—

“Bad luck to the thing that makes ye cry, or graives ye at all at all, any how! Sure t’s no place for the likes o’ ye haere, for wouldn’t ye be the brightest angel in Hiven, an’ no shame to the angels, naither!”

Ruth wiped her eyes, looking up with a sweet but sad smile, and her mother at the same time turned aside from her work, which had, as generally happens in elaborate finishing, detained her much longer than she had anticipated with its numerous last touches. She turned it over with a nervous and hurried motion, as if she feared to detect some other unfinished point, and was in the act of overcasting, as she believed, the last seam, when the neighbor’s remark fell on her ear.

She glanced quickly from the speaker to her daughter, her tired and faint expression of face quickened for the moment by a

thought of intense pain. As her weary eye rested on the girl, perceiving the agitation which entire absorption in her own work had, until then, hindered her from seeing, she exclaimed, "My poor child! you are not as well as usual to-day!"

Then, after regarding her for a moment with a deeply sorrowful and boding look, she added, "You are really ill! Come my love, throw aside that ugly daub. You can never make anything of it, and why will you try?"

"Why, mother?" answered Ruth, looking up with an expression of quiet and determined suffering nearly allied to despair,— "why, but that I may share the burden that is too heavy to rest wholly on you?" and she added after a short pause, while a shiver passed over her slight frame, "if you *must* perish by the severity of unpaid labor, that I may die with you."

"Your once hopeful nature seems to be changing, my love," responded Mrs. May, regarding her anxiously. "Are you not looking forward to a day of respite for us both? A happy day that will be, my child; and in the meantime let us get along quietly and trustingly as possible. Now, as a friend, let me advise—nay, as a mother, who has a claim to obedience and expects it," she added, playfully withdrawing the sketch from the table, and passing a hand soothingly over the changing cheek, which had turned from scarlet to an ashy paleness, and then back to a deep crimson hue, "I forbid you to work any more to-day. My anxiety for you, as I have often told you, not only adds to my cares, but deprives me of the strength necessary to meet them. Besides, you are doing no good. Your delicate touches and soft coloring, will not, and cannot, disguise all that glare and coarseness. It grieves me to the heart to see you wearing yourself out with so small reward—so little hope!"

"You know, dear mother, that Mrs. Bennett has promised to recommend me to her friends, and to use her influence in getting me pupils, if I succeed in—in—"

"Infusing brain and good taste into her brainless and vulgar daughters," suggested Mrs. May. "But I am losing all faith in that ostentatious parade of kindness, and I have come to believe that the good feeling for which I once gave her credit, so far as

to tolerate her rudeness, is but a coarse and flimsy veil thrown over the grossest selfishness. And besides, my love, the people she is familiar with, however rich they may be, must yet be low-bred and vulgar like herself; and depend on it, my child, she could never open to you a sphere where you could be either appreciated or rewarded properly. Therefore I doubt, not only her will, but her power to serve you. If she brings you into any notice, I fear it will be from such as will be most likely to complete the work she has begun; who, by their exorbitant demands, and meagre acknowledgements, will sap your strength, and rob you entirely of health, heart, and hope. I can suffer this no longer. You are losing vigor and spirits every day."

"Do not, O, do not, dear mother, deprive me of the little hope I have," responded Ruth, bursting into tears.

"Nay, my love," returned Mrs. May, "I would inspire you with a better and higher hope. Let us try and get you well;" she added, drawing the girl to her bosom, and kissing the tears from her glowing cheek, "and then, I doubt not, we shall find some situation."

Ruth sobbed piteously, but said nothing; for she began fully to comprehend the frailty of the reed—nay, the very straw on which she had leaned, for lack of other prop to her almost outwearied hope. It is a fearful thing for the young to find any trust shaken, but especially one invested with such tremendous consequences, amounting very nearly to life or death. But there was a latent strength in the mind of Ruth, which, lying covert under her extreme gentleness, would often surprise one with its sudden uprising. She quickly wiped her tears away, and putting aside her work, said "What shall I do to please you, dearest mother?"

"Get 'The Flower,' my love, and read to me awhile," answered Mrs. May. "Come, my dear, you know I have this other dress to alter. It must be done by eight o'clock. But if you read to me my work will get on much more rapidly. There is a soothing power in your voice that quiets my nervous irritability. Besides, the book is to be returned to-morrow, and we shall lose the reading of it if we do not take it up now."

"Do, do! dear mother! let me help you on with your work

first! I fear you will not—indeed I know you cannot finish it alone.”

“Do not, my child, increase my perplexity by these anxious fears on your account; or I shall be able to do nothing,” replied Mrs. May. Then turning to the neighbor, who yet lingered on the threshold, she said, “Come, Mrs. Connal, you are a mother and must know my feelings; help me to persuade this naughty girl of mine.”

“Ah, it’s the pleasant things she ought to be doin’, and nothin’ ilse, sure!” responded the latter.

“Mother,” said Ruth, rising suddenly, and looking earnestly in the face of her she addressed, “I have now no other in the wide world to love me or care for me but you; and certainly I ought to do as you wish!”

“No other! my child!” repeated Mrs. May, in accents of wild alarm. “No other to love or care for you?”

“Not yet—I cannot tell you yet—!” and gasping out these words, the poor girl wrung her arms round her mother, and then left the room.

“Ah, there’s somethin’ in the heart like—somethin’ forbye the labor, misthress May!” said the Irish friend. “Depind on’t, there’s somethin’ goin’ wrong in that young brist!”

“I am astonished at what you say—at what she said; but still more at my own stupidity in not having perceived something of this before,” said Mrs. May.

“I’ve watched her these two munts,” pursued the other, “an’ she’s niver the same she was, when she’d use to be singin’ all day long, till the birds themsilves would listen to larn her music—if any birds could hear her through all these ugly brick walls—bad joy to thim I say, an’ a tumble down into the bargain, just for shuttin’ out the bright sun and frish air—as if the rich ones that built them up so high would lock hiven itself, wid its bright light and its frish air, to kaep it away from the poor. But wasn’t the darlint happy whin she’d be givin’ a bit o’ cake or a lump o’ candy to Bridget, or Pat, or Maggy, or tachin’ thim to read as naither father nor mother can do, in the purty primer she’s give them. Why the childers thimsilves has saen the

change. What did little Denny say to me the day, as I was plaitin' the frill or Mr. Bennet's shirt? Bad standin' to him that would'nt give his poor neighbors rist for the soles o' their feet—him that's wringin' the swit from the face o'the poor—bad luck to his hard heart, I say, for he niver'll give the price for the labor that'll light the fire or muke the swit come widout the work, anyhow, lettin' alone a bit for the young uns, and lavin' dthrink intirely out o' the quistion. An' what did little Denny say but, 'Miss Ruthy did'nt tell us stories now, mother, honey! An' if she tills us any they meks us cry, an' not laugh an' glad's they used! An' her chaek is pale forbye. Is Miss Ruthy sick—an' *is* she, mother dear?' "

The speaker was not interrupted, for her one hearer had neither will nor power to do so, and she went on:—

"But, Misthress May, there *is* somethin' wrong come over the heart o' the young thing, that ye may depind on. Sure she's niver looked up sin the day Misther Spencer was haere last."

She paused again, as if conscious of having reached a tender point, which the intuition of a naturally delicate mind led her to perceive, and unfailing womanly tact helped her to suggest without offence. "Are ye sure," she continued, drawing near, and speaking in a lower tone—"are ye sure it's nothin' concernin' him, like? Och! it's the writch that could thrifle wid a born angel like her desarnes the fire an' brimstun an' an etarnity to himself along wid it, forbye!"

Notwithstanding the idea of ultra vengeance couched in the above expression, the countenance of the speaker showed that she would be one of the last among human judges that would ever inflict a severe or protracted suffering on a fellow creature; for its broad-beaming and frank expression indicated a heart full and absolutely running over with good nature and benevolence.

Mrs. May had let her work fall, and was sitting with clasped hands, while a rapid succession of ideas, yet all painful, seemed displacing each other in her mind as she hurried from fact to fact, gathering from each succeeding one still stronger evidence of the dreadful truth.

[To be continued.]

THE BETTER GIFT.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Along the ever-changing measure
Of Life's dædalion, mazy round,
Oh who the fair and glittering treasure
That charms the inward soul hath found ?
Oh who from out the dim ordeal
Hath seized the dazzling, bright ideal ?

O'er rugged paths where Fame is wreathing
Victorious brows with garlands fair,
To Eden-bowers where love is breathing
Her spirit forth in melting prayer—
Oh who upon the soul's bright pinion
Hath soared into the charmed dominion ?

Her gifts proud Fortune e'er bestowing
On those who wait to grasp the prize,
Whose waning stars are ever showing
The fickle radiance of her skies—
Oh, Child of Light ! Beloved of Heaven !
A fairer boon to you is given !

Let not thy plumes with beauty glowing
Droop where the darkening shadows spring—
But o'er the river's purple flowing
Unfold thy bright, triumphant wing !
Call forth the latent spark that slumbers,
And tune thy soul to burning numbers !

May Truth's fair image, like a mirror,
Reflect thy spirit's inner light !
Whose radiance shall eclipse forever
Dim forms within the Realms of Night—
Oh rise from out thy gloomy prison,
And slake thy thirst from founts elysian !

Dost hear the low and silvery leaping
Along the banks of crystal streams,
That o'er thy charmed soul is creeping,
In soft ambrosial-haunting dreams ?
Then let the earth drawn veil be riven,
And soar into the liquid heaven !

Dost hear the warbling of the fountain,
Whose music melts upon the breeze ?

Hast seen the golden-crested mountain
Where blooms the fragrant Eden-trees ?
Then swell the song with beauty laden,
Fresh-wafted from the fields of Aiden !

Oh who hath rent the veil of ether,
And gazed into the liquid blue,
And quenched his spirit's burning fever
From living founts of balmy dew—
Far up the starry vault ascending,
Where scene with gorgeous scene is blending ?

Dost hear aloft the joyous chanting
Down-wafted from the angel-choir,
Whose blissful strains thy sadness haunting,
Uplifts from earth thy lone desire ?
Then grasp the harp with glowing fingers,
And swell the joy that round thee lingers !

Oh, Child of Song ! of Golden Vision !
Whose flight from summer-realms afar,
To the Lone Pilgrim on his mission
Hast ever been the Guiding Star—
Oh Child of Song ! to you is given
To touch the Magic-Key of Heaven !

For you fair Nature's face is glowing,
Melodious her music springs—
On you her secret lore bestowing,
Deep-hidden from the pride of kings ;
Oh, charm thy spirit from its sadness,
And chant her morning hymn of gladness !

Swell forth her songs in varied measure !
Breathe out the low and melting strain !
Guard well the pure and sacred treasure,
If thou the sunny height would gain—
And from the dim and shadowy real,
Seek thy soul's Divine Ideal !

HE is indeed the wisest and the happiest man, who by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunities of good, and, with ardent and animated resolution, breaks through every opposition, that he may *improve* those opportunities.

NATIVE JALAP.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

[For Illustrations see pp. 192-3.]

As Prof. Lindley remarks, the best sort of Jalap is obtained from a beautiful twiner with long crimson flowers, (*Exogonium purga*), found in Mexico. The article of commerce is, however, collected from many other plants of the same natural family.

The roots of our common native species may, undoubtedly, be used with nearly equal advantage. Known, as these facts may be to the medical profession, the public in general are not sufficiently familiar with the forms of the plants here alluded to. Knowledge, to be properly available, often requires a completeness that banishes doubt and inspires confidence, especially with regard to the means which concern life and health. Useful plants may be relatively associated with some poisonous members of the same family; and they are not always easily distinguished—e. g., the poison called *Guaco* in Mexico, is a species of Morning-glory, like those we propose to illustrate.

Our first plant here figured, (page 192), is the *Calystegia spithamea*. Often variable both in size and form, owing to locality, and perhaps to seasons. The plant, it will be seen, has twin flower-stems from the same fork or axil of the leaf, (one of which is cut off). It is frequently seen with merely a condensed tuft of little leaves, apparently without any stem; in this state of growth it may be the plant described as *Convulvulus sub-acaulis*.

It very much resembles another smooth stemmed species, with kidney-shaped leaves and solitary flowers, found along the sandy sea-shore—of which we have no sketch prepared—*C. solanella*, or *C. reniformis*, a variety of the same).

The flower is remarkably large, whitish or flesh-colored, and changing to purplish. We find much difficulty in obtaining a specimen this season, whereas a year ago it was quite common.

Our second outline sketch is the *C. sepium*, a beautiful peren-

nial woody twiner, growing in favorable locations, from twenty to thirty feet in height, and blooming nearly the whole year round; the flowers, it is true, are not so gayly-colored as the common annual Morning-glory, but being perennial in this climate, and clothed to some extent with winter verdure, it will undoubtedly become a native favorite for lattice training. Indeed, a few of our worthy



WILD MORNING-GLORY.

citizens have already cultivated this ornamental vine about their residences. The flowers are whitish or of a pale pinkish blush, on axillary stems about twice as long as the leaves, and from one to three on each; slightly angular near the opposite minute leafy bracts. The stem and leaves smooth, (except on each side of the groove of the leaf stem, which is rough), upper portion of the vine covered with a delicate bloom.

Flowers opening in the morning and in foggy and cloudy weather. The plant as growing does not agree in all points with the descriptions; from which we conclude it is very variable.

A small teaspoonful of the expressed juice, says Haller, is an active hydragogue purgative in dropsies. A substitute for scammony, styled German scammony. An ounce and a half of the extract of the root, with aloes two drachms, and ginger one drachm, act with ease, where cathartics are needed.

The third figure, (page 193), is the *Convolvulus arvensis*; or Field Bindweed.

An introduced plant—a pernicious interloper—almost justi-

fyng the application of a phrase used on another occasion, "and behold, Satan came also." It behooves the farmer to use all diligence to destroy this pest, as it is very tenacious of vitality, having a perennial root and also easily distributed by slips, with the plow, which take root readily and grow so abundantly, as often to choak and destroy whole crops. It would be very impolitic in us to dwell upon its pretty flowers, lest we be denounced also.

AN ELECTRICAL LADY.—A respectable physician, in a number of *Silliman's Journal*, relates the following curious account of an *Electrical Lady*. He states, that on the evening of January 28th, 1839, during a somewhat extraordinary display of northern lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity, as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the end of each finger to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months, during which time she was constantly charged, and giving off electrical sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexacious, as she could not touch the stove, nor any metallic utensils, without first giving off an electrical spark, with the consequent twinge. The state most favorable to this phenomenon, was an atmosphere of about eighty degrees Fahrenheit, moderate exercise, and social enjoyment. It disappeared in any atmosphere approaching zero, and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the stove, reading, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or four a minute; and under the most favorable circumstances, a spark that could be seen, heard, or felt, passed every second! She could charge others in the same way, when insulated, who could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it, it was changed to cotton and woollen without altering the phenomenon. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and delicate state of health, having for two years previously suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections, with peculiar symptoms.

THE MUSICIAN'S LAST HOUR.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The good old man lay dying. Soft and cool
Played the light summer breeze among the leaves
Of a deep foliaged tree, that cast its shade
Into the window of his quiet room.
It made a rustling whisper like the hush
Of a fond mother o'er her sleeping babe.
And all were still—yet many friends were there,
Who oft had hung enchanted, on the sounds
Flowing from those pale lips, springing like thought
Beneath the touch of those thin stirless fingers.
He slept—how calm ! and oh ! methinks he dreamed !
He dreamed of starry music—of the spheres
Making rich harmony—of seraph's harps,
Thrilling and trembling to the heavenly plumes
That fanned their golden wires. He heard the song
Of cherubim, symphonious, faint and low ;
For soft he smiled, and seemed intent to hear—
He heard the choir of angels, loud and full,
Pouring a flood of music ; for he stirred
With restless fervor, and his eyelids rose.
'Twas but the breeze disquieting his slumber—
Throwing the branches of the leafy tree
Against the lattice—freshening as the ray
Of sunset deepened, Its first, low-sounding tones
Had mingled with his fancy, and he dreamed
Of gentle cadence : when it louder swelled
He heard the angel chorus, and awoke !

Turning his feeble gaze upon the forms
That stood around, subdued to breathless awe,
He seemed to seek for some dear countenance.
The inquiring look was answered—for a girl,
As lovely as the seraph of his dream,
With voice as charming, to his pillow leaned
And sobbed : " What wilt thou with me, oh ! my father ?"
" I'm dying, Ella, dying ! play an air
Upon thy harp—its chords I would hear thrill
With the deep music which I taught and loved,
And still love next to thee, mine own, and Heaven !"
The maiden went, and with a faltering step

Approached her harp. She lightly touched the strings,
Prelusive to some strain, as sad and solemn
As the lone swan's first but last warbled song.
Sudden the old man rose. His dim eye lightened ;
His hands he threw as if in rapid flight.
Across the chords, and clearly spoke—" Not so !
Not so ! my daughter—not a mournful theme ;
For I would triumph over Death, and soar
Victorious as a conqueror to his throne !
Be it a *martial air* !"

The maiden paused
A moment only ; for new courage flashed
O'er her bright brow—and Inspiration, caught
From her great father's spirit, gave her power
To sweep the chords with firm and brilliant hand.
She played a Triumph, such as Miriam sung,
When Israel's rescued armies passed the sea !

The sunset's latest beams streamed broadly in
Upon the old man's couch. His visage shone
As if the portals of the sky were thrown
Apart before his sway. The harp still flung
Majestic music on his raptured ear ;
And with the utterance of a mighty strain,
He fell upon his pillow—and was still !
His soul had floated on that wave of sound
To Heaven !

THOSE who sincerely desire to be in the stream of Providence, will be carried onwards by it, through every moment to the end of life. There may be seasons of anxiety and doubt ; there may be times of trouble and affliction ; but all these things are overruled for the ultimate good of those who keep the Lord before them, and swerve not willingly from the path of duty. Be it our wisdom, therefore, as it is our duty, to submit to the laws of Divine order, and all things shall work together for our eternal good.

ONE cannot benefit others, without being benefitted in return.

MRS. GRISCOM'S LEGACY.

The new moon of a rather frosty October evening glanced lustrously between the sweeping folds of crimson curtains looped on either side of the deep bay windows that lighted Mrs. Griscom's drawing-room. In a high-backed, carved and cushioned chair, not unlike a throne, sat the lady of the mansion, her feet resting upon a footstool, and an ornamental screen placed between herself and the blazing wood fire.

She was a noticeable woman, her noble, muscular frame—her erect position, the ample spread of garment and grand effective repose of limb and feature, made her seem not unlike some queen giving audience to her court, whereas but one solitary individual occupied that great room beside herself, and this person was a niece who resided with her.

Mrs. Griscom's toilette was always made with care, whether she had guests present to admire her *tournure* or not, and the draping of her satin of russet hue, rich with the sheen of embroidered flowers and relieved upon the corsage and sleeves with white lace of exquisite texture, set off to fine advantage her distinguished appearance.

The features of this lady's face harmonized with her person, being large and distinctively marked, the lineaments bespeaking a haughty determined nature. Yet a certain softness mellowed her countenance. It may have been the twilight of old age that spread this tender light upon the otherwise harsh aspect.

The soft, silver white hair, only partly covered by a head-dress, was arranged in puffs around her lofty forehead, and added to the regal venerableness of her presence.

Beside a small table with her long jewelled fingers engrossed in fashioning a delicate piece of embroidery, sat the other occupant of the apartment.

The young moon enthroned in the amber-tinted sky, to whom she ever and anon threw a friendly glance, seemed a type of this young girl's mind—a girl-queen newly crowned—timid under

the responsibility, yet eager from conscious power to bear the weight of the royal tiara. A physiognomist might trace a resemblance to the aunt in the proud face of Gertrude Congreve, but the squareness of visage, the muscular fashion of jaw and cheek bone were lacking. Gertrude, with her tall graceful rounded form, heavy hair, and pale intellectual countenance, impressed the beholder as an elegant, high-born lady—a willful, imperious lady too, some persons thought her.

“Gertrude,” said her aunt, renewing a conversation which they had both tacitly dropped for a time, that the excited feelings which the topic had engendered might subside—“You will live to see your attachment to Colonel Thorn in its true light as a gross infatuation.”

“It may be as you say aunt,” replied Gertrude, throwing an ennuied glance across her shoulder at the queenly crescent visible through the window—“but with all deference permit me to say that your friendship for Mr. Knightly appears to me as much an infatuation.”

“But, Gertrude you forget I have long known and esteemed the Knightly family. Gerald Knightly inherits his father’s noblest traits of character than whom a truer friend or more exalted mind never lived; I know in his attachment to you his son is not prompted by mercenary motives, as a clergyman he is beloved and worshipped by his people, his living is one of the finest in the district, and it is because he loves you for yourself alone that I wish to see you united, then I could leave you, and meet my end in peace.”

“Pray let the grievous question drop; as to my marrying a prose commonplace clergyman, the idea is insupportable, and as to mercenary views Colonel Thorn is as far removed from such an imputation as the king himself might be, if he sought my hand.”

“Gertrude, my child,” said her aunt, heaving a compassionate sigh, “it is only as my heiress that Colonel Thorn seeks your hand.”

“Oh aunt, it is unbearable!” exclaimed Gertrude, rising to her feet, and for some time she paced up and down the length of

the drawing-room in unrestful silence ; pausing at length, she approached her aunt, and said impressively, " You are mistaken, greatly mistaken and unjustly prejudiced against him—he cares nothing for my prospective wealth, you yourself can judge if it is not so ; when I mentioned to him your fears in this particular he solemnly vowed—" here she paused, and the warm blood mounted her cheek at the thought of repeating to an unsympathising ear, words which had so thrilled her own heart ; subduing her sensation with a hurried effort she proceeded ; " he said if I were heiress of no other estate than Denwood Manor, he would claim me as his bride."

" Denwood Manor ! did he say that Gertrude. He is a bold, bad man, and it is but fair to give his valor a trial. How dare he mention the place, the Infidel ? I wonder God's judgment did not strike him down to the earth !"

" You are strangely unjust, aunt ; he told me all he knew about the affair that happened there years ago. Said he could not hope to change your convictions—but that you would remember he was not the first man who had suffered from your unfair suspicions."

Mrs. Griscom made no reply to this for some time. At length she spoke with that husky tone peculiar to aged persons when deeply excited :

" It is a painful subject, Gertrude, and for twenty years I have banished it from my lips—nought but your welfare, my child, could have tempted me to refer to it. It is true that I wrongly suspected my husband of being privy to the disappearance of Amie Hunt the game-keeper's daughter. He had always admired her. Richard Thorn was a youth then of twenty—I confess my thoughts did not point him out at that time as the guilty party. Two years passed by and Amie did not return, and all that time I had not yet forgiven my husband.

" I had one true friend who besought me to be reconciled to him, and overlook his error, if such it was ; this friend was George Knightly, the father of the present incumbent, and himself a clergyman of high repute.

" I was gradually growing less hostile to his advice, and if my

husband had been spared, I should, most likely, have forgiven him his supposed fault; but God saw fit to punish me; he was taken suddenly from me,—killed by a fall from his horse while on a hunt. Even at that time, Denwood Manor was a neglected, ruinous piece of property.

“It had come into my husband’s possession shortly before his death. He had purchased it of Colonel Thorn’s father (for they were intimate friends,) from a good-natured wish to aid him. Lennox Thorn was a wasteful, careless man, and had permitted himself to become sadly incumbered with debt. It was while on a visit to this place that I came into possession of facts concerning the disappearance of Amie Hunt, to have obtained which before the death of my husband, I would have purchased with my whole inheritance. “The place is situated in a cold, desolate spot; save a few miner’s huts the district seems uninhabited; of course I expected to find the house deserted, but on entering one of the wings, bare and unfurnished, I was surprised to discover an old woman setting before a fire of crackling twigs, warming her hands. She seemed bewildered by my arrival, and shook from head to foot, either with palsy or ague. I thought her ill, or hungry, and sent to my traveling carriage for wine and other refreshments.

The wine seemed to revive her, as she arose and hobbled toward the door, slowly, for she was nearly bent double with age. After closing it softly, lifting up her finger and approaching me on tiptoe, she asked in a mysterious whisper :

‘Ha ye come for the young Lassie? come here,’ and she beckoned me closer. ‘Don’t ye gang up there—for the Holy Leddy’s wi’ her—she can’t be hungry—I ha’ lost the keys.’”

“I was fearful she was crazy, and not wishing to excite her, nodded my head and winked my eyes in the same way I saw her doing. This seemed to satisfy her, and she continued more vivaciously.

“Tell the young gentlemon it was na my fau’t—I could na’ help it,’ said she, sitting down upon the edge of the bed; and hugging her knees between her arms and clasped hands, she commenced rocking to and fro. “Nay, nay! I could not help it.

She's a wierdsome body, the Holy Leddy and I maun do it.'

'The Holy Leddy is a ghost,' said I, 'she is dead and you need not fear her.'

'Yes, she's dead,' said she, misunderstanding my words; 'she died, two nights agane. I heard her calling him—Richard! Richard! but she's still enough the day! said she, chuckling a terrible note, 'I hearkened for mony an hour—but she's quite gone. I can sleep now—tell the young gentlemon its na my fau't.'

"'Richard!' exclaimed I, 'Richard Thorn?' the name sprang to my lips like an inspiration.

"Aye aye; Richard Thorn, a fair spoken, handsome youth. He'd nae forget old granny—no, no; he'll remember the auld woman, when the young Lassie's gane. But she's a weak ane;," said she, shaking her head, "a weak ane for a' her blue een, an' lang curling locks. See!" she said, and plucked out of her bosom a long silken curl of pale golden hue.

"My God!" said I, finding my suspicions realized, "Amie Hunt!"

"Aye, Aye! Amie—Amie! He'll fill auld granny's box for g'ie o' that. See, it's empty noo!" said she drawing a snuff box from a great pocket which she wore tied outside her gown.

"I will fill it," said I, anxious to get the box in my possession, for it struck me as being one of too rare workmanship to be in such hands. While filling it from my own, I examined it closely, and was not greatly surprised to discover faintly defined upon the greased and smoothly worn cover, Squire Thorn's family crest; raising the lid I read upon the inner side, the engraved name of Lennox Thorn, Colonel Thorn's father.

"That is the old gentleman's name," said I, pointing to the signature, "did he give it to you?"

"Aye, aye, an auld gentilmon," said she chuckling, "wi' locks black as the raven, an' wi' hands white like yours my Leddy, though the scaur on his braw face is na to my mind—but the young thing ne'er minds it—they ne'er do—they ne'er do!" she muttered, swaying her body to and fro, and repeating the words again and again to herself.

A scar ! I had heard of one ! you have seen it Gertrude—time has not effaced it, the falling locks of dark hair do not quite cover the disfigurement.”

Gertrude bowed her head as if indifferent to any inference that might be drawn from the fact—Mrs. Griscom continued.

“I felt that the old woman possessed a secret that I must know at all hazards, everything depended upon my wariness, the lock would spring and close for ever over the mystery, if I betrayed any interest or agitation, so with well feigned unconcern I inquired, ‘How did you lose the keys Granny?’”

“I canna tell—I canna tell, I dinna ken, they’r gane—whist !” she exclaimed with a sudden gleam of intelligence, “I hae seen her—the white Leddy ! she frightened me on the stairs—but that’s nae the reason I’ve nae been nigh the young lassie. Nay, nay, dinna let him harm the old woman—the lassie’s nae hungered wi’ a’ the bread I gie her last. The Holy Leddy drove me frae the door an’ I didna’ find the keys, she canna be hungry !”

“What do you mean ?” exclaimed I, in my excitement taking hold of her shoulders, “is there any person up stairs whom you have locked in and left to starve ?”

I did not intend to alarm the old creature, but I did so, and she fell against her bed in convulsions ; my servants did all they could to restore her, but she merely revived to fall from one fit into another, and before help could arrive she was dead. The shock I had already sustained in threading her broken sentences, which had revealed to me the terrible mistake I had been under in regard to my husband, and the dreadful suspicions which her words had awakened, that some one, I dared not think who, was locked in one of those upper chambers, and starving slowly to death, made me almost oblivious to the sudden end of the aged woman. In fact, so fully was I determined to find the keys, and so desirous to keep the servants ignorant of my surmise, that I was almost as bewildered as she had been, and was only vaguely aware of what had happened. At length I found the object of my search, wrapped up in a parcel of old rags and tucked away in a corner behind the bed ; she had evidently hid them there from fear of the Holy woman, who was said to haunt the west

end of the Manor. Possessed of the keys, and unaccompanied by my servant, I sought the opposite side of the building and examined all the suites of rooms up and down—but in vain. I presume that I must have partly misunderstood her statement, or that the bewildered state of her mind led her to confuse the present, with past events.

That Amie Hunt had resided there at some time, under the care of this crazy beldame, I do not doubt. I found some of the rooms furnished; and beside, one proof, the sole but sufficient evidence obtained by my search, to clear my husband's memory from a hateful stain, and to point out the offender. That proof I have here," said she, rising and unlocking a secret drawer imbedded in the great heavy chair she occupied, "It has been buried there for twenty years" said she solemnly, "and for twenty years I have tried to forget it, and to pardon the man, whose iniquity I mistakenly visited upon my husband. If Colonel Thorn had not asked from me the hand of my niece in marriage, I should not have brought it up against him."

"He mentioned, aunt, the fact of your producing it against him at the time you dismissed his suit, and I assure you he did not seem to think it a very serious charge," said Gertrude taking the token from Mrs. Griscom's hand—it was an old song book, carefully kept,—in the blank index page was written, evidently in a girl's unformed hand:

"Amie Hunt, her book, the gift of Richard Thorn;" below, in the same hand, was transcribed a love verse, the orthography of which was incorrect, and the whole betrayed the hand of an uneducated person.

"Well aunt," said Gertrude, after surveying it curiously, but with composure, "what does it prove? you surely will not assert that is Colonel Thorn's chirography!"

Mrs. Griscom closed the book with a trembling hand and silently restored it to its repository. Reseating herself, she spoke in a touching discouraged tone, "my child I cannot hope to convince you, but I believe before God, that Colonel Richard Thorn had the keeping of Amie Hunt, and knew what befel her after she disappeared from her father's house; that he secreted her in

the old manor, and that this book, his gift to her, found in one of the most remote and secluded rooms of the building, proves that he was her lover, and there visited her. As you remark, the proof is not very strong, but to me, God has revealed the truth, if *you* cannot see it. I regret to go against you, Gertrude, but I have to answer before the Almighty for my charge of you, and if I can prevent it, Colonel Thorn shall never call you wife."

"Do calm yourself, annt," said Gertrude, perceiving Mrs. Griscom's failing voice and excited look; "let us not recur to the subject again, for a week at least—though my determination must remain unaltered, for I consider myself sufficiently capable to judge in the matter," said she, somewhat haughtily, "yet I wish to acknowledge my appreciation of the deep interest in my welfare that prompts you to take the position you do."

"But Gertrude," said her aunt, despairing and grieved, and yet with a hard determination of purpose, "I shall consider it my duty to reconstruct my will, so that, that temptation, shall be removed, and Colonel Thorn may then think it desirable to seek a more eligible heiress as his bride."

"Do so, aunt, I conjure you, do so; your memory shall never suffer in my estimation for the act. I shall always remember your kindness to me, and only wish that my future husband better suited your desires," replied Gertrude, in a respectful, earnest tone; and thus ended the interview.

Two days after this conversation, the full-orbed moon shone upon the youthful Gertrude, as she sat, pale and depressed, beside a window in Mrs. Griscom's bed-chamber. She had much to disturb her equanimity that day. Mr. Knightly had offered himself, and had been refused; and though she could not but acknowledge his manly nobleness of character, yet irritated by her aunt's opposition to Colonel Thorn, she had received his suit with coldness, not unmingled with disdain. He had been passing a few days at Mrs. Griscom's and was still a guest at her house; she having urged him to remain for the night, as she felt unusually ill. Gertrude was chagrined at her aunt's inconsiderate conduct toward herself, yet her proud spirit was grieved, as she reflected on the pained and anxious look, the generally calm countenance

of her aunt, had worn for some days past. The tender moonlight, falling upon her upturned face, revealed its graceful outlines, and perchance the silvery lustrousness of the atmosphere in which she sat, added a fictitious purity and nobleness to her countenance, or its magnetic rays may have called forth her latent beauties—however that may be, Gerard Knightly, who, in the shadow of the garden vines, watched unseen the lady at the casement, thought the face wore a different look from the spirited, imperious, intractable aspect it had borne to him but a few hours since.

He turned away with a sigh, thinking how like an angel she looked, and longing more than ever for power to win her love.

But beside the white solemn moonbeam there was still another presence in that lofty and antique chamber. With pure, white, and yet more solemn luster, it lit up an aged face, lying motionless upon the lace edged pillows, of the beadstead, standing in august majesty in the centre of the apartment.

This presence was Death.

Gertrude by the moonlit casement, silently communing with her own heart, in her trance-like quietude, unconsciously acknowledged his awful presence; when nearly an hour had elapsed, and aroused from the lethargy, she approached the bedside, and there found a white, rigid face, smiling like a spirit upon her, and saw that the limbs were stretched down in the composed order of death, the shock she then sustained, proved well nigh fatal to her.

Mrs. Griscom had conscientiously performed her duty in making a new will, and Gertrude Congreve's legacy, was merely Denwood Manor, with three hundred pounds a year.

Naturally it would be supposed that Mrs. Griscom's strong masculine mind was far removed from any taint of superstition; but a certain clause in her will, showed that she was not free from such weakness.

She requested that her body should not be interred in the family vault at Holywell, but in a spot she designated, lying between the manor and the Abbey grounds. Here a monument was to be raised over her remains; and adjoining it, a small chapel was to be erected by Gerard Knightly, the clergyman, in accord-

ance with directions given him—which directions must be implicitly followed, as God in his providence, had seen fit to point out, in a vision, her place of burial. The chapel was to contain a small octagonal chamber, with windows overlooking the monument on one side, and the river on the other. It was to be fitted up with religious books, tokens and emblems, and to be called “Gertrude’s Chamber.” The whole was to be the joint property of Gertrude Congreve and Gerard Knightly. To this latter person she also bequeathed a large portion of her estate, with the injunction that during the term of his natural life, upon each anniversary of her death, prayers should be read and chaunts sung in the chapel, after which, alms were to be distributed among the poor of the district. She closed by saying, that “To God the secrets of all hearts are opened—and as his Almighty Wisdom had been pleased to withdraw, in a measure, the vail of mystery which had long been hidden from her comprehension, to His Providence she submitted all further revealments.”

Evidently her hope was, that Gertrude and the young clergyman, being brought together in the solemnly touching memorial, would eventually be brought together in a closer union.

If Gertrude Congreve had, heretofore, merely shown herself a lovely and wayward girl, the period now rapidly approached, which proved her to be a noble and heroic woman.

[To be continued.]

DIGNITY has its seat in the soul. It is that self-subduing quality, which enables us to stand erect amid the storms of passion, to triumph over our private enemies by the consistency of our course, to live in the constant possession of our own self-respect, feeling this to be more important to our happiness, than any external triumph, or vain applause, from those who cannot know our motives, and do not feel or understand our sacrifices.

INNOCENCE will not always shelter a person from evil report, but the constant influence of its principle, will enable him to rise above it.

F L O W E R S .

BY MRS. E. A. SIMONTON PAGE.

In orient climes in flowers they tell
The hopes and fears that in fond hearts dwell,
And every bud and leaf is set,
To enrich love's floral alphabet.
No purer language the heart may frame,
Its deepest emotions to proclaim.
But to me, flowers stand as a visible sign,
Of the Father's nearness and love divine,
They cheer the heart, and oppress the sense,
By their beauty's mute omnipotence,
And I bless each hour that richly dowers
My path with the glory and light of flowers.
Thanks to the friendship which speaks to-day,
In the eloquent hush of this rare bouquet,
That in exquisite grace before me lies,
Like a visible message from Paradise.
Rose-buds, the loveliest under the sun,
Ensyllabled poems every one,—
As their breath inspires, and their hues entrance,
How they mock my feeble utterance!
Rose-buds that captive sun-beams hold,
Entangled close in their leaves of gold—
Buds red-blushing as if to hear
The bulbul's praise in sweet Cachmere,
Or fair as the delicate tint may be,
On a shell of pearl 'neath an eastern sea.
Wherever I turn, the purple bloom
Of the heliotrope sends a rich perfume,
Like a sister's love, or a mother's prayer,
That follows the wanderer everywhere.
Verbænas of scarlet and Tyrian dyes,
Vie with the tints of sunset's skies—
Pinks that the deepest hues enshrine,
Whose petals seem steeped in ruby wine,
Outlean like spiced urns which hold,
An incense meet for the gods of old.
Balms of lemon, and dearer yet
The fragrance of delicate mignonette—

Odorous myrtles that garner up,
A wealth of sweets in each snowy cup,—
Honeysuckles with nectared lips,
The richest chalice where wild bee sips,
That are sweetest where storm and darkness be,
Like souls made pure by adversity—
All these, and more, by their bloom express,
Friendship's endearing thoughtfulness,
And I bless the hour that so richly dowers,
My path with the glory and light of flowers.
As the air by their breath is turned to balm,
My heart keeps singing a grateful psalm;
And as if an angel leaned beside,
The place by their presence is sanctified.

Beautiful blossoms—stars of earth!
To exquisite joyance their bloom gives birth.
In their mute companionship is found,
The music of sight, instead of sound,
Many a holy lesson slips,
Through the silentness of their fragrant lips;
Many an anthem and many a prayer,
Drifts with their incense into the air,
And though no accents the light air stir,
The soul is Nature's interpreter.
God's pure High-Priests the wide world o'er,
They utter the same celestial lore—
They glorify His footstool dim,
And, through their beauty, we worship Him.

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a strong heart.

WHEN we record our angry feelings, let it be on snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them for ever.

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

"AUNT HITTY HATHNEWS."*

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

[Concluded from page 185.]

EACH one of the party would relate something that had come under her own observation or experience; some remarkable omen, or singular dream, or wonderful prediction that had been fulfilled to the very letter.

But while they extolled her power to unravel the mysterious, they condemned her for exercising it, although they themselves were the active agents in calling it forth, and it was bestowed upon them freely, and without remuneration. Even thus a sordid miser grasps eagerly the gold that a hunted thief casts by the wayside, and joins the crowd in pursuit and imprecation.

Such treatment of Aunt Hitty, appears not only ungenerous and inconsistent, but unchristian, and exhibits the weakness of the NEIGHBORS in a strong light. Yet, they did not *intend* to be unjust toward her; if that can be received as a palliation. But they did not pause, in their routine of daily life, to review their acts and observe if they were in harmony with their Christian profession.

But self-examination is not universally practiced, even in our own day. Few, comparatively, look back upon their course of action to see if it has always been consistent with their professed principles. Indeed, we are all so much and so agreeably occupied in taking observation of others, noting their failings, and the often discrepancy between their profession and practice, that we have but little leisure, or inclination to attend to our own short-comings. And, if we chance to see faults in ourselves, we are so lenient, so *very charitable* toward them, and find so many good excuses for having indulged, and for continuing to indulge in them, that there is little hope of improvement. Ah! self-love

* The reader will observe that the name of our revered friend, AUNT HITTY, was inadvertently printed KITTY, in the preceding chapters of this sketch.

is a wonderful perverter of judgment in feeble natures ; only strong, noble souls can bare themselves to the clear light of truth, dissect their own hearts to discover the hidden, complicated springs of action, and "if a right arm offend, cut it off ; or a right eye, pluck it out and cast it from them."

But there was one among my GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS, if we may credit tradition, who never resorted to Aunt Hitty to gratify her love of the marvellous, or to listen to her oft repeated inquiries ! "Have you seen any lights ? heard any noises ? had any dreams latterly ?" The lady had conscientious scruples about doing so, and obeyed them ; which was certainly honest and consistent, even if it were unneighborly. She was a daughter of the Puritans, and had been strictly educated in their faith among an aristocratic circle of relatives in the distant city of B—, and she regarded it as the rankest heresy to family and religion to recognize any one of Aunt Hitty's supposed proclivities.

This lady went to E— for a residence, "in her teens," they said, the beautiful and accomplished bride of Captain Croley—a dashing young sea captain in the India trade—a stranger to all, saving the *one* for whom she had forsaken all. The NEIGHBORS in speaking of her, said that "she was wealthy, haughty and religious, and walked the earth with the air of a crowned queen, spurning the sod with her dainty little foot as if it were a menial, with her head elevated, and her lips curled to the flash of her dark, commanding eyes."

One morning in the early summer-time, after Mrs. Croley had been a resident of E— a few years, while she was passing Aunt Hitty's rickety wicket, that was creaking in the wind, and the parrot was calling in its sharp, cracked voice ;—"Aunt Hitty at home, walk in !"—and innumerable cats were looking down upon her with their luminous eyes, she was suddenly accosted by Aunt Hitty herself, drawn up to her grandest proportions, and obliged to listen to the following startling prediction :—

"Thy haughty and high look shall be brought low ! the destroyer shall enter thy habitation and lay waste thy pleasant places ! the tender babes of thy bosom shall perish when thou art not near to succor ! the husband of thy youth shall die of

wasting hunger upon the desolating seas! thou, even thou, shall go down to thy grave before the evening of thy days, and thy wealth shall be given to another." And it was so.

The NEIGHBORS believed that Mrs. Croley provoked the terrible prophecy by her haughty bearing toward Aunt Hitty, and the indifference and apparent contempt with which she uniformly treated her friendly recognitions. But they misjudged Aunt Hitty. She was not at all vindictive in her feelings; quite the contrary; her nature was generous and forgiving. Her predictions of evil, regarding any neighbor, were made from a strong conviction of the truth of what she uttered urging her on, and often from a deep sense of duty toward the parties who were the subjects of them. And these predictions were not always thrown off from her seething brain in moments of mental exaltation, like a sudden inspiration; but they were often the result of close observation of passing events in the neighborhood, and of character developed in connexion with them.

Aunt Hitty possessed a reasoning mind of the highest natural order. It had not been nurtured by the theories of speculative metaphysicians; for, as before said, she was not learned in the philosophy of the schools. Its action was purely intuitive. As a consequent of this peculiarity of mind, she had an aptitude for observing cause and effect, not only in its manifestation in material nature, but in the more intricate unfoldings of the intellectual and spiritual. And where the NEIGHBORS generally saw but an isolated event, she observed it in its relations to the cause, and to other similar events; and thus from a knowledge of the laws of development in the past, she would predict future results or events with a precision of detail that appeared like sorcery to less gifted natures.

Aunt Hitty had observed that persons uniformly enjoy and also suffer most through the medium of their most prominent traits of character, their governing passions, affections, ambitions and tastes. She had observed, also, that the tendency of any ruling quality in an individual, is to over-indulgence; and that this tendency to excess serves to weaken self-respect and unbal-

ance the character. These known principles of mind guided her in forming her estimate of the future of the NEIGHBORS.

The far-seeing mind of the Statesman who foretells the future destiny of nations, is of the same natural order. Glancing back upon the historic scroll of centuries, and observing that all remarkable events have been prefigured by types that,

“Future events cast there shadows before,”

He notes the thickly crowding shadows of coming events that loom above the moral horizon of his age, their lines of direction and proximity, and sends his luminous mind, strong in its faith in the immutability of law, far forward into the unknown and mysterious future to grasp the antitype, and return with the fullness of revelation to mankind. He is the true prophet, the philosopher—ay, more—the poet of the world! Extant in time, he lives and labors for eternity.

It may appear quite preposterous, to some persons, to claim for aunt Hitty a natural alliance to such as *he*,—a man born out of due time, who lifts the nations by the attractive power of his intellect, up to a higher plane of thought and intelligence. And yet, there is less distinction between the humble, undeveloped seer of some remote village, and the world-renowned sage, than we are willing to believe. The disparity in conditions and educational advantages, will account for the difference. The diamond requires the rasp and the polishing brilliant to draw out its radiant qualities;—the latent powers of the human soul can only be developed in their fullness of perfection and beauty by education and association with enlightened intellect. But we are all too near the least, and the greatest, in our common origin,—in our general dependance and necessities,—in our kindred joys and sorrows,—and in our final destiny, to feel elated by our superiority to the one; or humiliated, by our inferiority to the other.

Poor Aunt Hitty! there were times when she suffered keenly from the sentiments with which she was aware that she inspired my GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS, and yearned painfully for human love and companionship. Yet the dark hour would not linger long; for she possessed a cheerful, hopeful spirit; was one of

the few favored kind who seem superior to circumstances, being sustained under the pressure of sorrow and misfortune by innate nobleness, and the approving smile of Heaven. Ah! the secret of their cheerfulness is:—"They keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man." They follow the golden rule. They pray often; and the loving angels are their unseen companions. If their spirit vision were open, they would *never* feel lonely.

Aunt Hitty rarely visited the NEIGHBORS, but all found a cordial welcome at her cottage. She felt that she could afford to be generous, lavish, even, of hospitality there, for she was queen in her own domain and lost no self-respect by conferring favors. And there she measured the NEIGHBORS, and observed their distant futures from a mental altitude of which they could form no conception.

But toward the evening of Aunt Hitty's life, there came to the little village of E—, a beautiful young lady, the niece of Mrs. Croley, who was the subject of the prediction already recorded. She was one of that admirably constituted class of individuals who perceive, intuitively, from a deep humanitarian love, the characters and conditions of those with whom they are thrown in contact, and desire to do them all the good in their power. She was intellectual, earnest, generous and affectionate, and her affluent soul flowed forth as freely to others as the air and light, as all the genial influences of Nature. Being clear-sighted and free from prejudice, she comprehended Aunt Hitty at once, the wonderful possibilities of her nature, what she might have been under more favorable circumstances, and gave her that sympathy and affection for which she had yearned so long. The great cry of her heart was answered. She came to Aunt Hitty in her beauty and brightness, like a sunburst from a stormy sky, lending light and joy to existence.

It was a matter of wonder and delight to Aunt Hitty to find a sympathetic companion in so youthful a person; one who could understand and take an interest in the subjects of thought that occupied her mind, and even advance new and striking ideas upon them; and who was able from her superior education and

knowledge of language, to give back her own thoughts to her in a more concise and clearer form of expression.

On one occasion, after a long agreeable conversation with the young lady, Aunt Hitty said to her: "My dear friend, I must make a confession: Before I knew you, I had a poor opinion of the judgment and wisdom of the young. I had, verily, thought with Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, that 'days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom:' but now I perceive that 'there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.'"

Aunt Hitty felt that she was compensated in this new, sweet friendship, for all her past loneliness, and thanked Heaven for the blessing. But the NEIGHBORS viewed with surprise and wonder, the intimacy between the beautiful young lady and one whom they had ostracized socially, on account of her supposed "league with the enemy of souls." And some of the more scrupulous and timid among them, "really feared that Aunt Hitty had made use of some unrighteous fascination, some wile of the Devil, to entrap the innocent young creature unawares."

This state of feeling was very weak and absurd in the NEIGHBORS, certainly; but it was their misfortune as well as Aunt Hitty's, that they misjudged, and did not render her the appreciation she merited. Yet, how few, comparatively, of any age, have been justly estimated by their contemporaries, for—as a cynical friend of the long ago was in the habit of saying with unction, as an *addendum* to his broad generalizations—"Human nature is the same all over the world." Even we of the enlightened nineteenth century, often allow our prejudices to pervert our judgment. We are too prone to accredit others with the baser, rather than the better motive. Few, even among the most religious and charitable, consider it a moral obligation to observe their neighbors with the view of learning their virtues as well as failings. If this were to become the general practice, "poor human nature" would not be accredited with so much evil; and we should oftener discover more of the Divine in the human. Human nature is, after all, like a chameleon; its color depends upon the light in which it is viewed; and it changes

under the eye of the observer to the hue reflected from himself.

And now, kind friend, Aunt Hitty is before you with her generous dimensions of form, heart, and brain;—with her strong social nature, checked by an unsympathizing community in its natural flow toward her fellow beings, manifesting itself in kindness and affection to the lower orders of animals;—with her capacious intellect, undeveloped by education, groaning in embryo for a fuller, larger freedom;—with her sublime spiritual nature, that an enlightened intellect would have guided, through the mysteries of matter and of mind, up to the source of light and truth, betrayed by ignorance into the darkness of superstition.

Aunt Hitty is before you, and you can judge what she might have been under more favorable circumstances, could her great heart and mind have had ample space and verge enough, could her noble powers have found occupation and development in an enlightened community,

OCCUPATION and DEVELOPMENT—let us ponder those words for they contain the great secret of human happiness, and of human progress. We cannot recall the past and restore to the world the wasted wealth of intellect and heart, that might have enriched and made it beautiful. We cannot rekindle, on earth, the smothered fires of souls that could have made their own age luminous, and radiated light through the darkness of the centuries; but who were condemned, by Ignorance, to perish ignobly in their own flames. But all who have reached the age of responsibility, can throw the weight of their influence into the right scale, can see that the young in their charge, and within their influence, have *occupation* and *development* suited to their capacity and years; then will the vast sum of human ignorance, and its consequent misery, be lessened in another generation.

And attractive occupation, occupation in harmony with natural tastes and ambitions, is the true path of development. It is the only way by which human beings can reach their full mental and moral status. For, whatever kind of employment one takes delight in, that will draw forth the best physical and intellectual effort, and the moral faculties will catch the enlivening tone, and

act in concert, and if there be latent power or talent in the individual, it will find expression.

Under a system of education for the people, based upon this idea, the mechanic arts, the fine arts, commerce and the professions, would receive a quickening from genius such as the world has never seen, nor even dreamed of in all the past. New and wonderful births of intellect would be the result—inventions in every department of industry to improve human conditions, to lift the weight of care and toil from the shoulders of the suffering, crouching millions.

Labor is degraded and degrading, and the World is a drudge, only for the reason that the people are forced, through a false and meagre system of education, into distasteful business pursuits and occupations, that dwarf, instead of enlarging their powers.

But, thank God! there is promise in the future for the great sorrowful heart of humanity, and the philanthropist may labor in hope. For the world renews its youth in each successive generation under more favorable conditions for development and happiness. Each new generation of men and women represent a new race, which has all the wrongs of the past for beacons to guard it against the dangers of life's way; and all the accumulated knowledge and wisdom for lights to guide.

Each generation, treading on the heel
Of generation, sends a grander peal
From the great March of Ages moving on,
To blend the interests of mankind in one.

Aunt Hitty's cottage and grounds, dear, familiar objects to her, have fallen into the possession of strangers. They were sold after her decease, in accordance with her will, for the benefit of the village poor. A moss-grown slab in the old graveyard, records the number of her years, and the hour of the spirit's departure. But it tells not of its conflicts, and its conquests, in its passage to immortality;—are *they* not written in the book of life beyond to-morrow?

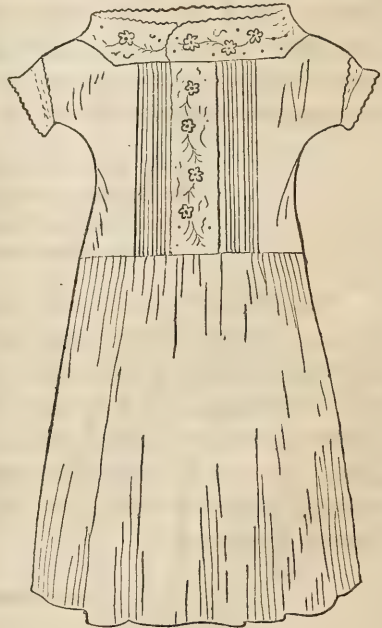


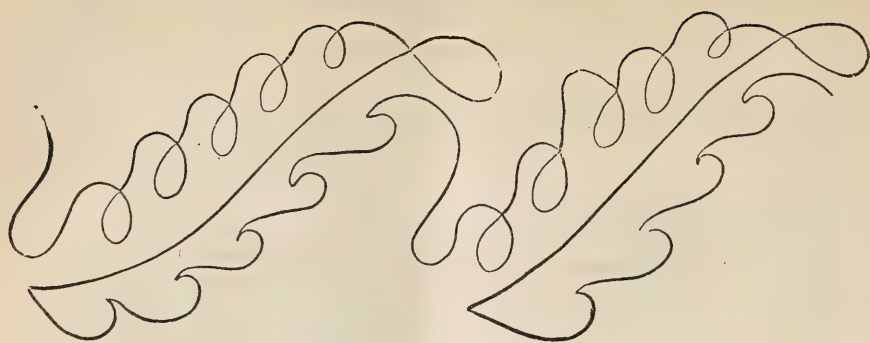
CLARA DRESS.

The style of this dress is suitable for misses from six to twelve years. The skirt is simply cut about 6 inches longer than it is desirable to wear it, and gathered about four inches from the bottom, so as to form a puff about four inches deep, and separated about every six inches, by velvet, gimp or ruching, according to the materials made up. The berthe is a straight piece, formed in the same manner.

FRENCH CHEMISE.

Requires three and one half yards of material. The sleeves are cut on the body. The yoke fits beautifully, and is elaborately worked, as also the band, about six inches in length, down the front. This, with the fine tucks at each side, forms a handsome under-waist for a fine stomacher or Zouave shirt.





BRAID PATTERN FOR ZOUAVE JACKET.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR SKIRTS.



PATTERN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY ON CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



BOY'S PANTS.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

IN the days of the Revolution, lived a venerable and godly minister, of the Congregational Church, who was known as "Father Moody." He had a wonderful gift of prayer, and was in many ways a remarkable person. From youth upward he had been the subject of very true spiritual impressions and directions, which he always obeyed with the most devout earnestness and alacrity. He was never known to make the least question of anything which he was commanded to do ; nor was he ever deceived or misled in the least. So far as we can judge from his own account of the matter, it would seem that the spiritual phenomena, of which he was a subject, were expressed in that form, which is now known, as the Interior Voice. Be this as it may, he was addressed in intelligible terms, as the following narrative will show. This account was obtained from one who had often heard it from the lips of the venerable hero himself ; for, when he was an old man, he loved to dwell on these incidents of his spiritual life, thus giving himself compensation for the change in external forms, as the shadows of age settled on them, and they grew dim to the outward eye. His residence was about fifty miles northeast of Boston, and at the time about to be noticed, the country was quite new and rough. One very cold morning he rose suddenly from the breakfast table, saying, "I must go to Boston to-day !" "Not to-day, my dear ;" suggested his wife, "Do you know how cold it is ? The ground, broken by the late thaw, has frozen again, solid as a rock, and 'twill be very rough traveling." "Besides, it is a bitter day, father," interposed one of the daughters ; "I am really afraid you will freeze to death." "I think there is no danger of that," he answered. "The Lord will never call me to be a martyr for nothing. He has told me to go, and he will carry me through in safety." "But what are you going for ?" asked his wife. "I cannot tell, I am sure. I know no more about it at present, than you do," he replied. "But certainly," she ventured to suggest, "you could not be expected to take such a step without some positive assurance

that you ought to do so. Is there not a point where madness seems to tread very closely on the heels of devotion? It is well to be zealous, but not blindly enthusiastic, or fool-hardy." She certainly spoke like a reasonable woman, and much after the fashion of the spirits of these days; but, nevertheless, her speech availed nothing. "The Lord has *told me to go*," was the answer, in those deep and solemn tones, which awoke in the listeners, a sentiment, corresponding with that which they expressed. The wife said no more, for she knew it was in vain to combat any impression of the kind; but the daughters entreated him not to go. "I have lived almost seventy years," he replied, "and I have never once hesitated, when the Lord has commanded me to arise and obey his voice. Let my children be assured it is too late to begin now." Finding it of no use to contend, they sought only to make him comfortable, as the circumstances would admit of. His outer garments were well warmed, and his venerable form sheltered by every possible means, from the inclemency of the season, of which that day, was one of the roughest specimens. Under these circumstances, the aged Seer—for we can call him nothing else—set off on horseback to take a ride of fifty miles, on a short wintry day, for a purpose, and a work, as yet unrevealed. A feat like this, would make one of our modern heroes, shrink into nothing by comparison; and, to say the least, it was a true and brave one. Father Moody lived not in the days of railroads and steamboats, nor of the effeminacy which has in some way crept into the train, and pertinaciously follows, in the march of Improvement. His, was a true mind, a strong heart, and a genuine faith. He had a distinct impression, that he must reach Boston before one o'clock at night, in order to accomplish the mysterious purpose for which he had been sent. By a seeming ill-luck, the day was one of the shortest of the year; and as it wore on, he could not repress a feeling of nervous anxiety in regard to his arrival at the proper time. So strong was this impression, that he never left the saddle, except twice for a few minutes, in order to bait his horse; and during the last stop, he took a small bit, which he had carried with him as a luncheon. Thus imperfectly rested, warmed, and fed, he went on his cold and dreary way, gradually yielding to a feeling of despondency,

to which he was unaccustomed. As the sun dropped behind the cold, gray hills, the day fading into night, almost as suddenly, as if put out by an extinguisher, this feeling increased to such a degree as to be almost intolerable. In this state, the Devil, as he himself expressed it, began to insinuate into his mind, doubts and misgivings, addressing him in a tone of familiarity, which seems like a reminiscence of the book of Job, showing that, inasmuch as "the leopard changeth not his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," so truly Satan may always be known by his cloven foot. "Well, Father Moody," said he, for a first salutation, "what are you out for, this cold day? It must be something very important, to take a man at your time of life, so far from home on such a day as this." "Why, as to that," replied Father Moody, so far dropping into an unconsciousness of the personality before him, as to indulge in a parley, "why, as to that, I cannot say that I know myself, as yet, very distinctly." "You must be doing a fair business, to say the least," responded the intruder, with a sly shrug. "There's no accounting for tastes. Some folks like to starve, and freeze, and do fifty other foolish things, for conscience's sake, or some other kind of sham. You've had a pretty hard time, to say nothing of your poor horse. Take my advice; turn right about face, and go back to the tavern. Get into comfortable quarters for the night. And the next time it will be well to think twice before you engage in any such Quixotic expedition as the present." There was a degree of plausibility in this speech that seemed to silence, for a time, the good angel of the worthy Seer; and for a little while he became quite uncomfortable, with a feeling nearly akin to self-reproach.

The cunning Adversary, perceiving his advantage—which he is always ready to do, if we may accept the report of those who best know him—said, rather more boldly, "Come, now, you had better bear a hand, and get back; for if you expect to do any good, you will find yourself greatly mistaken,"

For a moment the thought of warm quarters, supper, and a bed, were *almost* a temptation. Father Moody, though a hale and strong old man, was not a Hercules. He felt very cold and hungry. His teeth chattered at the contrast between his momentary thought, and his present condition.

"Ah, yes," said the other, "it *is* chilly, to be sure. As for me, I can't stand it; if you can, it's well enough. I must go somewhere where there is a good fire, at least."

His allusion, and the peculiar tone in which it was spoken, effectually opened Father Moody's eyes. He was "himself again." Rising in the stirrups, as if by a proper dignity and advantage of position, he might over-awe the Arch One, he spoke, in a loud and determined voice: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

"But what are you going to do?" whispered the Enemy, well feigning an expression of anxiety and friendly concern.

"Get thee behind me Satan!" responded the Seer, in a still more energetic tone, checking his horse at the instant, and standing quite erect; and then, as the modern psychologists say, he became "positive."

"Yes," he said, his voice dropping into a serene and quiet tone; "the Lord has never deceived me. He will not mislead me now. I will go forward. He will lead the way, and in his own good time I shall behold his salvation."

Just as he entered Boston, the town clock struck twelve. The streets were still dark. There were no gas-lights then, and what few rogues they had, got along quite as well without them. As to honest people, they were in bed, and fast asleep by ten o'clock; so they did not need any artificial illuminations. Nevertheless, it was a dark, cold, and comfortless mission, on which Father Moody had entered so trustingly; but after he heard the clock strike twelve, a fever of anxiety took possession of him, and he grew warmer. Undismayed by the discouraging prospect before him, he toiled on, riding up street and down street, amid intricate squares, and through narrow passages; but all was dark and still. Even the watchmen seemed to be fast asleep, which was quite a wonder in those honest days, when people sought to earn their money before they took it. Now, the case is quite different; for, to judge by appearances, the watchmen are the only sleepy characters in the whole city.

"But one hour—less than an hour," thought Father Moody; "shall I be too late? Will the Lord deceive his servant?" In spite of his faith, a momentary feeling of doubt crept over him. The necessity of rest and refreshment once more came up to be

considered ; and in his figurative belief and language, the Devil beset him at every corner, crossing his path, and continually troubling him with pertinent questions ; but he was so resolutely repulsed, that at length he drew off his forces, and thus fairly gave up the contest.

Suddenly a light glimmered in the distance. It was from a chamber in the fourth story of a house, in a neighboring street. As soon as Father Moody laid eyes on it, he knew his mission was to that house ; and quickening his speed, he turned the corner, and directly came up to it. Seeking a sheltered position for his poor jaded horse, he dismounted, and having carefully fastened him to a post, he advanced to the door, where, after some little time, finding the knocker, he gave a rap, that had will and meaning in it, to which responded the waking echoes of the silent street. Very soon he saw the light, which was still in view, descend from story to story, until it appeared in the hall. Presently the door opened, and a man appeared, whose pale and haggard countenance, exhibited, at a single glance, the most terrible war of passions.

"What have you come for?" he demanded in an angry tone of voice. "Why are you here?" "I know not," replied Father Moody, "but the Lord has sent me."

There was something truly sublime in the majestic appearance, as well as the prophet-like character, and mysterious position of the Seer, which at once arrested attention, and commanded respect.

For a moment the stranger seemed struggling to resist the influence ; and then he quaked from head to foot, as if a universal ague had seized him.

In a voice so tremulous with emotion, it seemed well-nigh sobbing, he said, at length, "Follow me, and behold what you were sent for."

Thus saying, he led the way to the room he had just left, and, pointing to a rope which was suspended from the ceiling, he added, "there it is," and then stopped suddenly, as if he had felt the cord tightening round his throat. After a few moments he continued, "Had you been ten minutes—yes, five minutes later, I should have been in eternity at this moment !"

"Look there !" he resumed, turning to a table where lay a parcel of papers, neatly filed. "The tying of that knot was the last preparation. It was tied, and my hand was already on the fatal noose."

He then seated his guest, and gave some account of the circumstances which led nearly to the consummating of so rash and wicked an act. He had been what is commonly called a wild, or rattle-headed young man, though not precisely what is known as dissipated. His habits, however, were such as to mar his business relations. He struggled on for some time, but being naturally of a gloomy temper, his continued disappointments yielded at length to a heart-sickness, which he imagined was at once without parallel, and without remedy. In short, he had conceived an utter disgust of life, and had determined to die.

"My son," said Father Moody, rising, and laying a hand on his head in that impressive manner for which he was so distinguished, "By the good providence of God you have been snatched from perdition, this very hour. Are you willing to be saved?"

A deep groan, that seemed to rend the heart it came from, was the only answer. Father Moody was tall and commanding in appearance, and he spoke with an air of authority, corresponding well with a fine consciousness of his prophetic character, and mission. Laying a hand on each shoulder of the youth, he said, "Let us pray."

The young man's knees bent like osiers in a strong wind, and kneeling by his side, Father Moody opened that wonderful power of utterance, which was without a peer. The young man wept, sobbed, and shook as if smitten by convulsions. The conflict was terrible—but he arose in a calm and passive state.

He forsook his old companions, and engaged in useful business, in which he learned to bear occasional disappointment, as a necessary discipline. Not long after, he joined the Old South Church, of which he was for more than forty years, a most active and useful member, seeking every opportunity to do good, and never forgetting the wise counsels of the venerable Seer, who had been so truly led to achieve his redemption.

L I F E .

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

I.

Dreams! Dreams!
With thoughts as free
As the flying winds
On the chainless sea ;
With draughts of life
From the flashing deeps,
Beneath whose waves
Heart-treasure sleeps !

II.

Fled! Fled!
Those blissful dreams,
Like the ripple waves
On the flowing streams ;
And no trace left,
But such as show
The wasting lives
Of a living wo !

III.

Dark ! Dark !
As the scowling sky,
When cloudy billows
Across it fly,
And lurid gleams
From the folded gloom,
Flash out to the heart
Its time-wrought doom !

IV.

Hope ! Hope !
From these spirit pains,
When the prisoned heart
Shall burst its chains,
And dream no more,
But in fields above
Shall live all its dreams
In Eternal Love !

Summary of Fashion.

BONNETS.

The shape, much the same as last Season, designated "six storeys," projecting fronts, with huge bunches of flowers, both outside and in. Chip, Leghorn, and Straw, much in vogue.

MANTLES.

Much smaller than last season. Small Shawls, with deep Lace, much worn. For Morning promenade, short Paletots—same Material as Dress.

BODIES.

Round or pointed points,—the pointed are considered most dressy. For Evening Dress, two points, one behind and before. Square or open bodies much worn accompanied with a Chemisette of Muslin or Silk.

SLEEVES.

Made of thick material—not large, open either on the back or front. Thin sleeves,—large and full, drawn into a band at bottom,—large enough for the hand to pass through.

As some of our friends have requested us to give Patterns for children's clothes, we will endeavor, now and then, so to do.

The full-sized Pattern in this Number, (see design on p. 241), is that of a Boys Pants—for a child from three to five years old. Material of Cloth or Merino, and Braided in any pattern, either by hand or sewing machine. The front and back each made with two plaits on the plain band. The pointed band is separate, and is secured around the waist, with hooks and eyes. A bow, with long ends, braided to match, is fastened over the ends of the belt—thus completing a most tasteful garment.

We have adopted a custom, never before,—we think, introduced into an American Magazine—that of giving a complete, Life Size Cut, of the full-sized Pattern, with minute instructions how to put it together, so that the most uninitiated cannot make mistakes. This we shall continue to do, in every Number, which will be of invaluable importance to our Lady friends. We shall also introduce Embroidery and Crochet Patterns.

Editor's Table.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

NOTHING is more lamentably true, than the readiness, with which women assent to their own disfranchisement, and take part in the general conspiracy against themselves. Two very admirable and efficient women, were rejected by the New York Committee of Ladies, who in the beginning of the war, were endowed with the authority to examine candidates, and appoint Nurses for the army, on the ground of possessing too much *refinement* and *intellectual culture*. This certainly was a poor compliment to the Ladies; and yet these lady-officers have fallen into a very *common mistake*.

They proceed on the presumption, that a woman of refinement and education, must necessarily, have less physical power and practical ability, than one of a more rudimental type. But there never was a greater error, or one fraught with more evil consequences. If things were rightly adjusted—intellect, even to the highest degree of capacity and culture—so far from rendering women less efficient as housekeepers, or operatives in the affairs of life, would, other things being equal, add to her power, and multiply her means, both of enjoyment and practical usefulness. And if she fail in these, it is, I venture to say, not so much because she is intellectual, or learned, as for the want of some important principle of propriety and order, that unhinges her capacity, and disjoins her efforts. Instead of joining the hue and cry against female pedants, and other *so-called* monstrosities in the name of women, let us simply set ourselves to work to *cultivate all* the faculties, and *occupy all* the ground that God and Nature have given us. The great political crisis now pending, is to do something more than merely to define sectional, or even national boundaries. It is to develop a truer Womanhood. It is to determine the spiritual power and character, not of this age only, but of all the future. We as women, are at this time invested, with a responsibility for which we will be held accountable, and yet to the far-seeing eye, it is bright and gladdening.

The ages have long been shaping the world for us. There must be—and if you look closely, you will see that there is already beginning to be—a complete reaction in the position of Women. So far as she has been oppressed and crushed down, just so far will the rising scale ascend *above* the common level. And many great deeds will be done, in the Arts, in the Sciences, in the saving loves, in the ennobling heroisms of life, before the final equilibrium will be established.

NOTICE.—Our readers are aware, that when we took the Chair Editorial, the Hesperian, owing to affliction in the family of the Editor, was behind time in

its issue. I have therefore thought best, to combine the July and August Numbers, adding more Matter—and shall do the same with the September and October Numbers. This will bring it up to time, and hereafter, it will be issued *promptly* every Month. We will add enough Matter, to each succeeding Number, to make up to our readers the apparent deficiency.

LOSS OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE burning of this fine old ship, which happened on the 27th ultimo, has thrown a veil of gloom over our city, which extends and overshadows more or less, of the whole State. For the one hundred and ninety-eight passengers lost and missing, how many thousands are made mourners. Our heart is pained, to see among the number the name of John E. Cook, son of Mr. John Cook, Jr, of New York City. We cannot forbear expressing our deep regret, and sorrow, for his loss, offering our most earnest sympathy to his bereaved Parents, and the young Wife so early Widowed. Although in the morning of Life, he had won to himself a numerous circle of friends, who will sincerely lament his departure. Bright prospects and happy days seemed to lie in his pathway. Benevolent and broad in his affections, possessing the confidence of all, as a man of Integrity, few, have given promise of greater usefulness. To his family he has left an unsullied name.

It gives us pleasure to place before our readers, a greeting to them, from our highly esteemed friend and co-laborer, Mrs. F. H. DAY :

“STRANGE experiences, dear friends, and readers, have been ours, since we last spread the Table for your repast, So strange and weird, that save to you, who so well know our matter of fact nature, we should hesitate to make revealments, which to some, might seem wild, and fanciful, and to others, mysterious and supernatural. But the experience we are about to relate, is no dream, no airy flight of fancy. Nor yet does it belong to the mysterious realm of the supernatural. It is truth, hard substantial matter of fact truth ; and if at first it seem to you strange and incomprehensible, do not sneer at, and condemn it, as the wild imaginings of a disordered brain.

It is the habit of the age, to condemn as fallacious, that which it does not readily understand, until larger growth, and fuller development, brings it up to a comprehension of facts, which, although heretofore strange and incomprehensible, are now simple and acceptable, not that the truths themselves have changed, either in their character, or presentation, for they remain intrinsically the same. But that a fuller expansion of power, enables them now to be comprehended and appreciated, by the very age and people who a short time since cried out, “It is not so ;” “it cannot be true, *because we do not understand it !*”

But to our experience.—Our heart was heavy with the weight of “Adieus,” and the Aroma of parting blessings breathed around us. The last “Farewell”

had been spoken ; the last warm pressure of the hand been given. A deathly sense of loneliness and desolation was slowly stealing over us. When suddenly we found ourself possessed by some strange, unaccountable power. Yes, reader ; would you believe it ? we were under the influence, and in the awful presence of a powerful Genii, whose potent will, held sway over myriads of human beings, controlling their ways and marking their devious paths. As the first wonderment wore off and we became a little accustomed to the strange Presence, we tried to analyze the singular influence, and bent an inquiring glance of scrutiny upon the fearful Being. But ever, as we tried to look upon it, it vanished in clouds of snowy whiteness before our eyes.

Sometimes we thought we perceived a snow-white, colossal head, from which, gleamed two sparkling eyes, like coals of living fire. But as we gazed, it slowly faded before our vision, and in misty wreaths of vapor, ascended up to heaven. Again, a white hand beckoned us to closer acquaintance, and then, as we approached, that, too, dissolved in sparkles like falling dew, and was lost to mortal sight. One thing that seemed to us most incomprehensible, was, that this Being, apparently without Form or, tangible substance, this, as it seemed to us, Myth of the air, should move and propel ponderable bodies of thousands of tons burden, and should also, apparently with the greatest ease, move hundreds, and thousands, of tangible human bodies ; who, with all their bone, and muscle, and sinew, were powerless to resist this strange, weird influence, which possessed neither form, or shape, and even vanished into airy nothingness, as the human eye rested in contemplation for one moment upon it.

To our oft repeated queries ; what art thou ? whence camest thou ? this answer was finally borne to our astonished senses. " I am the GENII of the Nineteenth Century. Evoked by the SPIRIT OF THE AGE from Forest woods, and deeply, darkling waters. I am the first of a race whose force shall compass sea, and land, and before whose mighty power, MYSTERY shall stand revealed, as simple truth of Nature born."

The grandeur, and prophetic power of the answer awed us into silence. We refrained from further questionings, and contented ourself with such observations as we were able to make from time to time.

One thing, struck us as peculiar, under the influence of this GENII. Most individuals, exhibited their *ruling* traits of character, all adornments, and disguises, fell from them, and left the dominant passion, whether of good or evil, glowing in intenser light, from the blank which surrounded it.

Thus we saw the modern Shylock, whose pinched, unrelaxing features, and thin drawn lips, gave forth but one expression—"the pound of flesh." And there were men, who under other circumstances, might have seemed genial, kind, and good. But under the all pervading influence of the GENII, their disguises forsook them, and exposed the haggard features, and grasping hands of Avarice, with eyes of lead, ears of stone, and hearts of adamant, by whom the widows tears were unseen, the orphans cries unheard, and the

shrieks and tears of the helpless, forever unheeded. Many, very many, too, we saw, upon whose hard features were graven evidences, of that *intense selfishness* which warps humanity, and turns all its well-springs of happiness, into dry, arid channels, which give forth no answering blessing.

And there, also, was the gay woman of the world, her face not now wreathed in smiles, not now uplifted in her hand the cup of Pleasure—her smiles have fled, and on her face now rests the expression of that keen, deep, passion of the soul, which artists yet have ever failed to picture. Her hands, wrung convulsively together, are clasped in the deep, silent, unutterable anguish of Remorse. And by her side, in strange contrast, stood a Mother, whose face, more radiant than any we had yet beheld, glowed with the Divine attribute of LOVE, pure, undying, unselfish Love. Her hands, too, were clasped, but within the clasp, was a cherub child, emblem of Hope, and Promise, in the years to come.

And one there was whom we should not forget, his ruling trait was MIRTH. All things to him, became subservient to his love of Fun. He seemed to have a peculiar faculty, of showing the inaccurate, and inelegant manner, in which many, give expression to their thoughts and feelings. For instance: we were all partaking of some refreshment, (for even under the influence of the GENI we had need of food), when a gentleman asked a lady, who was richly clothed in silk and jewels, if she would be helped to a piece of the squash pie? "Squash pie!" she replied, with a shrug of her fair shoulders, "No, I can't bear them." "And, if you could," said the lover of fun, "would you devour your own children?" The lady turned upon him a look of surprise and dismay. But all around had discovered the point, and caught the infection of his mirth-provoking propensity, as with a triumphant chuckle he disappeared from the scene.

And now a low, deep, gurgling sound, like the breath of huge monsters on the sea, broke upon our ears, louder, and louder it rose, like the last wail of frantic, despairing souls as they plunge headlong into the yawning gulfs, and fiery depths below. Still louder it rises; like the shrieks of the ever restless, never dying children of the Infernal regions of Discord and Strife. But the spell was broken—the mystic power of the GENII loosed its hold. Slowly its influence departed from us, and left us to resume our individuality. We had reached Panama—and now recognized the GENII that had transported us, as the same, that had often before, cooked our potatoes for dinner.

STEAM.

And so friends, we leave you for a season, till we view this strange city of the sea—at another time we shall gladly renew our chat with you.

Truly yours,

MRS. F. H. DAY."

THE FATE FLOWER.

AN AMUSEMENT FOR HOLIDAYS AND LEISURE HOURS.

This beautiful little Gift, blooming with the buds of poesy, bears evidence of its origin, in the mind of our gifted correspondent, Mrs. Fanny Green. In its innocent hilarity of thought, in its fertility of suggestion, touching as it does with its mystic fingers the trembling veil of the unknown future, nothing could be better adapted to impart, not only vivacity and good cheer, but deep feeling and earnest thought, to the pleasures of the social hour. Mrs. M. A. Hezlep is agent for the sale of the Fate Flower, and we bespeak for her the kind attention of those on whom she may call.

NOTICE.—We take pleasure in referring our readers to the Advertisement of MRS. DIXON & PUTMAN, (which will be seen on another page) where can be found Bonnets of the *latest* and most *finished* Styles, suited to every variety of taste. The most fastidious, cannot fail to be pleased with the display of artistic skill and beauty. The rich Furs, Laces, Ribbons, etc., etc., of this Establishment, are not surpassed by any other in this City, and the affable attentions, and quiet politeness, which these Ladies extend to their customers, are not the least, among the many inducements, it offers.

A L'ESPERANCE RESTAURANT, 647 COMMERCIAL STREET.

To those of our Country friends, and Strangers, to whom it may be convenient to know of a Restaurant, where they will find unexceptionable Catering, civil attentions, and a Dinner, consisting of five or six courses, (Wine and Coffee included) served up, at an unusually moderate price, we would recommend them to call at the A l'Esperance, 647 Commercial street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

NOTICE.—Madame Landgraf, who is in charge of the EMPORIUM OF FASHION, No. 111, MONTGOMERY STREET, (S. O. Brigham & Co.,) has on hand Patterns of the most recent European and New York styles, of which she is in monthly receipt. We take pleasure in recommending Madame Landgraf as an *Artiste* in Dress-fitting. Those who have once tested her skill will acknowledge her superior merits.

NOTICE.—We would call the attention of the ladies of San Francisco and California, to the establishment of Mrs. COTTER, north-west corner of Fourth and Howard streets, (No. 148). where they will find a beautiful assortment of knit and crochet articles for infants' wardrobes; also breakfast capes, son-tags, shawls, lady Adelaides, etc., etc., for ladies' wear. Their assortment is superior to anything ever before seen in this country, or any other. These ladies excel also in marking and designing for embroidery and braiding. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL ON THEM.

THE HESPERIAN.

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A DEFENSE OF THE OPPRESSED.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

I SPEAK in behalf of that class of the human family who have ever been the oppressed victims of scornful injustice. From the day that I stepped upon the platform of manhood, the reeking deeds of blood which stain history's page, conjoined to the palpable wrongs of suffering mortals, of the present day, which envelope me as with a shield of piercing thorns, have constantly called to me in a voice of thunder to retrieve the base wrongs of insulted intelligence. And should I ever fail to face the ramparts of bigotry, and discharge that sacred duty, to the extent of my feeble ability, I should fail in all the essential elements of true manhood, and deserve to have the finger of scorn pointed at me from every quarter; but worst of all, I should despise myself. The mere fact in itself, of possessing "the human form divine," in my humble opinion confers upon its possessor, unjustifiable position. The simple fact of being in the shape of man is no evidence that in that form a *man* exists; and no person, in justice, should be ennobled with the dignified appellation of man, until he has won for himself the right to be thus honored. Think you I honor that *thing*, who smothers every God-given instinct of his soul, that he may trim his every action to the popular breeze, as a *man*? Think you that being deserves to be dignified with the title of *man*, who always, like a feather on the placid bosom of old Ocean's tranquil surface, calmly and unobstructedly floats

through life on the current of popular *Error*, rather than be crucified in defense of friendless *Truth*? Four out of every five, in the community, this day, *are just such men*. The "*popular man of the age*," is a representative tool of the opulent, influential members of earth's great [?] magnates, who never fail to laud his masterly inactivity to the very skies. It was the "*popular man*" who never failed to abuse every solitary soul of earth's immortal benefactors, from the earliest period of recorded time down to the most recent minutes of existence. 'Twas he who, when the astronomer revealed to the world the office of the pale, dim, majestic moon, that steals from her darkened chamber of the East, and marches on her gorgeously illumined track through the ethereal immensity of boundless space, the solemn night long, cried "*humbug*." And oh! thou grandest handiwork of God, Woman; after patiently enduring all the combined wrongs which countless ages of denied rights have inflicted upon you; you hope that man, who has been a silent spectator of those wrongs, has certainly liberality enough to allow you an equal show with himself from the present time forward, and on the strength of that hope you venture to ask, not that passed wrongs should be redressed, but that you may have an equal opportunity with the lords of creation in the future race of life, and the "*popular man*" grunts forth, "Strong-minded—she is trying to don the breeches." Oh Woman! patient, long-suffering woman; how, how much longer will you tolerate the senseless cackling of fools to deter you from properly cultivating and developing your immortal minds, and assuming your legitimate, but long denied position in society? Rome was saved by the cackling of a goose; but woman has been almost lost by the cackling of fools.

But few, very few, *seriously* reflect upon, or weigh the immense degradation which the unrecognized rights of woman has inflicted upon her sex. It is overwhelmingly astounding. Were those wrongs an insult to her intelligence *only*, they would be less intolerable, but she suffers socially correspondingly—her degradation is universal. That which man can do with impunity, is an unpardonable offense when committed by woman. The

question with dear society is *not* what is the magnitude of the crime? but which sex is the author of it? If helpless, unoffending woman has erred, kick her down to the end of time, but if self-important man has sinned, the answer is, "*why, is that all?*" One case will elucidate my position to the comprehension of the feeblest understanding. Two farmers of equal character and position live neighbors. One has an only son upon whom the parents have lavished all the fond love of parental affection. The other has an only doting daughter—the cherished idol of her parents' highest ambition. In the course of time this young couple enter into a contract of marriage—she on the one side prompted by the purest motives that undefiled virgin love could dictate; while he, on the other side, from the very commencement contemplated the perpetration of the blackest deed that ever stained the annals of crime—the complete and total ruin of that innocent, confiding, child of nature. He goes forth with a certainty that victory will crown his damnable scheme—he almost sees triumph written upon his black banner. He knows that his Upas-like hold upon that unsuspecting girl's affections, will sooner or later eventuate in a triumphant victory. At last he accomplishes her ruin—he tells her he never meditated marriage—and *society turns her an outcast upon the world, while it embraces him in the arms of affection.* Yes, she is denied everything—EVEN SYMPATHY—and is ejected forever from what the world denominates respectable society; while he, *the sole author of all the crime*, let it be great or small, is petted, invited and courted, and occupies the highest seats of honor in that very *respectable* [?] *society.* Oh! man, arrest your mad career, and resolve from this forward to be just. When your brother does wrong, deal leniently with him, but do not suffer his sex to shield him from merited rebuke. And oh! woman, to you I appeal in earnest, merciful tones of supplication. Proclaim to the world your rights, and if need be sacrifice yourself in defense of those rights. True, you will have to endure the epithet of being called "strong-minded," by the "*popular*" part of the lords of creation. But then reflect that this thing *must* be done—the natural progress of the nineteenth century demands it—and how unjust in you to force Lucy Stone,

Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Farnham, and a few other immortal, God-like spirits, to work out the salvation of the whole sex. And then again, sensible, worthy men will never cry out against you, "strong-minded." No, not a man worthy of your regard will do any such thing. And when your sister errs, be merciful under all circumstances. Remember that appearances are deceitful. You never will commit a crime by being too lenient. Where in all the wide world can there be found a victim of baser deception, or one which appeals to our heartfelt sympathy in tones of deeper earnestness, than the case cited above? Possessing, as woman does, the essential attributes of human nature, there can no power of logic, law, or usage, diminish the force or justice of her claims to the rights of humanity. Admitting that she is endowed with the same rational nature as man, and required to assume the responsibility of her every action before the established tribunals of law and public opinion, she has a legitimate claim to all the rights and immunities which belong to such a nature, and all the privileges of every character which are inseparable from those relations, as truly belong to her as they do to man.

If woman has a spiritual nature, and through that spiritual nature she is enabled to sustain relation to truth, and God, it is nothing more nor less than a direct insult, to defend her equality with man, for it is a palpable fact that man cannot boast of more. If for want of a high state of mental culture, which we are guilty of having withheld from her, and the existence of unyielding customs, and social abuses, she is now less able to vindicate her rights than man, they should be regarded as all the more sacred and inviolable. Surely none but the blindest worshiper of a perverted social state, or a soulless tyrant who delights to libel the mother who gave him birth, will trample on the rights of woman. Brave men may triumph over the strong; but when the strength of manhood is employed to hold the defenseless and unresisting nature in abject bondage, the author of such oppression at once dishonors his humanity, and deserves to dwell in some lone wilderness, far from the enchanted presence of fairer and nobler natures. For man to fortify himself by throwing around his own cherished rights the powerful arm of the law, and then to scoff at

the claims of woman when she asks for like protection, and pleads with all the power of her persuasive eloquence, that her rights may be secured, and her wrongs redressed, is base and cowardly, and proves, beyond cavil, how unworthy is man to wield the power he has usurped. Those who were born, and reared, and always resided in old settled communities within the enchanted presence of woman, can be pardoned for not entertaining a worthy appreciation of her character, but old '49'ers of California, who have cooked their own beans, spread their own beds, and washed their own shirts, without even a view of a woman's approving smile, will tell you that contrast has taught them to correctly appreciate her true worth; and they will conjure you to revere her name to the end of time. They will tell you that they have seen fine, promising young men, sink down, down, down the path of crime, to the pit of hopeless ruin; who, when surrounded with the moral atmosphere which ever emanates from well regulated female society, were ornaments to their race; and had they never been removed from that pristine influence, would have been the very bulwarks of society. In fact, it is a rule the world over, that where the influence of female character is felt the strongest, there virtue and morality are triumphant. Look at the matter in whatever light you will, and the evil, arising from woman's inequality with man stares you in the face. I think any *candid* man will admit that the most corrupt class of society in the land is political society. *Putrid political corruption is now trying to destroy the best Government that the genus of mortal man ever conceived.* In fact, politics and iniquity are synonymous terms. What is the cause of the great corruption in this class of people? Only think of the metamorphose. In its pristine state, politics and the science of government were synonymous terms, but now, politics and corruption are synonymous. Again I ask how should this branch of society have become so iniquitous? Can you tell me, reader? The cause is very plain to me. Had I have been in existence in the days of Herodotus, I should have predicted this very state of things. Ah! it is because woman is denied her inalienable rights, and our political halls are deprived of her beneficent influence. Did man admit woman as his political equal, our congressional, and legis-

lative halls would never have been the scene of such disgraceful tableaux, as those which form a distinguishing feature of such places at the present day. It is contrary to precedent to suppose that men would thus conduct themselves in the society of ladies. How, how much longer will it be before man will learn that in crushing woman, he not only crushes himself, but all the dearest interests of society? Such an important element of society cannot be immolated without more or less shattering the whole fabric. All governments thus far formed by man have proven failures. All have died, or are now in their expiring struggle, of—*corruption*. *And when that government is modeled which is destined to endure the test of time, woman will stand on an equality with man, at her polls, and in her halls of legislation.* If the asperity of man's nature requires tempering with the atmosphere of woman's mild, benign influence, in one sphere of life, it does in every other, because his nature is the same, find him where you will. Thus far I have only claimed for her *equal* education, and social rights with man. I claim no more now. But if the education of either is neglected let it be that of man, for man's influence is less than woman's on youth. The laws of nature place woman in a position in which she is forced to mould the human character. At the maternal breast the child receives those impressions, the influence of which remains with it through life. Then how necessary is it that that fountain head should be pure and refined. Should we confer the bulk of education upon the women of our country, we would be bestowing it where it would be repaid to us with treble interest, through the pervading influence of the youth of our land. Yes, it would come back to us with more than compound interest, in the gratifying shape of an intelligent posterity. Give me cultivated, intellectual mothers, and I will give you an intelligent race of human beings. Or in other words let me educate the mothers of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws. The fact is if women were properly educated, and then allowed a controlling voice in all the affairs of life, there would be but precious little need of binding laws. But we are yet in the dark. We prefer to battle with evil, to taking the necessary steps to relieve the land of the baneful presence.

THE POET.

BY DUGANNE.

LIKE the wandering camp of ISRAEL, in the wilderness of ZIN,
Is the mighty world we dwell in, with its turmoil, and its din;
And the Poet, like old MOSES, when his thoughts to God aspire,
Holdeth commune with high Heaven, on his spirit Mount of Fire.

From the camp of old opinions, and the strife of earthly things,
To the SINAI of his spirit, lo! the trusting Poet springs:
And the glorious words of Genius, by Jehovah's fingers wrought,
Like the tablets, of high teachings, are engraven on his thought.

Then with ardent hopes, and longings, to the camp of men, he turns,
While the reflex of God's splendor, on his lofty forehead burns.
Lo! they kneel before an idol—lo! they worship senseless gold,
Like the wilderness idolaters, before the calf of old!

Can ye blame the lofty Poet, that he turns in scorn away,
From the grovelling souls around him, that are moulded in the clay?
Can ye blame him, if, despairing, he shall dash his thoughts to earth:—
Break the tablets of his genius, that in God, have had their birth?

POSTMASTER FRANKLIN.—In 1754, Benjamin Franklin was postmaster general, with permission to make 6000 pounds, Continental money, out of the whole post office department in America. The very next year, he gave the astounding notice—that the mail, which had before run once a fortnight to New England, would start once a week—the year round, whereby, answers might be obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston, in three weeks, which had before, required six weeks. In 1774, it was announced in all the papers of the Colony, that John Perkins engages to ride Post, to carry the Mail once a week between Philadelphia and Boston, and will take along, or back, led-horses, or any parcel. When a post-rider proposed starting, notice was given of his intention, by advertisement, also by the town-crier, for several days in advance. In 1793 the number of post offices had increased through the country to seventy-five.

In 1862? !!!

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

THE Author of the following interesting passage, from a private journal, is a distinguished American traveller.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF ———.

London, Thursday, Dec. 4, 1782.—The great, the glorious day has arrived, when unconditional Independence will be solemnly recognized by George III, in the presence of God and man. Such, at last, are the well-earned fruits of a sanguinary and eventful contest of eight long—*long* years, in which period one hundred thousand brave Americans have cemented, on the altar of their country, with their precious blood, a prize which will bless unborn millions, and in its eventual effects, produce a new era over the entire surface of this benighted world. At an early hour, in conformity to previous arrangements, I had the honor to be conducted, by the Earl of Ferens, to the very entrance of the House of Lords. At the small door, he whispered softly into my ear: “*Get as near the foot of the throne as possible—maintain your position—fear not.*” I did so, with all the assurance of a traveled Yankee, and found myself exactly in front of the throne, elbow to elbow with the celebrated Admiral, Lord Howe, who had just returned from a successful relief of Gibraltar. The ladies of the nobility occupied the lords’ seats on the wool-sacks, so called, as an emblem of the power and wealth of Old England, because that it has been mainly derived from wool. The lords were standing here and there, promiscuously, as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day—a proper English hanging day. To add to its gloomy effects, the old Saxon windows stand high up, with leaden bars to contain the diamond-cut panes of glass. The walls were also hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the Great Spanish Armada, in 1588. I had the pleasure of recognizing the celebrated American painters, West and Copley, and some American ladies, in the group—all rebels at heart—intermixed with many American royalists, some of whom were my near relatives, with long

dejected faces, and rage and despair depicted in every lineament of their features. How opposite were our feelings!

After standing for two hours in painful suspense, the approach of the king, was announced by a tremendous roar of cannon. He entered the same small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself in the chair of state, decorated in his royal robes, in a graceful, formal, and majestic posture, with his right foot resting on a stool. He was evidently agitated; and drew slowly from his pocket a scroll containing his humiliating speech. I was exactly in his front, six or eight feet distant, with my left foot braced upon the throne, to sustain my position from the pressure in my rear, and critically watched with the eye of a Lavater, at that moment, every emotion of his agitated countenance. He began: "*My Lords and Gentlemen*:"—and in direct reference to our independence said—"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders, to prohibit the farther prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision, and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament, and my people; I have pointed all my views, and measures in Europe, as in North America to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the *Colonies*. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go the full length of the power vested in me, and therefore I now declare them"—(here he paused, and hesitated for a moment, and was in *evident agitation*—the pill he had to swallow in the next breath, was repugnant to his digestive organs. In 1775 he repelled our humble petition with indignity—but in 1782, he found himself prostrate at our feet): he recovered himself by a strong convulsive effort, and proceeded thus: "I declare them *free and independent States*. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of their kingdom, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the

northern country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affection, may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries." It is impossible to describe the sensations of my rebellious mind, at the moment when the king hesitated, to pronounce the words—*free and independent!* and to notice with what a bad grace he had to swallow the dose; every artery was in full play, and beat high, in unison with my proud American feelings. It was impossible, not to revert my eyes across the Atlantic, and review in rapid succession, the miseries, and wretchedness, I had witnessed, in several stages of the war, prior to my leaving America—the wide-spread desolation, resulting from the obstinacy, of this very man turning a deaf ear to our humble appeals to his justice, and mercy, as if a god; but *now*, prostrate in his turn. In his speech he tells us in one breath, that he has sacrificed every personal consideration, in other words, —not yet satiated with innocent blood shed by his Indian allies—and in the next, hypocritically invoking high heaven to guard us against calamities, etc. The great drama is now closed—the ball was opened at Lexington, where the British red-coats were *taught* to dance down to Charlestown, to the tune of YANKEE DOODLE. On this occasion, it fell also to my lot, to march from Providence, R. I., with a company of seventy-five, well disciplined young men, all dressed in scarlet, on our way to Lexington, but they had *fled*, before we could reach the scene of action. From the House of Lords, I proceeded to Mr. Copley's dwelling in Leicester Square, to dine; and through my ardent solicitation, he mounted the American stripes on a large painting, in his gallery, the same day—the first, which ever waved in triumph, in England. In leaving the House of Lords, I jostled in, side by side, with West and Copley, enjoying, the rich political repast, of the day, and noticing, with silent gratification, the anguish and despair of the Tories. In the House of Commons, the ensuing day, there was not much debate, but a good deal of acrimony. Commodore Johnston attacked Lord Howe's expedition to Gibraltar, because he had not gained a decisive victory, over the combined fleet, of forty-five sail, of the line, with thirty-seven

ships. Burke then rose, indulging in a vein of satire, and ridicule, a severe attack, on the king's speech the day previous, on the subject of American independence—saying, it was a farrago of *nonsense*, and *hypocrisy*. Young Pitt, the newly created Chancellor of the Exchequer, then rose, and handled Burke with dignified severity, charging him with buffoonery and levity. Having received from Alderman Wood, a card of admission, to the gallery of the House of Commons, as the house was about rising, the Alderman (who is a member) came into the gallery, and invited me to descend with him, to the floor of the house. I met Mr. Burke, with whom I had breakfasted, who introduced me, as a messenger of peace, to Pitt, Conway, Fox, Sheridan, and two or three members, grouped on the floor. I never felt more elevated in my life. In describing this scene, to a friend in France, in a moment of exultation, I subjoined—"figure to yourself, my dear friend, a young American traveler, of twenty-four, standing on the floor of the British House of Commons (where the destiny of dear America in its infancy has been so often agitated) as a messenger of peace, surrounded by a group, the brightest constellation of political men, that ever graced the annals of English history!—and, what is more gratifying, to my American pride, the *very* men, with one exception, who have recently *compelled* tyrant George, to yield with a bad grace, to all our just demands, in my presence! Not, to have been thus affected, at that tremendous crisis, I should have been *more*, or *less*, than a man.

MAN is said to live in a state of order, when he acts from supreme love, to the Lord, and charity, towards his neighbor, and in obedience, to the Divine will. He is depraved, or in disorder, just in the degree, that he acts from the love of *self*, and the love of this world, and disobeys, the known will, of the Lord.

BLUNTNESS of manners is decidedly a fault; it either shows, a want of regard, for another's feelings, an affectation of sincerity, a bad education, or, the neglect, and abuse, of a good one.

MARCH OF FREEDOM.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

THE lady alluded to in the poem, is Miss Emma Hardinge, a lecturer in the East, who is devoting much of her energies to the establishment of a Magdalen Asylum.

In earnest tones a woman's voice is pleading
For poor forsaken ones across the main—
In gentle love their lonely lives now leading
 To usefulness again ;
A woman stands, with helping arms extended,
To those whom Custom ne'er has sought to aid—
To those whom Church or State has ne'er befriended—
 But all assistance stayed.

Now Fashion points with cold and cruel finger,
And turns her haughty head in scorn and pride
From those she's doomed in useless lives to linger—
 From hope and love denied :
She tramples on the weak—the strong upraising—
To bold Aggression widely ope's her door,
Whose creaking hinges on the lone one turning,
 Bid her come no more.

Oh, Custom ! hang thy head and veil thy blushes,
And look upon thy deep-stained soul within—
Examine well its soiled and shattered tablet,
 Nor dare to speak of sin !
Oh ! veil thy face, while woman, noble, fearless,
Stands forth in all her queenly strength and pride,
Daring to plead for the desolate and the cheerless
 Against the opposing tide.

As once with Inspiration fervent, glowing,
The saintly Maid of Arc went forth with helm and sword—
On each brave warrior in the ranks bestowing
 God's battle-sword ;
The conflict won—the vanquished foe retreating,
Retraced their hopeless steps—their homes to gain—
While Peace unfurled her pure and spotless banner
 O'er field and plain.

“ But too much fame has been the meed of woman,”
Too lofty aspirations in her soul had shown ;

A veil of strength—of power more than human
 Around her then was thrown :
 Thus speaks the Past—when bold and dark oppression
 With impious hand e'er sought the light to stay
 That from eternal founts was then revealing
 A more auspicious day.

Now Freedom dons the golden shield and helmet—
 Unfurls her banner to the whispering breeze,
 Whose stainless form with Light and Wisdom glowing
 Is borne across the seas
 Where Tyranny, long with firmless hand uprearing
 Her weak and tottering throne of boasted might,
 From whose decaying spoils now bold, unfearing
 Ascends a form of Light.

A form of Light and Beauty now is glowing,
 With hopeful aspiration caught from High—
 A voice is heard throughout the land proclaiming
 The promised era nigh ;
 Oh, who shall crush this living form of beauty,
 As now from clime to clime she wings the way—
 Or who that voice of fervent, zealous pleading
 Shall dare to stay ?

Though hireling priest beholds the form advancing,
 And seeks with nerveless arm and weak'ning force,
 With dwarfish skill, his fetters now are forging
 To stay its course ;
 Though frowns the bigot, as he fondly clingeth
 To old and musty creeds so basely won—
 Though hate and malice point the shaft he hurleth,
 The proud form marcheth on.

O'er towns and cities vast like magic springing
 Presides this Genius of the coming age—
 Minerva-like, the peaceful emblem bringing,
 As seen by Bard and Sage ;
 Behold her footprints on the plains and mountains—
 Along the proud Sierra wends her way,
 Where sighing winds will cool, and crystal fountains
 In mingled music play.

From bright Pacific shores of teeming beauty,
 Where Hesper's rays make glad the joyous plain,
 Vibrates a sound to souls long tried in duty
 Across the main ;

Oh, faithful ones, the cross so bravely bearing,
Oh, weary not while Heaven cheers thee on;
The immortal wreath each brow shall soon be wearing
For victories won.

Arouse, ye dormant souls in every clime and nation !
In aid of woman's woes is heard a woman's voice—
From woman's lips that glow with inspiration
The pæan sounds rejoice ;
Rejoice, rejoice !—a brighter day is dawning,
When mind o'er mind doth hold electric sway ;
From error's night, now beams the joyous morning
Of endless day.

“POETS AND POETRY.—In calling to mind the names of those writers, who have contributed to the poetic literature of modern times, how many are there which can hardly be thought of, without emotions of interest and love ! Many a bright star, has arisen, to shed its beams of beauty, and loveliness, over the earth. Many a gentle fountain, has poured forth its deep streams of sympathy, and love, to refresh, and to fertilize the human heart. And many a strong voice has been heard, appealing to the slumbering energies of a benighted world, and endeavoring to arouse it from the mental lethargy into which, by the all-engrossing cares of the body, it is so continually thrown ; many are they, who have thus won the gratitude of mankind. At times, the mental world has been aroused by a voice of deep, of lofty, and of varied strength. Occasionally we witness manifestations of almost superhuman energy and power. Individuals have arisen, in all the strength and brilliancy of genius, who, soaring high above the ordinary race of mortality, have scattered abroad the splendid creations, of a vivid and exalted imagination ; who have swept the chords of the poetic lyre, with the delicacy, the energy, and freedom of a master ; who have thrilled us with the sweet melody of their gentle strains ; who have awed us, with the dark and fearful conceptions of their heated imaginations ; and who have raised the soul to a higher, a fuller, and more abiding consciousness of its own exalted and immortal destiny. And perhaps, never did a literature present a more genial and promising aspect than does ours, at the present day.”

RUTH MAY.

BY FANNY GREEN MCDUGAL.

[Continued from page 211.]

"You frighten me, Mrs. Connal!" she said, at length. "I fear what you tell me is too true! Alas!" she added, as she rose from her seat, walking rapidly and nervously across the room. "Alas! that the cares and necessities of life should make us blind to our own deepest interests and those of the young creatures committed to our charge!"

"An' is'nt it the pleg spot that's in her chaek now?" pursued Mrs. Connal, "an' it all the while red an bright as my wee bit Denny's own?"

"No more! I beseech you, Mrs. Connal!" almost shrieked the mother. "Speak no more of this at present. I will talk with you another time. But really this is too dreadful!"

"An' it's not the like o' me that wad pain a mother's heart, an' I wid' the four bits o' my own, and last of all wad I pain yours; for though ye're a born leddy, an' I know well by everything about ye that ye're not used to the likes o' me that was born to be no bether than your servant; but I love ye for all that—I love ye as I wou'd an angel, that could lift me up widout coming down. An' there's somethin' sames dthrawin from your heart to mine, till I feel as if God had made us sisthers, an' somehow I'd got astray in the dark. But the light is ever shinin' out of yer kind heart an' yer lovin' eyes to laed me back to the right place, by yer side. Forgive me, misthress dear, for 'tis yer own self has made me spake so."

Mrs. May held out her hand with a kind and encouraging smile to the poor woman, who, by the true and simple light of nature, had thus read the profoundest philosophy of social ethics. Alas! when shall we generally perceive that all our brethren—the most unfortunate and the most sinful—have only been led astray in the dark, and that we ourselves may not be surely in the right path. Could only *this* be felt—that the position of the poor is in itself an accident to which all persons—and especially

all in this country—may be exposed, and therefore should be treated as a misfortune and by no means as a crime—that even the sins, which are the product of unnatural want, temptations, and all bad influences, are not to be cast on the unsheltered head of the doers alone, we should be much farther toward the right. Could the common mind be raised to the comprehension of even this single idea, a most important step would be already taken toward that healthful change, which the whole spirit of society, of free institutions, of the age, demand.

But to return to the poor Irish woman, whose simple views went direct to the point. Not being interrupted, she went on. “O, mistress May, if the grand rich people that reads the big books, an’ gits the larnin’ that’s locked up there away from forment the poor would jist let the light that’s in them shine forth like the blessed light of Hiven, as if God meant it should be free to all—an’ bliss all—an’ niver intinded so many should be lift in the black dark—it’s not the wake, ignoranth cratures that we’s are we’d be thin. There’d be somethin’ to incourage us an’ lead us on—an we’d work none the less—for is’nt it the light an’ the frae feelin’ that makes the labor itself light? I can’t jist spake it out, but I fael it haere”—and she laid her hand on her heart—“I fael I have a soul in my brist, though there’s so many niver saem to know it. But whin I cum forment the likes o’ you it saems as if I’d found an equal, though it’s you never cum’s down to me—it’s I as saems lifted up to you.”

“My kind friend,” returned Mrs. May, “you have now paid me the highest compliment it has ever been my good fortune to receive; and though I by no means feel that I quite deserve it, I cannot be otherwise than proud of the praise you bestow, and happy to be an instrument of blessing, even in the smallest degree, to one I owe so much of kindness.”

“Sure it’s not yerself that owes anything, at all at all,” replied Mrs. Connal, “but turnin’ back to the girl—” and her sunny face brightened; as if she had hit on a lucky idea, as she said, “Och! an’ is there any naed o’ dyin’ in these days, whin there’s niver a bit o’ newspaper that comed round a thrippenny loaf but has miny midicines, an’ pills, and ’lix’rs, and panacees

as'd dthrive the could consumption itself from the face o' the airth, to say nothing o' favers, an' all for a few shillin's! An' is'nt it raal flyin' in the face o' Hiven, that's pervided the maens, to so much as *think* o' dyin' at all at all! excipt now and thin in the way of accident, and that could be done widout intintion! So chaer up, misthress dear, for is'nt it the gracious Providence that'll sind the good midicines to help her, the darlint! an' she so young and sthrong like?"

Mrs. May could not resist a smile at this sally; but the thought of medicines suggested the idea of sickness, and she shuddered at the prospect which, as a matter of sheer economy they could so ill afford. How dreadfully inured to suffering must be that state, in which the actual pain in anticipating disease, is swallowed up in the thought of its incident expenses. Mrs. May shuddered at the gloomy and terrible idea.

But just at that moment the door opened very gradually, and a very small way, and then a bright little red head was thrust carefully forward, with a somewhat apocryphal expression on the freckled face.

"Ah, Denny! ye thaef o' the world! is it ye, an' what are ye haere for?" exclaimed Mrs. Connal. But though she began with a rebuke, she took up the child; and with a perfect flood of tender phrases, mingled with quite audible kisses, she carried him off, screaming that he would stay and kiss Miss Ooty first.

As they went out Ruth herself came back. Her eyes were red, and the face was much swollen, as if she had been weeping violently. But there was a light in the now clear eye, and a curve in the compression of the beautiful lip, which, while they spoke of the struggle, told also of the strength which had been summoned to meet it. Yet one accustomed to a close analysis of character and expression, might have seen that the newly awakened sentiment, was a resolution to suffer rather than resist evil; to endure rather than surmount it. The higher step was yet to be taken.

"You must get more exercise in the open air," said Mrs. May, again resuming her work; for that must be done, whatever else was left undone; and she had already suspended it for some

minutes. "You confine yourself quite too much, my child," continued the mother, unavoidably stopping again, as she noticed the agitation of Ruth. "Alas! I have neglected you quite too much! But I cannot allow you to apply yourself so closely in future."

"But you have labored, and still labor, night and day, to give me bread," replied the girl. "Ah! I see that you, too, are not as well as you were; that your eyes are getting dimmer. Your cheek, too, is thinner and paler, your voice is not so cheerful as it was, and you stoop a little now—a very little—sweet mother mine. You work too hard. It is impossible to disguise the fact; and yet it must always be so at the meagre prices you have. We can, at best, but escape starvation, and if we should be sick we might not be able to do even that, unless I am able—unless you permit me, also, to cast in my poor mite. Alas! I am only a burden to you! Though I try so much to help you, I cannot!"

The poor girl burst into tears, and her head drooped on her mother's shoulder.

"Do compose yourself, my darling," entreated Mrs. May, passing an arm round her daughter's waist, and drawing her to her bosom. "I have no time to soothe or comfort you. I must finish this dress, and the time is shortening every moment. You know, my child, I have no time for tears. Sorrow for anything, is a luxury we cannot afford," she added, lifting the clustering hair, and kissing Ruth's flushed cheek, while a single drop fell from furrow to furrow down her, worn and sallow one.

"Ah, I know that too well!" returned the girl, sadly. "I will not be so selfish. I will—indeed I *will* be calm! I will, at least, not hinder, if I cannot help you! But it is hard to think that I can do so many things that others do—and get well paid for them—while I, can earn nothing, or next to nothing. Why is it, dear mother?"

"The answer must be found in this one fact, my child:—the love of show is the great motive principle among those to whom you at present look for aid. But get 'The Flower' now, my love; for I *must* work; and listening, helps me on better than talking."

"Yes," returned the girl, bitterly, "Miss Jerusha Ann Bennett must have her dress for the party to-night, if it were embroidered in your heart's blood. I would not complain of this if they were willing to pay you anything like the worth of the work. But they barely give you enough to sustain life, though execution like yours might command the highest prices. Mrs. Shantler has from three to four dollars for making a dress like that, while you get but one—and that is cheaper than a common print at twenty-five cents. And all that execrable talk about patronage and charity is thrown into the bargain."

"You must allow, my Ruthy, that is a great deal to throw in, for people who measure their favors so exactly, observed Mrs. May, with a slight sarcasm in her voice and manner.

"Yes, more than they can afford, and I wish they knew it," returned Ruth; "I'll give them a hint some day that their stock of good feeling is so very small that they may exhaust it by such an unnecessary waste, even of words."

"As the adage is, we might as well laugh as cry," said Mrs. May.

"Yes, if one can laugh," replied Ruth, sadly. "To me, this is extremely difficult. I wish Mrs. Bennett could come here once without attempting to depreciate your labors by saying that you never learnt a trade. Suppose you never have learnt a trade! What then? She herself acknowledges your fits are perfect; and she gets, in addition to this first and highest advantage, the elegant execution of one who never did anything otherwise than neatly, and the delicate taste of an order of mind that is seldom brought into such business. Why, Victoria herself might employ you with the advantage of adding new grace to her royal garments. And if we lived in her kingdom, I might present myself before her, and pray her majesty to patronize you, with quite as good a chance of success as if I laid the matter before the illustrious Mrs. Bennett!"

Taking up the book she pointed out, Ruth now commenced reading, and the beguiling story, losing none of its sweetness from the spirited and tasteful reading, flowed on happily; beguiling one weary, and two, aching hearts; and occasionally the light chink

of the meeting thimble and needle, chimed not inharmoniously with the familiar music. Thus had the two persons present, wrapt as it were into a temporary elysium, found labor beguiled of its tedium, and poverty half-cheated of its sting, as if obedient to the wand of the potent Seeress, the clouds of the Actual were painted with the iris hues of the Ideal.

They were roused by an imposing knock from the large iron knocker at the door below. This was followed by a heavy and confident series of steps on the stairs ; and directly after, a large, and in every sense of the word, a gross woman, entered the room. The vulgarity of the new visitor, could not be disguised by the fashionable display of her attire, which rather became a medium for its more conspicuous setting forth.

"I declare," said she, throwing herself on the first chair she met, and puffing like a great pair of wheezy bellows, "I vow an' declare that work-folks hadn't ought ter live nowheres but on the first floor, an' I told Mr. Bennett so the other day. S's I, if that Mrs. May don't get on the first floor putty soon, Mr. Bennett, s's I, I must take my work, though I hate to be cruel, somewhe's else, s's I."

"You say the woman never's learnt a trade, s's Mr. Bennet. Now I'll tell ye what my way o' doin business is ; when I want anything done, s's he, go to them that understands what they're about. An' s's I, that's my way. But you know the woman's poor, s's I, kind o' coaxin' him up—very poor, an' it's an accommodation to have our work, an' I'm willing to put up a little ; for I know'd her when she's young. Wall then, s's he, if you be sich a fool, don't come to me with none o' yer fuss ! s's he. An' then just to spite me, as he always does when he gets ill natur'd, he lit that old clay pipe o' his'n an' went to smokin'. Then the girls took on so, 'cause he wouldn't smoke segars, like a gentleman, and would smoke pipes like an old codger, that I really thought Matildy Jane—she takes arter me, dreadful tender-hearted—would ha' gone inter fits. So you see, Mrs. May, what I suffer, to obleege ye—trouble brought, as a body might say, right inter the bosom of my family."

Mrs. May and Ruth exchanged glances ; but neither offered

any reply, as the lady ran on. "Now, somehow, I allers was made tender-hearted, an' I expect to suffer for it as long as I live. 'Taint nothin' mor'n I expect; and I've putty much made up my mind an' got resigned to it." Hereupon she folded her large fat hands on her capacious breast, with an expression of abandonment to the necessary evil, almost worthy of being brought to the stake, as she continued, "an' you know, Mrs. May, it's something of a risk to put nice things inter the hands o' them that never learnt a trade. Now this dress you're makin' cost twenty dollars of hard money, Mrs. May; an' if you should spile it, I could never expect you to pay for mor'n half of it. Ten dollars would be full as much as you could afford to lose, Mrs. May. So you'd better be careful, for I'm amazin' pertic'lar. Aud, as for Matildy Jane, I don't think she ever did have anything done to suit her."

Mrs. May shuddered at the suggestion, so rudely and so heartlessly thrown out. But she only cast a deprecating look at Ruth, whose pale cheek was crimsoned with indignation at the insult so coolly offered to her dear gentle mother; but she dared not speak, though a torrent of burning words were struggling for escape, and the first speaker again took the floor.

"I often wonder at myself to see how I'm put upon, 's you may say, without a word, but 's I remarked, I allers was made tender hearted. And what's bred in the bone stays along with the flesh. I pity the poor, an' like to accommodate; but that's my make, and I can't help it, though it's money out of pocket every day I live."

"The dress is ready to try on," said Mrs. May, without offering any other reply.

"They say tight sleeve 's goin' down, an' Jenny Linn's comin' up—named arter the greatest song-singer in Christiandom. I don't jestly know where that country is; but I believe it's some-where's to the north, in the neighborhood o' Bottomy Bay. I 'spose they call it so 'cause most everybody there's named Christian."

There was something so rich in this sally, that Ruth, who had an extremely acute sense of the ridiculous, freely forgave the speaker for her former grossness in consideration of the mirth

now afforded. But she was too well-bred to express her thoughts openly, though her face brightened with a more genial expression than it had yet worn. It has been said by a distinguished genius of old, that the gods themselves when they had created man, and perceived with what pompous airs the puppet strode about, could not forbear laughing at him, to their great refreshment after so hard labor, while the subject of their mirth joined in it with a most hearty unconsciousness, and thereby got a good appetite for his first dinner. To laugh, therefore, is good. Another more modern writer has observed that, while man is the only animal endowed with the power of laughter, he is the only one that really deserves to be laughed at.

Had either of these known Mrs. Bennett, he would have seen no reason to recant from his doctrine of the ludicrous. But she, innocent soul, bridled up; for she saw her auditors were pleased, though it must be confessed she made no particular effort to hold them in that condition.

"Have you got anything new for waists?" she asked, somewhat loftily, as she turned the dress over, scanning every seam; then immediately adding, "but I could'n't expect to find fashions here, as I told Jerusha Ann."

"Certainly you could not," returned Mrs. May, with some show of spirit, under her usually subdued and quiet manner. "The prices I receive do not sustain me in the purchase of patterns."

"To be sure;" replied the other quickly. Them that has'n't learnt a trade could'n't be expected. An' so this mornin' I told the girls—Jerushy Ann, Matildy Jane, and Josephine Adelaide—to put their bonnets right on, and go round to all the most fashionable dressmakers, jest 's if they's goin' to have dresses made, an' so see all the patterns; for they're mighty curus and ingenus—an' the way they cum it over the dress makers was a caution. O, I forgot," she threw in parenthetically, "that I mus'n't use that are kind o' talk; though somehow it does come rather natral; for 'Tildy says it's altogether below our present sphere—Matildy Jane belongs to the Litter arter, yer know—and that's a kind o' folks—judgin' them by what they're called, an'

by the old fashin' scripster rule, works—that leaves everything arter them all in a litter; an' I s'pose that's the way they got their name. Some calls 'em the *e*-lite, which is, I s'pose, the new fashion way of speakin' *per*-lite." And another rich treat in the humorous line was by Ruth, put down to the credit of Mrs. Bennett, while even her sedate mother could not resist a smile.

But nothing daunted, and still in a dialect which set at defiance the lessons of her promoted juveniles, the lady continued:—"It takes them, I tell you, Mrs. May. They cum home tired as any dogs; but learnin'—though I never used to think so—*is* a great thing ter help anybody erlong. 'Tis surprisin'. But 's I's goin' to say, I told the girls you'd probably make their dresses at half price for the sake of the patterns, an' you'd get 'em dog cheap at that."

"At half *my* price!" faintly replied Mrs. May; and in her actual terror at the thought, her words died into a gasp, while Ruth turned pale with mingled astonishment, alarm, and contempt, "You surely could not expect me to take less than I have had!" pursued Mrs. May, rallying; for she saw there was a hard battle before her.

"Well, I s'pose half a dollar on a dress will make some difference to you," returned the lady, pompously spreading forth her own gorgeous array of satin, and playing with a heavy gold chain while she spoke; and then by way of illustration, or apology for her own display of finery, she added, "Mr. Bennett's money cum pretty hard, Mrs. May; an' we must be savin' on it, for I a'nt none o' them vampires that'll suck the marrer out o' the hard workin' bones, an' throw it away for nothin'. But I won't be hard with you, for I allers was made tender-hearted. I'll give you seventy-five cents apiece for the girl's dresses, and you shall have the patterns free."

Ruth and her mother again exchanged glances of agonizing terror and dismay. The dresses at a dollar apiece would barely sustain life. But as they were strangers in a great and selfish city, there was nothing left them but submission, or utter beggary. Mr. May had exhausted the remains of his little fortune, by a residence of some months in New York for the purpose of

submitting to a painful and dangerous operation, under the best surgical experience and skill. The operation had proved fatal; and but a few months before, he had left his wife and daughter, broken down in health and spirits, alone, and poor. Their friends lived in a remote part of the country; and had they been possessed of the means to make so long a journey, there were many generous hearts and hospitable homes that would have been open to receive the widow and orphan of one, who, for talents and moral worth, had always held a distinguished position in the society to which he belonged, as well as for their own sake. In the city they knew no family but that of Mr. Bennett, the honorable mistress of which, had been a quondam servant in the family of Mrs. May's father. She had married Mr. Bennett, then a Yankee peddler, whose mercantile genius in the prosecution of small bargains having been so successful as to warrant the change, he had moved to New York, where he first opened a small retail grocery. This was ultimately merged in a wholesale and large importing business, from which the ex-peddler retired, as some said, a millionaire; but at the least a very rich man, even in this city of princely fortunes.

Mrs. May and her daughter now saw that their only alternative, was either to humble themselves before purse-proud ignorance, by making known their necessities, or submit to her terms. They could not do the first; and they yielded to the last; but it was with heavy and almost breaking hearts.

[To be continued.]

How many noble natures—how many glorious hopes—how much of the seraph's intellect, have been crushed into the mire, or blasted into guilt, by the mere force of *physical want*! What are the temptations of the rich, to those of the poor? Yet see how lenient we are to the crimes of the one—how relentless to those of the other! It is a bad world; it makes our heart sick to see the injustice and inhumanity that obtains in society. The consciousness, of how little, individual genius—can do to relieve the mass—grinds out, as with a stone—all that is generous in ambition; and to aspire from the level of life, is but to be more graspingly selfish.

THE ACRES AND THE HANDS.

BY DUGANNE.

“THE earth, is the Lord’s—and the fulness thereof,”

Said God’s most holy word :—

The water, hath fish, and the land, hath flesh,

And the air, hath many a bird ;

And the soil, is teeming, o’er all the earth,

And the earth, has numberless lands ;

Yet millions of hands, want acres—

While millions of acres, want hands !

Sunlight, and breezes, and gladsome flowers,

Are over the earth, spread wide ;

And the good God, gave these gifts to men—

To men, who on earth abide ;

Yet thousands, are toiling, in poisonous gloom,

And shackled, with iron bands,—

While millions of hands want acres—

And millions of acres want hands !

Never a foot, hath the poor man here,

To plant with a grain of corn ;

And never a plot, where his child, may cull

Fresh flowers, in the dewy morn.

The soil, lies fallow—the woods, grow rank ;

Yet idle, the poor man stands !

Oh ! millions of hands want acres—

And millions of acres want hands !

’Tis writ, that “ ye shall not muzzle the ox,

That treadeth out the corn ! ”

But behold ! ye shackle, the poor man’s hands,

That have, all earth’s burdens, borne !

The LAND, is the gift of a bounteous God—

And TO LABOR, his word commands,—

Yet millions of hands want acres—

And millions of acres, want hands !

WHO, hath ordained, that the Few, should hoard,

Their millions, of useless gold ?—

And rob, the earth, of its fruits and flowers,

While profitless soil, they hold ?

WHO, hath ordained, that a parchment scroll,

Shall fence round, miles of lands,—
When millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

'Tis a glaring LIE, on the face of day—

This, ROBBERY of men's rights!

'Tis a lie, that the word of the Lord disowns—

'Tis a CURSE, that burns and blights!

And 'twill burn, and blight, till the people rise,

And swear, while they break their hands—

THAT THE HANDS, SHALL, HENCEFORTH HAVE ACRES,

AND THE ACRES, HENCEFORTH HAVE HANDS!

WOMAN.—To the honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. On such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not, and fears not consequences. She displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering, which seems victorious even after death itself.—JUDGE STORY."

It is rather a curious incident, that when the American Congress, sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as Minister to France, the Court of Versailles sent M. Gerard, a book-binder, as Minister to the United States. When Dr. Franklin was told of it, he exclaimed: Well, I will *print* the Independence of America, and M. Gerard will *bind* it.

THE *worthiest* people, are most exposed to injury by slanderers; as we find that, to be the best fruit, at which the birds have been picking.

Whoever wishes to test the purity of friendship, let him pass it through the crucible of adversity.

SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

THE WIDOW CROLEY AND HER BEAUTIFUL NIECE.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARK.

"THE Croley estate" looked princely, once, from my grandmother's favorite window. The large mansion, with its ample court yard and numerous outhouses, occupied several acres of land, while its orchard and park extended for miles along the southern margin of the bay on its winding way to the ocean. The establishment was kept up in the English style for many years. The lawns were closely shaven, presenting a beautiful velvety green to the eye, and the garden and orchard were in a high state of cultivation.

But Maple Hall, as the old mansion was called by its fair mistress, in accordance with her English predilections, has changed with the changing population. Its grounds have been divided and subdivided, and sold and resold, until it has entirely lost its once proud aristocratic appearance.

Truly, Time is a mighty democrat. He laughs at the divine right of kings, and the privileged classes of earth, as he comes from Eternity with his fleet battalions of minutes and hours, and hurries onward to eternity, sweeping thrones to the dust, in his rapid progress, and leveling all human conditions and distinctions. Ay, he raises the poor, unfed millions from their hovels and gloomy cellars, and places them in the palaces of the once rich and powerful, while he points with his merciless spear to the crumbling monuments that tell of decaying greatness, mingling its dust with the beggars and the slaves, in earth's common sepulchre.

High-born and low ; how puerile to Time are such distinctions ! " To-morrow " the despised " mud-sills " of the bleak North, the native soil of honorable labor, will stand side by side with the F. F. V's. of the old dominion, and of the boastful aristocracy of the sunny South, claiming equal shares of their broad and fruitful acres, and winning equal honors in the field and in

the forum. "And to-morrow, and to-morrow," the ragged, bare-foot peasant boy will rise in the dignity of his manhood, asserting the innate nobility and sovereignty of the people, and rule the destinies of nations.

But, a truce to moralizing. It was unfortunate to be drawn into the vein at the commencement of the sketch, while the reader is supposed to be waiting impatiently for an introduction to "The Widow Croley," as the lady was now termed by the NEIGHBORS, and her beautiful neice. But it may be remembered by those who have seen the sketch of "Aunt Hitty Hathnews," that the Widow Croley and her beautiful niece have already been presented. "The Widow Croley" was there introduced as the young and accomplished bride of Capt. Croley. But it would have been difficult to have recognized, at the period of her history which we are now sketching, in the solemn and stately matron of forty years, the hopeful and charming wife of eighteen summers. For in those intervening years she had sounded the deepest deep of joy and of sorrow that the human heart can fathom.

She had been a beloved and loving wife, and the mother of two noble boys ; but husband and children, all, were swept away by a single stroke of fate, leaving her home and her heart desolate. When the boys were of the early ages of twelve and fourteen years, Captain Croley said to the fond, proud mother, I wish my sons to see a little of the world ; you must spare them to me for one short voyage. And the mother consented to the painful separation, consoling herself with the prospects of their happiness, and the promise of their safe and speedy return.

She took leave of them on board of the vessel in which they sailed—a well-built merchantman, bound for the India Seas—and the splendid ship, under full sail, with a fair wind and a cloudless sky, floated away, like a majestic bird, upon the crested billows of the bay, out to the ocean, attended by her prayers and blessings—but no returning tide brought back the gallant merchantman. Destiny was inexorable. The ship was wrecked and lost in a severe storm that occurred in the early part of the voyage, and the public journals made the startling announcement,

"every soul on board perished." None were left to tell the sorrowful tale of disaster and suffering.

Poor woman! she was entirely unprepared for the terrible tidings, and the suddenness of the blow paralyzed, for a while, both heart and brain. The NEIGHBORS said, "As soon as she heard the dreadful news, she fell senseless upon the floor. We laid her upon the bed, and tried for a long time to bring her back to life; and when, at last, she opened her eyes, she neither spoke a word nor shed a tear."

The reaction from this condition of mental torpor, was attended by an alarming brain fever, from which she slowly and painfully recovered. For returning health and strength seemed to her only the renewal of her agonizing sorrow, with increasing power of endurance. The light and joy of existence were gone forever. Returning health was no longer *life*, but only its painful semblance, "Oh! she was changed as by the sickness of the soul." All the physician's skill could not restore her *former self*; he had no power to "Minister to a mind diseased; pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow." Only one, the Great Physician, can do that for the poor suffering child of earth.

The NEIGHBORS, generally, sympathized deeply with "the Widow Croley" in her bereavment, although in discussing the sad event in their social gatherings, they expressed the "firm belief" that it was a signal visitation of Heaven for the purpose of humbling the great pride of her heart, and they sincerely hoped and prayed that it might produce the desired effect. But this was the religious view of the subject, and did not militate against their pity and sympathy for her as a suffering woman.

But when she walked abroad once more among them, solemn and stately, with her great sorrow like an isolating atmosphere about her, and her statuesque face saintly and sublime in its expression of patient endurance, she appeared farther removed from them in her grief, than she had in her proud beauty, when she first became mistress of Maple Hall. And when they proffered her words of sympathy and consolation, she looked wonderingly, almost reproachfully upon them, "words were such a very mockery" of the deep, heart-sorrow that no language has power to

reach. And each morning, before she was fully awake to the new day, she was fearfully conscious of a terrible burthen of grief upon her heart, which she must bear *alone*, and, with tearless moans, that brought no relief to her wounded spirit, she arose with the burthen, charging her soul to be strong to bear. She had been noble and commanding in appearance, once; she was heroic, now, sublimated by suffering.

The pursuits of life had but little interest for her, yet she neglected no duty. She visited the poor of the parish; attended all gatherings in the village for benevolent objects, and was constant in her attendance at church, and all religious festivals. And she also undertook the management of the business of her estate, hoping by constant and active occupation to find some relief to the anguish of her spirit.

One morning of early spring, five long years from the period of her bereavement, as she sat alone in her forsaken library, reviewing the sorrowful events of her past history, a servant entered with a package of letters bearing the postmark of her native city. The seal was black, and she shuddered at its fearful significance, and paused several moments before breaking it to nerve herself with courage for the painful intelligence it contained. Claspings the package in both hands with a deep moan, she exclaimed, "Ah, me! What new grief has come to probe my bleeding wounds, to lacerate my heart? Who among my dear kindred and friends have followed my husband and children to the land of shadows—to the hungry, voiceless grave?"

The epistles contained in the package announced the decease of her brother-in-law. He had been the husband of an only and beloved sister, who passed into the spirit land in her youth, in giving birth to a daughter, whom she left to the care and love of her bereaved companion. They gave a detailed account of his sickness and death, and related, with much feeling, the solicitude he expressed, even in the last moments of expiring life, for the future of his darling child. It appeared that he had embarked in speculation, and lost a large fortune in his ambition to accumulate a larger one for her, and the disappointment consequent upon failure, was supposed to be the exciting cause of his

illness. He was unreconciled to the thought of dying and leaving her penniless. It was farther stated that no expense had been spared in the education of the daughter, and that she was good, beautiful, and talented, and had been the idol of her deceased parent.

The Widow Croley perused with the deepest interest the events narrated, particularly those relating to the young lady, her niece, who was frequently mentioned with admiration and affection. She folded the manuscript, and, leaning back in her arm chair, sat for hours in the same attitude, looking earnestly into space. Her dark eyes were charged with unshed tears, and there was an unusual light in their depths, that had been awakened by the new thoughts that agitated her spirit. Rising suddenly, at length, and pacing the polished floor of her library with the energetic and confident tread of one who has brought a perplexing question to a favorable solution, she exclaimed:—

“Yes! yes! she shall be mine! Who has so high a claim to the child of my beloved sister as I? Who the same sacred right to love and protect her? *Penniless!* did they say—my sister’s child left penniless? She is no longer penniless—she is my heir!—all that I have is hers!—and she shall be mine! I will live no more alone!—the frosts of age shall not chill me in my prime!—my desolate hearth shall respond once more to the happy voice of youth! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!”

The “Widow Croley’s” seat was vacant in the old “Meeting House” on the following Sabbath, and for several consecutive Sabbaths. And when, at last, she appeared in her accustomed place, a youthful form, draped in mourning weeds, sat by her side. A wealth of chestnut hair fell in shining ringlets from beneath her sombre hat, and earnest blue eyes looked through the gloomy veil which shaded a complexion as fair and pure as her own youth and innocence. It was Sarah Mandiville, the Widow Croley’s beautiful niece.

The young lady listened attentively to Parson Flindley’s long sermon, delivered in a soporific monotone, interested and amused by its peculiarity. Her coming had not been announced in the village, as she arrived with her aunt late on Saturday evening,

and her unexpected appearance at church, created a lively sensation among MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS. Salts and aromatic spices were not needful auxiliaries, as usual, to quicken their drowsy powers ; for eager curiosity to know who she could be—where upon *arth* she could have come from, and how long she would remain in the village—was a powerful stimulus to insure the important degree of wakefulness. It was even remembered, that the peculiar Sabbath faces of many of the NEIGHBORS were less impressive than usual, and that others entirely neglected to put them on ; they were so taken by surprise, and spell-bound by the novelty of the event.

Polly Spoonall and Debby Clipper were in a miserable state of excitement during the entire service. And Polly, who led the village choir with her sharp treble, leaned impatiently forward through the Parson's lengthy discourse, to command a fair view of the Widow Croley's pew, keeping one of her penetrating gray eyes on the young lady, and the other on the preacher—she could not wholly neglect the latter duty ; and besides, it was her highest ambition to be regarded by the NEIGHBORS as the most devout of worshippers.

"After service"—as "the Widow Croley" rode away with her beautiful niece, in a new, stylish carriage which she had purchased while on her visit to B—, the good people gathered in groups about the old meeting house, and within its large vestibule, to discuss the important event, and satisfy their newly awakened curiosity. Polly Spoonall and Debby Clipper could give them no satisfactory information upon the important subject, much to the chagrin and mortification of those ancient maidens, as they themselves were equally in the dark. But all could comment *ad libitum* upon the young lady's personal appearance ; a privilege in which they indulged to the full measure of satisfaction. Some remarked that she was tall and graceful, and fair to look upon ; others, that she was attentive to the sermon, and conducted herself with great propriety. The general sentiment expressed was in her favor ; but the attention that she gave the sermon was more particularly the theme of the conversation, and was commended in the warmest terms by those who had not

listened to a word themselves, so entirely had they been occupied with the young lady and her belongings.

On the following week all the visiting portion of the village, paid their respects to the Widow Croley and her beautiful niece, Miss Mandiville. They were delighted to learn that she came for a permanent residence among them—hoped she would be pleased with the country—hoped she would be very neighborly—and were unfailing in their good wishes and invitations abroad.

The event of her coming, was a God-send to the NEIGHBORS. It opened new avenues of thought, affording topics of conversation in their social gatherings for many weeks. They could speculate at pleasure upon the precedents of the young lady, and her probable future. They never wearied of wondering if the rich Widow would leave her large property to her beautiful niece—and if she intended to marry her, early in life—and if Deacon Barnhum's eldest son would not make a capital husband for her, the one of all others. Polly Spoonall decided the latter query in the affirmative; and said that *she* would not be at all surprised to hear that there was already an understanding between the Deacon and the Widow relative to the matter; and that she did not believe that the marriage would be deferred a single day beyond the needful time for the young gentleman to complete his studies for the ministry. "Any one can see with half an eye," she added in a confidential whisper, "that he is very much in love with her. Why, he can scarcely keep his eyes off of her an instant, even in church-time; and I *do* know that he is a very frequent visitor at Maple Hall when he is in the village."

"They say," she continued, "that he won the highest honors of his class, at the B— College, and will take a distinguished position in the church. And *I'm* sure there could'n't be a more suitable match. She's quite worthy of such a husband as he'll make. Think how attentive she is to Parson Kindley's sermons! She listens to every word—yes, yes; she's just the one for a clergyman's wife—pious, talented and beautiful."

[To be continued.]

TWO PICTURES.

JENNY AND JOAN.

BY C. H. DORE.

PART I.

Far from great cities' noisy din,
Of pampered vice and haggard sin,
A rural hamlet long had stood,
In vale half hidden by a wood.
Here, blest in labor's sweet content,
Calmly many a life was spent.

Through the wood, a path is seen,
Shadow'd by arch of living green,
Where moss-grown stems of ancient trees,
Throw out their arms to woo the breeze,—
It led to cottage old and grey,
Where neither wealth or art held sway.

A creeping vine, that clambered o'er,
Covered the roof, half hid the door,
And flowers that blooming sweet as fair,
Gave out their fragrance on the air.
Near by, all rippling through the lea,
A brook gave forth its melody.

Beneath the porch, in rustic guise,
Yet gaily clad, to country eyes,
A lovely maid, whose store of wealth,
A well taught mind, and blooming health—
With many a blush or downcast look,
Awaited one who crossed the brook.

Her nut-brown locks with leaves are bound,
And on her slender waist around,
An azure ribbon girds the flow,
Of spotless robe, pure white as snow,
Fair as some Venus from the sea,
She stood adorned, in purity.

Thus, peasant Jenny, doth await,
Her chosen swain, who ope's the gate,
Whose stalwart form, blue eyes, and face,
Show lineage of his Saxon race.

To-day they wed their hopes and fears,
To share their toils of coming years,
As round the oak the clasping vine,
So they their arms all fondly twine ;
Uncurs'd by fashion, or high state,
The village priest unites their fate
In olden church, whose moss-grown wall,
Had witnessed empires rise and fall.

PART II. JOAN.

A palace stands of ancient days,
Where king or queen, still rules and sways,
Of massive strength, that grand and old,
But proves the might of power and gold,
Where glittering pageants come and go,
With all that wealth or skill can show,
Here pomp and fashion hold their reign,
And rank, or gold, high place attain,
Here prince and nobles close allied,
Uphold their ancient state and pride,
While toiling millions labor give,
That these in luxury may live.

Here nature schooled, gives place to art,
And etiquette must rule the heart,
By gilded trifles constant led,
They live and breath, are born and wed.
Here Joan the queen, her state above,
Scorns plebian passions, hates, or love.

Joan weds a prince, and nations crowd
To sing their praises far and loud,
With endless pæans fill the air,
To prove queens great, or princess fair.
All crowned with jewels, Joan, in state,
Would seem to dare the frowns of fate.

Far peal the bells o'er forest glade,
Where lives the humble cottage maid,
And loyal shouts still pierce the skies,
Where Joan the queen meets wondering eyes,
She rules o'er many a crowded mart,
But Jenny rules one loving heart,

Perchance that she, low-born, and bred,
In cottage humbly rear'd and wed,

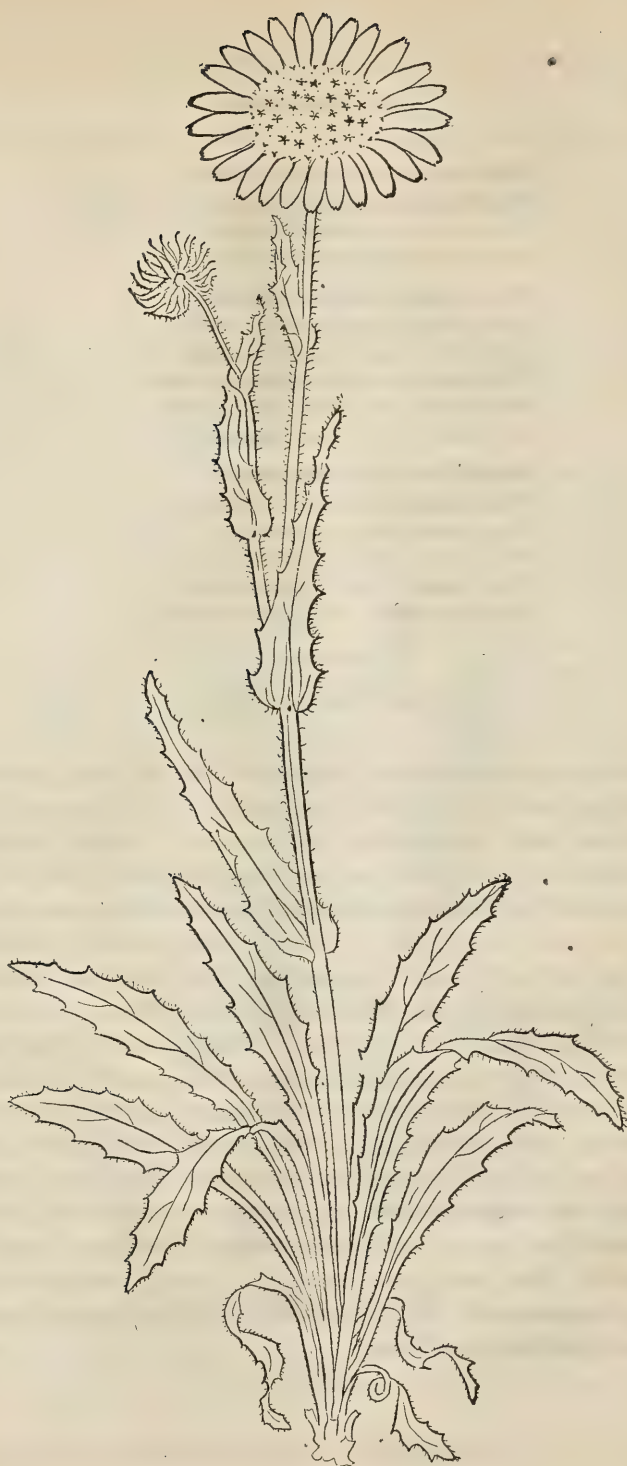
Shall raise beside her lowly hearth,
One like herself in rank or birth,
Yet who shall be a mightier one,
Than noble heir of princess Joan.

Nature's great laws, evaded, bent,
Ne'er swerve aside from high intent ;
A monarch from low station springs,
While fools prove heirs to mighty kings.
Joan's issue, thus, may prove a clown,
But Jenny's live to wear a crown.

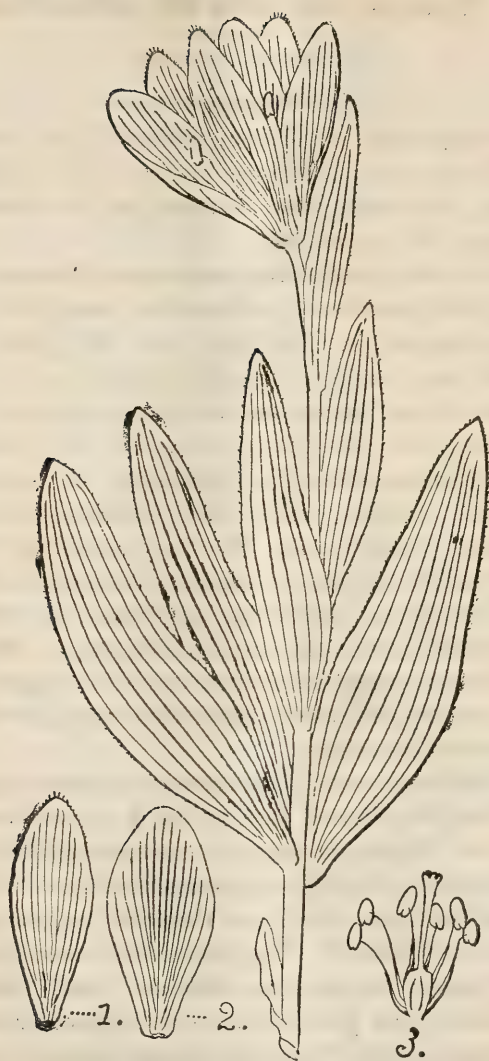
Past are the days of Iron might,
When kings all ruled by holy right ;
Now, poorest hovel by the way,
May hide obscure a bright'ning ray,
That yet shall shine to rule the earth.
O'er kings whose might is in their birth.

LEISURE HOURS.

IN what way can our leisure hours be filled up, so as to turn to greater account, than in profitable reading? Young men do you know how much is depending on the manner in which you spend your leisure hours? Ask the confirmed inebriate, when he first turned aside from the path of sobriety, and if his memory be not gone with his reason, he will dwell with painful recollection upon the hours of leisure he once enjoyed. Ask the victim of crime, when he took the first step in his reckless career, and you will probably hear from him of the leisure hours he enjoyed in his youth. On the other hand, do you see a man who was once in the humble walks of life, now moving in a sphere of extended usefulness, he husbanded his leisure hours. Multitudes, whose names look bright in the constellation of worthies, owe their elevation to the assiduity with which they improved the intervals of leisure they enjoyed from the pursuits of the plow, the awl, or the anvil. They substitute the study of useful books, for those trifling amusements, which insidiously lead the unwary into the paths of profligacy and vice,



STICKY GOLD FLOWER.



MISS PIATT'S LILY.

POISON OAK AND ITS ANTIDOTES.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

[For illustration see p. 291.]

WE have been applied to very frequently for information respecting the *Grindelia*, mentioned in Dr. C. A. Canfield's communication to the Santa Cruz Sentinel, and by others who have written upon the poison oak.

Several similar plants have been recently shown us, with the assurance that great cures had resulted from their application, under the supposition that they were the plant in question. Only a few days since, the common Rosin-weed or Gum-weed (*Madia sativa*) was shown, and its virtues attested by a medical gentleman of this city—justly it may be, for it also abounds in resinous properties known to be healing. A short time before, the *Madaria corymbosa*, with equal commendations; also, the *Yerba buena*, or *Micromeria*. The two preceding, it is true, answer very well to the current popular description of the *Grindelia*. It would occupy too much time and space to dwell upon the confusion incident to mere verbal descriptions. For these reasons, and at the urgent solicitation of our friends, we purpose to illustrate the subject, rather than add anything to what has been so well written by others.

The *Grindelia hirsutula*, here figured, will serve to give the general reader a very correct idea of the forms of them all. The bright yellow radiated flowers are varnished, and shining like the common buttercups, aptly suggesting the idea of little sun-flowers. Their brilliance has given them the popular name of the "Sticky Gold Flower." They are seldom seen two inches in diameter, usually an inch to an inch and a half. Before flowering, or while in the young imperfectly expanded state, the top or disk exhudes a white frothy, glutinous, balsamic varnish, which as the flower expands, is spread out over it, and thus effectually varnishes the surface with a sticky spume. This terebinthinate property abounds on the surface of the plant, generally rendering the younger portions quite viscid. The stem, one to two

feet high, is hairy above, (several species, however, have smooth stems.) The branches are purplish, with a single flower at the top. The upper rigid leaves are sharply saw-toothed; set close down upon or clasping the stem. The root leaves have long stems, or spatula-form, mostly drying up as the flowers come out. They are all pellucid, pitted, and finely net-veined.

The fresh bruised plant is rubbed over the parts affected by the poison, or it may be boiled in a close vessel into a strong decoction, either fresh or in the dried state, and used as a wash. One application is often sufficient for a cure; but if of long standing, several days will be required before any improvement is seen. It is also a reputed remedy in other diseases of the skin, attended with heat and itching. The fickle Dame declares this to be invariably successful.

A few days since, an experienced Mexican gentleman sent me a specimen of the *Grindelia robusta*, from the salt marshes of Alameda, as the true plant, used originally by the Indians, and from them by his countrymen. This plant, we regret to say, we were unable to obtain in flower. Perhaps at a future day we shall be able to furnish the readers of the Hesperian with a figure of it. Both are equally esteemed. It is likely the plant on the borders of the Bay has the salts of the sea-water. The tongue will readily detect a difference, and it may be found, upon analysis, that not only salt and soda, but iodine and other minerals are in organized proportions, rendering it far preferable as a general remedy.

Remarking casually to Dr. Bourne, of the Pioneer Water Cure Establishment of this city, that we intended to write a brief notice of the poison oak, he kindly offered us a cut of the plant, which we declined, as unnecessary, since all unfortunately knew the common pest too well already. Upon second reflection, many instances recur to our memory where this mistaken impression has been shown up so surprisingly in past experience as to leave little excuse for its repetition; we, therefore, thank the Doctor for his timely suggestion, and accept the favor. Dr. B., by the way, like most practitioners, has his peculiar notions of the true cure, of which he gave us an inkling, viz: "as the poison is taken in by the skin, it ought, physiologically, to

be expelled in the same way." A very rational theory, to say the least; hence his steam bath treatment, etc. Our object, as before stated, was not even to allude to the various remedies resorted to, nor do we feel altogether inclined to ape the "Ring-tailed Major," who was so captivated with one idea that he chopped his own *narrative* short off.



The poison oak here figured is the *Rhus diversiloba*, of Torrey & Grey, similar to the poison ivy of the Atlantic States, (*Rhus toxicodendron*,) both in its appearance and poisonous properties. It is usually a humble shrub, in lone, open, and arid situations, but wonderfully aspiring in moist, rich alluvion; in close proximity to the mighty oaks of our forests, it towers a monstrous vine, many hundred feet in height, and three to six inches in diameter, as seen by Mr. Canfield in the oak and laurel grove, on the road south of San Jose.

The foliage turns to a beautiful purple and scarlet in autumn. As with the venomous vine, so with the vicious—they often cling and climb by the great and good, only to poison and repel.

It would seem that the oldest house, in the United States, so far as can be accurately ascertained, is now standing in Old Guilford, Connecticut, which was built in the year 1639—consequently it is now 223 years old. It is of hammered stone, and stands on a rise of ground commanding a fine view of the Long Island Sound. It is said this house was built by the Rev. Mr. Whitfield, who led the settlers there, and was the first minister at Guilford.

MISS PIATT'S LILY.

Liliorhiza Piattana—KELLOGG.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE new species of pseudo lily, here figured, p. 292, has been placed by authors with the checkered lily family, or Guinea-hen flowers (genus *Fritillaria*.) Of this genus, we have several species in the State of California, one of which, the *F. recurva*, we think, cannot be equaled in the known world. Were it not an egregious offence to our *beau ideal* of the beautiful, we might be induced to attempt an outline illustration. Nothing short, however, of a colored lithograph could do it the simplest justice. Our gardeners and florists will excuse us, if we beseech them in the most earnest manner, to lose no time in the culture of this valuable native bulb.

The genus *Liliorhiza*, (Kellogg,) is allied to *Lilium*, *Amblireon*, and *Fritillaria*.

A *Lilium* in its clustered, thick-scaled root, the flower stem also growing up from below, at the base, or between the thickened bulboid scales. It, however, differs from *Lilium* in the form of its flower, also in its anthers, and, sometimes, of its pistil, but the *L. superbum* (?) of California, which we have had many years in cultivation, has a style with the stigma often three-parted, from a quarter to usually half an inch in depth. This species, as will be seen in the figure, has the stigma only slightly three-lobed, in which respect, the genuine description requires correction. It differs from *Amblirion* chiefly in the ovary and style. From *Fritillaria*, as stated, in the origin of the stem, which instead of springing from the top of a solid bulb, starts up from below, the form of the flower, striate diverging veins of the petals, which are never checkered; and the different position of the nectariferous cavity, when present, etc.

Technical Description.—Stem short, nearly smooth; one, or more, flowers; four to six inches in height; leaves lanceolate, sub-acute, striate-veined, or six to eight-nerved; puberulent, or

rarely here and there a scattering hair; margins minutely scabrous; leaves half to three-fourths of an inch wide, and about three inches long; whorled or sub-whorled below, alternate above; flowers erect or sub-erect; in general outline obconic, narrowed at the base; purplish pink color; the outer sepals deeper pink, narrower, more lanceolate, sub-acute, points papillose bearded; inner petals oblanceolate obtuse; margins scabrous near the apex, paler; the radiating or divergent veins, or nerves, deeper pink; the mid-vein diffusely reddish shade; the claws, or narrowed base, dark red or purple; short papillose glandular within, nearly smooth externally; style slightly longer than the stamens; stigma, sub-three-lobed; alternate stamens a little longer; filaments rather slender; embryo capsule, somewhat obconic, or narrowed at the base; sub-winged or ridged one third to half the length of the style.

This plant is certainly better entitled to the specific name of *Fritillaria lanceolata* of Hooker, than the one found along our coast. We have had this bulb under culture many years, but as it has not bloomed, we are not sufficiently sure that it may not prove another species. It, evidently, is not the same as the coast plant.

The specific name given is in honor of Miss Piatt, to whom we are indebted for many very elegant and tastefully arranged flowers.

HELP and give willingly, when you have anything, and think not the *more* of yourself; and if you have nothing, keep the cup of cold water always at home, and think not the *less* of your self.

THE *slightest* emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind, improves and refreshes that mind, *producing generous thoughts and noble feeling.*

A REALLY independent mind, is independent of its own inherent self-will and prejudice, and is, therefore, both open to conviction, and candid in acknowledging error.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

How strangely life-currents blend and flow into one another. For three days we had sailed on the bosom of the deep, the monotony of sea life undisturbed. There were few on board with whom I could claim even a passing acquaintance, and none, perhaps, in whom I felt any particular interest, or who felt any for me. True I had from time to time observed one very interesting, intelligent face, partially hidden by the demure drab bonnet, which designated her as one of the society of Friends. But no glance of recognition passed between us, and I passed on to my lonely room, feeling how dependent we are upon human sympathy, and human tenderness for a great part of our happiness in life.

One afternoon I sat in my room, sadly ruminating upon the past, when suddenly I heard a hasty, but gentle rap at my door. I instantly obeyed the summons, and as I opened the door, my Friend of the drab bonnet stood before me and spake in this wise:

"My baby is sick, and I came to ask thee which thou thinkest wisest, to pursue, this or that course?"

My motherly sympathies were at once enlisted; and such wisdom as I had in such matters, was at her service. After a day or two, the little one gave evidence of returning health; and the mother, relieved somewhat of anxiety, sought to while away the time, by reading a copy of the *Hesperian*, (a few copies of which, we always have beside us.) In a short time she returned with the Magazine in her hand, and her face all aglow with delight.

"See here!" said she, "I've found an article* from the pen of an old friend of mine—a most gifted genius, Hannah Lloyd by name—when I knew her, now, Mrs. Neale, and oh!" she continued, "I can tell thee so much of interest connected with that excellent family."

Of course I was glad to find a heart beating so warmly in

*The Old Round Tower at Newport, R. I., By Mrs. Jas. Neale.

sympathy with one of the Hesperian family, and lent a willing ear, and undivided attention to what the good Friend had to say. As it was not exactly of a private nature, and believing as I do, that all such histories belong to the world, I shall try to give, as near as possible, what I received from the lips of my Friend, on board of the steamship "Golden Age"—surely a Golden Age to me, when I can gather, without effort, such rich reminiscences of America's sons and daughters, and have the otherwise tedious hours of ocean travel, enlivened by such earnest, and beautiful recitations. The lady recited with much power and artistic grace both prose and poetry, and in listening to her voice, and the beautiful sentiments expressed, I almost forgot the unpleasantness of sea life, and my absence from long familiar scenes, and dearly loved associations.

"Thou must know, to begin with," said our Friend, "that Philadelphia used to be my home, as it was also the home of Hannah Lloyd, and her family, and all the memories of my early life are more or less associated with this most gifted and talented family, every member of which has some pleasing and special endowment."

"Hannah, and one of her sisters, Elizabeth, were gifted with the Poetic temperament in a high degree, and often has my soul reveled in the rich beauty of their poetic creations, and grown stronger as it followed them in their flight into the realms of Inspiration; and more devout, and submissive, as I listened to their words of high and holy trust. Among others of those memoirs is a little poem written by Hannah, (now Mrs. Jas. Neale,) let me recite it. It is called :

CARDIPHONIA.*

If the hard heart must be smitten, ere the springs of life can flow,
As the waters locked in Horeb, gushed beneath the prophet's blow,
If the veil before the temple, where our idols are enshrined,
Must be rent in twain, to teach us we are weak, and frail, and blind;
If the whirlwind and the fire, must the still small voice precede,
Wakening in our souls the echo—Earth is but a failing reed;
If the waves which overwhelm us may not in their wrath be stayed;
Grant us still to feel, oh! Father; "It is I—be not afraid."

* The meaning of the word "Cardiphonia," being "utterance of the heart."

If beside our household altars we grow weary of our trust,
If the wing of faith is broken, and her pinions trail in dust ;
If we faint beneath our burdens, as we vainly question why,
All our springs of consolation, and our wells of hope are dry ?
If our cup from Marah's fountain, be replenished o'er and o'er,
Till the dregs are drops of bitter, earth has not a solace for ;
Though our strength be born of suffering—though our hearts be sore dis-
mayed,

Oh ! sustain us with thy presence—" It is I—be not afraid."

If our pleasant pictures fading, leave a back-ground of despair,
Let a ray of light from Heaven, beam upon the darkness there,
As in some old time-worn painting which the dust has gathered o'er,
Light discloses to the gazer, beauty all unseen before ;
So the bright rays piercing downwards, through the mist which round us
lies,

May illumine Life's darkened canvass, and reveal before our eyes,
Glimpses sweet of pleasant waters, where our footsteps shall be stayed,
As we hearken to the whisper—" It is I—be not afraid."

It may be the spirit strengthens, and the soul grows pure and white,
When the clouds of sorrow darken, and all starless is the night ;
That within their gloom is gathered, gentle and refreshing rain,
Every little germ of patience, quickening into life again !
But we fain would come before Thee, ere the evil days draw nigh,
Ere the sun and moon are darkened, or the clouds are in our sky ;
While life's silver cord is binding us to gladness and to mirth,
And its golden bowl is filling, from the choicest founts of earth.

While the fragrance and the beauty of our morning round us lies,
We would, of the heart's libation, pour to Thee a sacrifice ;
Trustful that the hand that scatters, blessings every morning new,
Would refill the urn of offering, as a floweret with the dew ;
Pure and sweet the exhalations from a grateful heart to heaven,
Unto Thee, then be the incense of our Cardiphonia given,
Ere the noon-tide sun shall wither, or the gathering twilight hour,
Closes the out-pouring chalice of the morn's expanded flower.

" There, dost thou not think it beautiful ?" said our Friend.
" It has done me good to recite it. Is there not the breathing
there of every attribute which should belong to woman ?—Hu-
mility, Trust, Confidence, Devotion—and now in the far off land
of California, doubtless the author has found her need of all of
these, and for the good that she has done to others, I pray that
she may be always within hearing of that voice,—' It is I—be
not afraid.' "

The neatly folded handkerchief was pressed for a moment in

silence to the eyes of our Friend, and then she continued:—"Some years ago, Elizabeth, the sister of Hannah, wrote a Poem on Milton's blindness. It was published in a journal in Philadelphia. By some means a copy of it was carried to Europe, and when a new edition of Milton's poems, called the 'Oxford Edition,' was published, this poem written by Elizabeth Lloyd, was inserted as *one of Milton's*, the publishers believing it to be so. The authorship was afterwards proved by the Quaker journal called 'The Friend', in which it first appeared. What higher compliment could have been paid to an author? or what higher could Europe have paid to American literature? I will recite it to you. It is entitled

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I am old and blind !
Men point at me, as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.
I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not that I no longer see ;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father, Supreme ! to Thee.
All merciful One !
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near,
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.
Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my dwelling place—
And there is no more night.
On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown ;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.
I have nought to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.
Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine—
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine."

"There," said our Friend, as she pronounced the last stanza. "Dost thou wonder that they credited that to the Immortal Bard himself? I rejoice in its spirit, in its submissive, heavenly, devotional sentiment, and I am proud of it, as an AMERICAN production."

Other beautiful things also, did the good Quaker lady recite to us—her memory seemed to be a very store-house of poetical gems. But the limits of this article will not allow us to give more. We have given enough to show the estimation in which some, at least, of our California talent is appreciated abroad, and here we should say that the lady above mentioned, was not a Californian, but was returning from a visit to the Sandwich Islands, to her home in the far west.

When we think that such talent as the author of "Cardiphonia" possesses, is quietly sleeping in California, not only in her case, but in that of others whom we might name, both men and women, because California offers them no *incentive* to labor, not even the stimuli necessary to excite them to brief spasmodic action, we feel sick, we feel discouraged, almost disgusted. Consider how much talent lays latent in California, how poor our State literature is, to what it ought to be, to what it *would* be, if the talent now unrecognized, and unappreciated, were called into action and remunerated.

Think how many gems might illuminate our literary horizon, were they but encouraged to show their light amid the thick darkness which surrounds them.

MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS.

BY ANNA K. H. FADER.

Those tall old trees ! those grand old trees !
See them careering in the breeze,
Then lift their heads in air !
They have no master, hard to please,
And not a pain or care.

Those summer clouds ! those summer clouds !
How their majestic grandeur shrouds
The warmly smiling blue,
While oft', between their pearly crowds,
The sun-beams sparkle through !

They're floating through the skies again,
They're floating o'er my home, the same
As in the days of old,
But care and anguish, death and pain,
Can make young feelings cold.

Oh, thus in childhood's earlier years,
Before my soul was stained with fears,
I've gazed on such a scene,
But now, alas ! cold sorrow's tears
Have dim'd that childhood's sheen.

Oh sweep, oh sweep those chords again,
That thrilled my soul so wildly, when
My heart was light and gay ;
Unheeding child, I dream'd not then,
So soon 'twould pass away.

But it has passed ! no more, no more,
Those tones shall sweep my heart-strings o'er,
As when a love-blest child,
Ere pain had wrung my spirit's core,
They tranced my feelings wild !

And now I almost wonder how,
My heart to joy can ever bow,
Or smiles can wreath my lips,
So darkly often, even now,
I feel the cold eclipse !

I'm lonely in these summer bowers,
Though clouds, and winds, and trees and flowers,
Are glorious as of yore,
I feel, I know, the heart's lost hours,
Can come on earth no more !

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1862.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON.

THE *Times* thus sketches the scenes of misery which exist in the most fashionable quarters of luxurious London :

“The young female SLAVES of whom we speak, are worked by gangs, in ill-ventilated rooms, or rooms that are not ventilated at all, for it is found by experience, that if air be admitted, it brings with it “ blacks” of another kind, which damage the work upon which the seamstress is employed. Their occupation is, to sew from morning till night, and night, till morning—stitch, stitch, stitch, without speech—without a smile—without a sigh. In the gray of the morning, they must be at work—say at six o'clock, having a quarter of an hour, allowed, for breaking their fast. The food, served out to them, is scanty, and miserable enough, but still, in all probability, more than their fevered system, can digest. From six o'clock then, till eleven, it is stitch, stitch. At eleven, a small piece of dry bread, is served to each seamstress—but still she must stitch on. At one o'clock, twenty minutes are allowed, for dinner—a slice of meat, and a potato, with a glass of toast and water, to each work woman. Then again, to work—stitch—stitch, stitch—until five o'clock, when fifteen minutes, are again allowed, for tea. Their needles are then set in motion once more—stitch, stitch—until nine o'clock, when fifteen minutes, are allowed for supper—a piece of dry bread, and cheese, and a glass of beer. From nine o'clock at night, until one, two, and *three* o'clock in the morning, stitch—stitch! the only break in this long period, being a minute or two—just time enough to swallow a cup of strong tea, which is supplied, lest the young people should “feel sleepy.” At three

o'clock A. M.—to bed ; at six o'clock A. M., out of it, again to resume the duties of the day. There must be a good deal of monotony, in the occupation. But when we have said, that for certain months of the year, these unfortunate young persons are worked in the manner we describe, we have not said all. Even during the few hours, allotted to sleep,—should we not rather say, to a feverish cessation from toil?—their miseries continue. They are cooped up in sleeping-pens, *ten* in a room, which would perhaps, be sufficient, for the accommodation of *two*, persons. The alteration is from the treadmill—and what a treadmill ! to the Black Hole of Calcutta ! Not a word of remonstrance is allowed, or is possible. The seamstress may leave, the mill, no doubt, but what awaits them, on the other side of the door ? Starvation, if they are honest—if not, in all probability, prostitution and its consequences.”

IN France women sell railway tickets, keep books, act as librarians, make watches, set jewels, engrave copy paintings, and chisel marble.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—The influence of the temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a peculiar quality to the speaking, or voice. That there really exist amiable tones, is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception ; it is to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities. The low, soft tones of gentle amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please.

MERIT is often an obstacle to a person's rise in the world : because it is always productive of two bad effects ; viz. : envy and fear. Envy in those who cannot hope to rise ; and fear in those who are established, and who dread to advance a person possessed of greater abilities and merit than themselves, lest he should supplant them. Therefore, a man's being neglected is no mask of demerit.

THAT SILENT MOON.

BY THE REV. G. W. DOANE.

THAT silent moon, that silent moon,
 Careering now through cloudless sky,
Oh ! who shall tell what varied scenes
 Have passed beneath her placid eye,
Since first to light this wayward earth,
She walked in tranquil beauty forth.

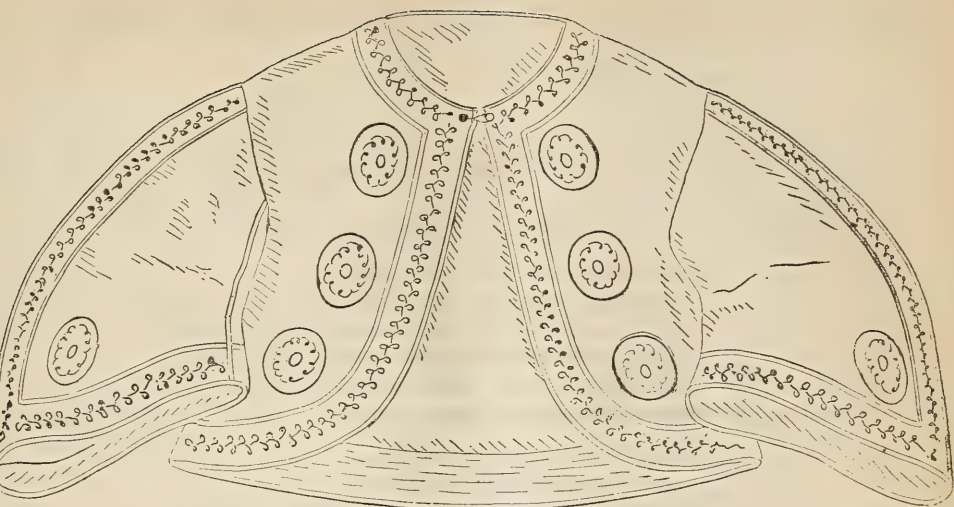
How oft has guilt's unhallowed hand,
 And superstition's senseless rite,
And loud, licentious revelry,
 Profaned her pure and holy light :
Small sympathy is hers, I ween,
With sights like these, that virgin queen.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
 When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she to wake the thoughts,
 And start the tear for those we love !
Who watch, with us, at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon.

How powerful, too, to heart's that mourn,
 The magic of that moon lit sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes,
 The happy eves of days gone by ;
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,
The loved, the lost, of other years.

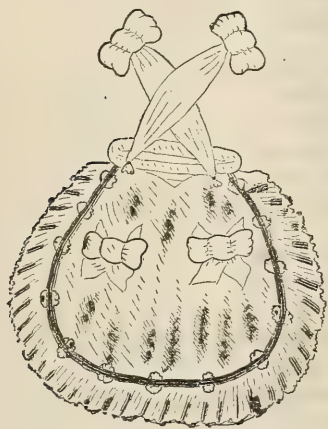
And oft she looks, that silent moon,
 On lonely eyes that wake to weep,
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
 Or couch, whence pain has banished sleep :
Oh softly beams that gentle eye,
On those who mourn, and those who die.

The dewy morn let others love,
 Or bask them in the noontide ray ;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
 From dawning light, to dying day—
But oh ! be mine a fairer boon—
That silent moon, that silent moon.



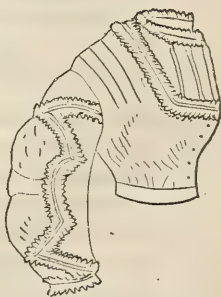
BOY'S JACKET.

The above, is a full-sized Pattern of a Jacket for a Boy, to be worn with the Pants, given in last number. Can be made of Merino or Cloth, and braided by hand or machine. Should be lined with light muslin. Trimmings on sleeve to go up on the seam. The medallions, for additional trimmings, should have a small silk button in the centre. Fastened at the neck with Button and Loop.



GRECIAN APRON.

This is a charming apron for a miss, and is made in black silk. It is surrounded by a flounce, or frill, of the same, headed by a tufted velvet trimming. The pockets are trimmed with bows and ends, and full straps, edged with narrow black lace, are crossed in front in Grecian style, and finished with bows upon the shoulders.

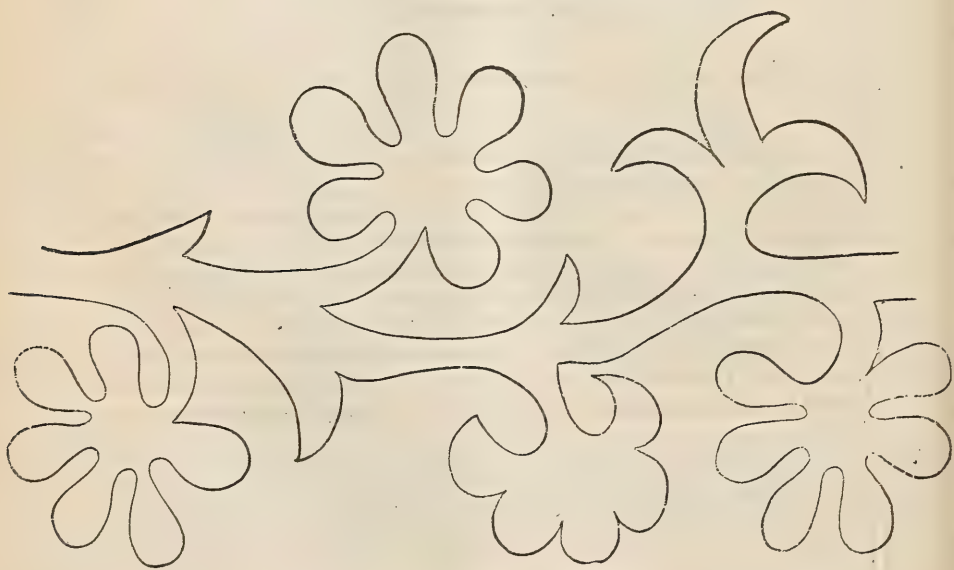


THE PARISIENNE.

This is a charming model for a high corsage, with a tucked chemisette of a new style. The material is laid in folds at the shoulder and gathered into the band at the waist, the chemisette being clearly defined by a narrow quilling, which also finishes it at the neck. The sleeve consists of side caps, connected with a strap over the full centre, which the band forms into puffs.



BRAID PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.



SIDE PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.

Summary of Fashion.

BONNETS.

Black straw is much worn—trimmed with scarlet or maize, curtain black—bound with velvet to match trimming. The face trimmings—braids or bows of velvet, and flowers. Black and white Neapolitan, and Satin straw are both considered *recherche*.

SLEEVES.

A very handsome sleeve, is the Diana, made of silk, or silk and wool mixtures, now so much in vogue. The fullness is divided into puffs at the top by narrow straps of braid or gimp. Round the bottom double *volants*, pinked on the edge, and laid in festoons, with a heading of gimp. Flat bows of silk or ribbon without ends, of the same or contrasting color.

BODIES.

Plain waist, with *revers* collar. Points coming down half way, of the waist. The lower part of the waist buttons up to meet the points of the collar.

THE PIONEER ESTABLISHMENT OF MR. AND MRS. NORCROSS.

Located (almost from the commencement of our city's history) on Sacramento street, has been recently removed to the MASONIC TEMPLE on Montgomery street,—a representation of which is given on one of the advertising pages of this Number. We notice this establishment at this time, more particularly for the benefit of Strangers. To Ladies who may have started on a journey unexpectedly, without time for preparation, or coming from a quarter where it was expedient to take as little baggage as possible—we would say—just step into the rooms of MRS. NORCROSS, and you will find every Article, needed in a Ladies' Wardrobe, embroidered, or plain—Not machine, but hand sewing—and in a style, to suit the Purse, as well as the Taste, of the purchaser.

Editor's Table.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE the departure of our esteemed friend and co-worker, Mrs. F. H. Day, (former Editor of the Hesperian,) we have found the duties, attending the management of a Magazine of a very arduous nature; and feeling the necessity of assistance—we take pleasure in announcing to the friends and subscribers of the Hesperian, that we have made arrangements with the Rev. J. D. Strong, who will hereafter be associated with us, as Editor and Proprietor of the Magazine. In the conduction of a "Monthly" such as we desire and intend the "HESPERIAN" to become, much labor is necessary, and of an amount, too great for one person to perform. The known literary ability, sterling integrity, and persevering industry of the Gentleman above named, will, we feel, be a sufficient guarantee to the patrons of the "PIONEER CALIFORNIA MONTHLY," that in the future, as in the past, no effort will be spared, to make each issue, of a character to compare favorably, with any Magazine in the old or new world.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT,—We are again indebted to the Hon. T. G. Phelps, M. C., for Public Documents. A volume of Patent Office Reports, (Agricultural) has been received.

GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.

It is with great pleasure, that we publish the following resolutions emanating from the "Society of California Pioneers." We could add pages in behalf of the object were it necessary—but we feel *sure* that the heart of every CALIFORNIAN will vibrate with gladness—for the *privilege* of expressing their appreciation, of the generous, noble-minded, old Gentleman. As a People, we OWE Gen. Sutter. Probably, there is no other individual to whom we are so much indebted; let us manifest our gratitude, by liberal contributions to a fund for his benefit.

"SUTTER PIONEER TESTIMONIAL FUND.

At a Meeting of the Society of California Pioneers, held to celebrate the Twelfth Anniversary of the Admission of California into the Union—

At the conclusion of the address of E. H. Washburn, Esq., Dr. Henry M. Gray remarked that as there was an unusually large number of the Society present, it was a fitting time to consider informally some important suggestions embodied in the remarks of the orator of the evening.

That portion of the address having direct reference to General John A. Sutter, then elicited an interesting discussion. Mr. Sam. Brannan then gave an account of a recent visit to the old Pioneer, and others warmly advocated

the adoption of immediate measures for his relief. H. F. Williams offered a series of resolutions to this effect, to which some amendments were proposed. Subsequently the Society appointed Mr. Williams, Dr. Gray, W. B. Farwell and Rev. Albert Williams, a committee to revise the same, who reported the following, which were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, The Society of California Pioneers are desirous of presenting to General John A. Sutter a substantial mark of their gratitude to him for his many good and charitable deeds towards the early settlers of the State, and of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens at large ; therefore,

Resolved, That a Committee, consisting of all the Ex-Presidents of our Society, be, and the same are hereby constituted a Committee to take the matter in charge, to appoint sub-Committees, and prepare subscription papers, to be circulated for contributions to a fund to be judiciously invested for the benefit of Gen. John A. Sutter.

Resolved, That the President, Secretary, and Treasurer of this Society, and their successors in office, be, and the same are hereby, constituted a Board of Trustees, to receive and invest all funds which may be received in furtherance of this object.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to all the newspaper Editors in the State, with the request that they will publish the same, and urge upon their readers the propriety of contributing something in aid of this fund."

As we have received "Reminiscences of Travel," from our co-worker, Mrs. F. H. Day, with accompanying Articles of interest, we shall refrain from occupying much space in the Editorial—referring briefly, to a highly interesting Book—by Rev. John Cumming—"GOD IN HISTORY—GOD IN SCIENCE." "God is in history—forgiving, neutralizing, and over-ruling, and soon about to come forth to extirpate the evil that is in the world. 'God was manifest in the flesh.' God is manifest in providence. God is in history—not in its long chapters, and absent from its short—not in stirring electric revolutions only ; but in its tiny turnings, its microscopic incidents—in the fall of an apple before the eye of Sir Isaac Newton—in the twitching of a frog's nerve on the iron spit in the hand of a Galvani—in the light of its lowly firesides, and in the blaze of Alexandria, of Ephesus, and Constantinople." One is impressed with the fervid eloquence, force of diction, and expansive views of the Author—to him, creation, providence, and revelation are all of *One*, and to *One*, who is God over ALL. We recommend it to our readers for perusal, as being a Book for the age.

E. T. S.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL, No. 2.

PANAMA is an Indian name, signifying "many fish," and was so called, on account of the numerous fish abounding in its bay and surrounding waters. This city presents an ancient and imposing appearance, calculated to arrest the attention of the traveler, and stimulate inquiry into the history of that

part, which has left behind it so many interesting legacies. Perhaps there are few places on the earth, where the mind may better indulge in contemplation, than this city of crumbling walls and tottering churches ; of mingled barbarism and civilization.

In all parts of the city, may be seen, tall spires of decaying Cathedrals. Moss-grown, and ivy-covered, they still stand like sentinals, upon the Ramparts of Time, at once challenging the mind to the study of the dim ages gone, and pointing it to that heaven, whose light suffers no diminution by time, but which is, as ready, to pour out its beams upon us now, while we survey these mighty ruins, as it was ages ago, upon those whose minds conceived, and whose hands reared, the massive structures. All of these churches, and there are many of them, are of the Roman Catholic Order, and were built with much expense and in a style which would do credit to more modern architecture. But they are falling into ruins ; the old forms are decaying ; the foundations are assailed ; the roofs are tumbling in ; the light of heaven is streaming through crack and crevice, dispelling the sombre shadows, and shedding gentle illumination over all within, gilding, with a new radiance, the Altar and the manifold emblems there.

May it not be significant of the light of that Truth which illumines the mind, and lifts it above the hollow observance of outward forms and ceremonies, to spiritual communion with that God, who has said, "I am a spirit, and they that worship me, must worship me in spirit and in truth."

The city of Panama appears much more ancient than it really is, from the effect of the climate. Even stone and granite are mildewed and discolored, by the alternating heat and rain—the native wood also decays very fast, and is subject to being eaten and destroyed by the millions of insect tribes in which the country abounds.

Many of the native ladies are very beautiful ; and the children we have never seen surpassed. Possessing exquisitely fair complexions, dark lustrous eyes, teeth of ivory whiteness, and forms of more than ordinary grace and beauty, they win the admiration of all beholders.

We like Panama, and yet we think its climate might be improved by a whiff or two of our San Francisco breeze, now and then. If some enterprising Yankee could only hit upon a plan, by which some portion of the invigorating gales of our own favored land could be imported thither, methinks he might make quite a "*speck*."

However, it is not alone the physical climate of a place by which we are influenced, and from which we make up our estimate of appreciation or otherwise. We are as much affected by the moral and mental atmosphere which surrounds us, as by the air we breathe ; and it is from this, in a great measure, that our conclusions are drawn and judgments formed, though we may not be aware of it at the time.

That place is agreeable to us, where we find hearts beating in unison with our own, where our aspirations are understood, our thoughts and feelings rightly interpreted, and our motives properly estimated. No matter what the

clime may be. Siberian snows cannot chill the heart's warm impulses, nor tropic suns scorch or wither the glowing sentiments of the soul.

Therefore, we like Panama, for, besides her own children, for some of whom we have the highest regard, she has gathered to her sheltering bosom, many of different lands and climes, whose qualifications and attainments fit them to adorn any society. Here, we found some of the sons and daughters of our beloved America, among whom was Col. A. R. McKEE, United States Consul at this place—a Kentuckian by birth, and one of America's most loyal and noble sons. His cheerful face, and genial, sparkling humor, diffuses happiness upon all who come within the sphere of his influence. Speaking of him, a gentleman of Panama remarked in our hearing, "He is the right man in the right place." Would that all our public offices were filled with men as well qualified, as true, and faithful as Col. McKee. Ever will his kindly tones, and words of encouragement live in our memory and cheer our onward way.

Long may he, and all such noble sons, be spared to America, and long may she enfold them within the wide folds of her ample banner.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.—We come now to speak of one of the most gigantic of all human enterprises, a work, the magnitude of which, few can comprehend; and a still less number properly appreciate.

It is forty-eight miles in length, reaching from Aspinwall to Panama, and was built at a cost of life and money, which seems almost fabulous. It is asserted, that for every mile of the road was sacrificed a thousand lives, so that forty-eight thousand lives were lost in bringing this great work to completion. In these, were represented every kindred, clime, and people, as if it were meet that a highway which was to accommodate all nations, should receive her quota of sacrifice from each. They fell, mostly, victims to the climate, (which at that time was but little understood,) and, doubtless, the fear and terror which many experienced, overcame them, and prepared them for the reception of disease, in some one of the many forms, which there awaited them. Cholera glutted itself on fresh victims every day, and Panama fever slew its thousands, and tens of thousands. Again and again were the works depopulated, and left without laborers to carry them on; and again and again did the enterprising contractors fill up the ranks, and shout the watch-word *forward*.

In the greatness of its accomplishment, this work may vie with the gigantic labors of the Pharaoh's, and in comparison to it, the building of the Mahmoudieh Canal, sinks into insignificance. To all who remember the transit of the Isthmus, as it was before the completion of this road, its dangers and difficulties, its trials and sufferings, the projectors and contractors of the Panama railroad must ever appear as *public benefactors*.

SCENERY ON THE ISTHMUS.—On the line of the Panama railroad, the grandeur and beauty of the rich forests, the luxuriant vegetation, everywhere apparent, the gorgeous flowers, which meet the eye at every turn, the rich plumage of the birds, their endless variety, and the multitude of interesting

insect tribes which surround us, the strange appearance of the natives and the country, just now emerging from barbarism to civilization, the contrast between their primitive huts and the modern cars, their startled look of inquiry, as aroused from their habitual repose by the approaching train, and watching it as it goes thundering on its way, (they wonder, doubtless, what the Yankees will bring on next,) all these combined fill the mind of the traveler with interest. The telegraph poles present the appearance of solid columns of granite. The company found it impossible to keep the wires supported by the use of ordinary wooden poles, as they decay so fast. Hence the invention of what seems to be solid granite columns, but which is, in fact, a sort of mineral cement, which now, after the lapse of three years, is found to be as good as when first put into use.

We were informed by a Young American, who has been on the Isthmus some years, that the rapid decomposition of the various woods there, might be effectually prevented by being particular to cut them when the moon was from *twenty to twenty-five days old*.

Why will wood, cut at this particular period of the moon, not decay, when that cut at any other time, will? Here is a question for philosophers, and we want the answer. That the moon does exert a powerful influence on many things, we know, and if it really be that the rich woods in which the Isthmus abounds, as rosewood, lignumvitæ, mahogany, and others, may be preserved by the knowledge of a fact so simple, it seems as if it might be worthy the investigation of philosophic and scientific minds.

Of the many beautiful flowers in which the Isthmus abounds, we should be glad to speak at length, but time and space forbid. That of the orchis family, familiarly known as the "Espiritu Santo," particularly attracted our attention. Its blossom, which is of an alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and yields a powerful perfume, somewhat resembling that of the magnolia. But not in the graceful beauty of its form, nor in the exquisite purity of its color, nor yet in its delicious fragrance, is it most esteemed. Within the cup of the flower rests the prone image of a dove; so marvelously formed, that the most consummate skill could not excel the resemblance.

Its exquisite and delicately shaped pinions hang lifeless from its sides, the gentle head bends meekly forward, and the tiny bill, tipped with a delicate carmine, almost rests upon its snow white breast. The expression of the entire image, (and it requires no stretch of imagination to see the expression,) is the very incarnation of meekness and etherial innocence.

No one looking on this flower, can wonder that the early Spanish Catholic Fathers, ever on the alert as they were for something upon which to fasten the idea of a miraculous origin, should have bowed down before this matchless flower, and named it "*Flor del Espiritu Santo*," *the Flower of the Holy Ghost*.

This plant is found most frequently in low and marshy grounds, springing from decayed logs and crevices in the rocks. It sometimes attains a height of six or seven feet. The leaf-stalks are jointed, and throw out broad lanceolate leaves by pairs; the flower stalks spring from the bulb, and are wholly

destitute of leaves, yet often bearing a cluster of twelve or fifteen flowers. It is an annual, blooming in July, August, and September.

In former times, the bulbs could rarely be obtained, and then only with difficulty and labor; but since their localities have become familiar to the daring and irreverent Anglo-Saxon, numbers have been gathered and distributed to different parts of the world, though their habits and necessities have been so little understood, that they were seldom brought to flower. It is said, that if they were procured in May or June, after the flower stalk has started, when sufficient nutriment resides in the bulb to develop the perfect flower, they can safely be transplanted, and will flower under the ordinary treatment given to bulbous plants of colder climes.

Among the ornithological curiosities of this place, the naturalists' paradise, is the Towcan—a dark scarlet-breasted bird, about the size of a pigeon, with a heavy serrated bill, six or seven inches in length. It picks up its food on the point of its long beak, and, by a sudden jerk, tosses it up half a yard or more, and, as it falls, catches it deep in its throat. It also makes extraordinary motions over the water, when attempting to drink. The Spanish-American priests asserted, that this bird, in drinking, makes the sign of the cross, hence they named it “Dios te de,” “God Gives it Thee.”

How rich and beautiful is this place, and what interesting volumes will yet be compiled from the depths of its vast treasures. But the shrill whistle announces that we have “crossed the Isthmus.” Can it be! What a contrast is this bright flowery path, over which we seem to have flown, with the one so wearily traversed a few years ago amid difficulties and dangers truly appalling.

Soon we shall be rocking once more on the bosom of the mighty deep. But there are sweet memories in our heart; and as the fragrance of the flowers yet lingers about us, so will the rich aroma of friendship poured upon us from warm hearts here, exhale its fragrance and distils its perfume, like dewy blessings o'er our dim future,

Awaking bright visions of the past and gone,
When we, perchance, shall wonder sad and lone,
Without the sound of one familiar tone,
Or ought, save Memory, to feed upon.

ASPINWALL HOTEL.—We cannot take our final leave of Panama until we have, for the benefit and encouragement of travelers, assured them that at the Aspinwall Hotel they will find a comfortable home for themselves and little ones. The rooms are large and airy, and the table well supplied with every luxury that the most fastidious palate can demand.

While the proprietor, Monsieur Daignoux, spares no pains for the entertainment of his guests, he is warmly aided and seconded by the gentlemanly and obliging clerk, Mr. L. S. Bethancourt, whose kindly disposition and urbane manners, renders him a favorite with all who know him. Mr. B. is one of our own countrymen, and possesses the advantage of speaking several lan-

guages, which to the traveler unacquainted with the various languages here spoken, will be quite an advantage.

ON BOARD SHIP NORTH STAR.—Our heart was made glad, by meeting with several California friends. Among them was Col. Rosse, the inventor of the new CAVALRY GUN, which is at present attracting so much attention. But we succeeded in obtaining from the Colonel, something in which we feel more interest, than in any death-dealing instrument, be it ever so ingenious. Something too, which proves, that beneath the soldier's uniform, is warmly glowing the refined sentiments, and sensibilities, of the POET. How many a heart in California will beat in sympathy with the author, as they read these touching lines, which we obtained from the Soldier Poet, Colonel Rosse.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

How my heart still clings to my childhood's home,
Though from hence my feet must forever roam,—
For Memory comes with a gathering throng,
Of garnered hopes that are faded and gone.

How sweet is the dream of our childhood's hour,
When hope paints the future with magic power,—
Ere sorrow hath stricken the heart that was light,
And the sunshine of youth is cloudless and bright.

I know the way to each leafy shade,
Each murmuring rill and each flowery glade ;—
I know where the violet blooms in the spring,—
The rocks where the moss and the ivy cling.

Each leaf and each twig hath a voice for me,
And the sombre shade of the evergreen tree ;
For a shadowy form is pressing the sod,
Where the feet of a sister have often trod.

'Twas chilly and drear an October day,
When the leaves were fading and passing away,
That we laid her down in her earthy bed,
Softly and gently, to sleep with the dead.

Then chide me not if a tear-drop falls,
As I bid farewell to those ancient walls ;
For my heart still clings to my childhood's home,—
My feet would linger, ere from it I roam.

On board the "North Star," we met Dr. Trask, the well known Scientist of California, who was on his way to Washington, to take his place as Surgeon in one of the Northern armies. Who that has never wandered from the fa-

miliar faces and scenes of home, can fully realize how pleasant it is, when afar from those loved scenes, to recognize, and be recognized by old companions and friends—there is a depth of enjoyment, an exultation of spirit, which must be experienced, to be properly appreciated. Particularly is this the case, in regard to CALIFORNIANS. There is a warmth, and depth, a genuine *heartiness* in the real *California heart*, be it male or female, which we seldom find elsewhere. Perhaps we are partial. But if so, is it not pardonable partiality? At Panama we met a lady and gentleman returning to California, after a two years absence in England. The lady, who had never seen me before, recognized me as a Californian, and grasping my hand warmly, called me "SISTER," saying, "Tell me of my home! How is California affected by this war? Oh! I feel *almost home*, now that I can look upon the face of a Sister Californian once more—this is the happiest hour that I have known since I left that beloved home." And this lady; kind readers, is an English woman by birth. Before this meets your eye, she will have returned to her place among you, and we trust, found that warm welcome which she so well deserves, and which her noble heart is so capable of responding to.

Oh! that Californians might always so conduct themselves, that others observing them, may exclaim—"Behold these Californians how they love one another!"

Yours truly,

MRS. F. H. DAY.

MISS ALDRICH'S FEMALE SEMINARY AND GYMNASIUM.

STEVENSON STREET, NEAR SECOND.

THE examinations of this popular institution, at the close of the Summer Term, were of a high order. Miss Aldrich has been successful in securing Teachers of superior merit, the result of which, was manifested to a gratified Audience in the recitation rooms, on the ninth and tenth of this Month. There are three Departments, Eclectic, Practical and Primary. The Eclectic is conducted by Prof. W. J. G. Williams, A. M. Prof. Williams is a Graduate of McGill College—and having passed nine years in a celebrated University in Paris, excels as a Linguist. Miss Green, an experienced Instructress in the Model schools in New England—has charge of the Practical Department. The Primary, is under the supervision of Miss Prescott, who is one of the few, who *know how to teach*, in a department of this character.

The Principal of the Seminary, (Miss Aldrich) who is extensively, and favorably, known as a Teacher,—both here, and in the Atlantic States—considers the Physical training of her Pupils, essential to secure a full, mental development, and the Gymnasium connected with the establishment, receives her particular attention.

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MRS. PIATT'S REDWOOD VIOLET.



DORR'S ALPINE PURSLANE.

THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. IX.]

NOVEMBER, 1862.

[No. 1.]

DORR'S NEW ALPINE PURSLANE.

(*Spraguea paniculata*)—[Kellogg.]

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

WE ARE indebted to Mr. C. H. Dorr for the discovery of a new species of *Spraguea*, recently brought by him from Nevada Territory, besides many other new and exceedingly interesting plants which we hope soon to introduce to the attention of our readers. These plants of the purslane family are very interesting to the scientific world as well as to the florists. *Spraguea Umbellata*, upon which Dr. Torrey instituted the genus, is often highly rose-colored and ornamental; several specimens of these were also in the collection. *Spraguea paniculata* (Kellogg) is, however, readily distinguished from the original species by the flowers being paniculate instead of umbellate; the stems, also, are decumbent, or curved downwards, and lying flat upon the ground. They are short, seldom three inches in height, condensed into a symmetrical cluster, usually describing as complete a segment of a circle, as if swept or drawn by a compass; the stems are truly leafy, and radiating from the center like spokes in a wheel; the leaves, also, are rosulate, and relatively much larger, thick succulent very minutely villous; the whole dense mass at length melting into an excretory, gelatinous, watery envelope. The roots are very short and fibrous, and, like the leaves, disproportionate; besides, the leaves are three-nerved. As alpine plants are less variable in their habits, it affords a strong presumption that this relative development is uniform and normal.

The collector is a gentleman of intelligent observation; we therefore place much reliance upon his convictions as to its relative habit,

formed while viewing it in the growing state. He remarks :—"The new *Spraguea* is altogether different in its form and tints. I have seen it in one locality only, viz., a ravine extending to the west, situated about six miles from Virginia City, Nevada Territory. The stream on which this new plant was found, runs through the above ravine into the valley of Steamboat Hot Springs, and to the great valley of the Truckee Meadows. Along the banks of this stream is a continued incrustation of alkali. Altitude about five thousand feet. Flowering in May and June."

The bracts appear to be obovate ; the rounded or notched calyx scales on stemlets, the broad, greenish midrib often pink colored ; the stamens more elongated. The oblong and pink anthers render it rather ornamental.

THE REDWOOD VIOLET.

(*Viola sequoiensis*)—[Kellogg.]

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THIS appears to be a new species of violet, closely allied to *V. Lobata* (of Bentham) ; but that is described as smooth. Ours has roughish and also pubescent leaves—the stipules and bracts also differ ; nor are the lateral petals beardless, etc.

The specimen was sent us by Mrs. Piatt, a resident of the vicinity of Marysville. It abounds in the redwood* forests of the Sierra Nevada mountains. We have specimens also from Nevada City, obtained at an elevation of about 3,000 feet. It has large yellow flowers, with the two upper petals turning purple on the back, which is smooth ; in some specimens we find them also deep purple in front—the lower petals with dark, purple veins at the base. The leaves are very pretty ; open and artless as an infant's hand. The Figure itself will sufficiently illustrate the details : it will be seen the margins of the leaves are both scabrous and pubescent, while the points are tipped with a large gland.

We consider this as one of our handsomest California Violets.

* *Sequoia Sempervirens*.

CRATERS OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

NO. I.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

OF THE hundreds of craters on the Sandwich Islands, Mauna Loa, on Howaii, now furnishes the only active ones. In the midst of a nearly level plain, on its eastern slope, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, is Kilauea, constantly in action, having never been quiescent within the traditionary period. The summit of the mountain, at an elevation of nearly fourteen thousand feet, and twenty miles or more from Kilauea, terminates in an immense crater, several miles in diameter, and very deep, from which smoke and gases frequently issue, but which otherwise shows no signs of activity. The interior of the mountain, however, is a mass of molten rock, heated to such a degree as to be "dark with excessive bright." At intervals of three or four, or more years, its eastern, northern and western sides, near the summit, are rent open, and pour forth burning floods, which reach from their lofty seat above the clouds to the sea. Nearly all Howaii, the largest island of the group, is made up of thousands upon thousands of these lava-flows piled one upon another, thus forming mountain peaks nearly three miles high. The flows, which now form the surface, can be traced in all directions, and their respective periods are determined by the various ages of the timber growing on them, from the sapling up to the venerable forest-monarch. On first issuing from their burning bed, their course is rapid, and their hue white with heat too intense for language to describe; but by exposure to the air their surface is cooled over, while the molten mass within presses its way on down to a lower level, forming long, hollow tubes, or ducts, sometimes hundreds of feet in diameter, which reach from the summit to the sea, and render Howaii one vast honey-comb of rock. On the sides of precipices, hundreds of these subterranean passages are sometimes seen cropping out within a short space, giving it exactly the appearance of a honey-comb after the honey is extracted. These out-croppings form caves, in which the natives

formerly buried their dead, or hid themselves in time of war. It was common for them to pass in these caverns for miles, from one part of the island to another. During eruptions, these passages are often filled with steam, gases, and hot air, and burst open with a report as loud as a hundred cannons, hurling pieces of broken rock in all directions, with such force as to render the visitor's life nearly as insecure as it would be on the battle-field. During the eruption of 1855, a gentleman now residing in this city, carried away with the sublimity of the scene, remained two days and nights in a locality where these explosions were occurring every few minutes. In journeying around Hawaii, every now and then the rider's horse will slump through the rotten crust which forms the roof of these subterranean passages, or suddenly stumble on a yawning cavern made by the falling in of a larger section of the rocky crust, while his feet awaken long and frightful echoes as of subterranean thunder.

Within ten years past three eruptions have occurred on Mauna Loa, viz., in 1852, 1855, and 1858, from its eastern, northern and western sides. Each of these eruptions was from huge fissures opened for miles up and down the mountain. At first, for several days the lava was shot up in immense jets, like a fountain, five hundred feet or more in diameter, and at least a thousand feet high, turning night into day all over the island, and rendering the finest print legible at a distance of forty or fifty miles. It then rushed down the steep declivity with a speed equal to that of the fastest rail-car, till finally reaching a space comparatively level, it worked its way on slowly to the sea. The eruption of 1858, after flowing thirty-five miles, burning up the forests, drinking up the rivers, and forming grand and beautiful cascades—one of which was deeper and wider than Niagara—finally emptied itself into the ocean on the western side of the island, where it filled up a large bay.

After running ten miles down the steep sides of Mauna Loa, with a velocity almost incredible, the lava stream of 1855 formed into a lake two miles across, which boiled like a pot for months. The lake frequently filled up and overflowed, thus widening and extending its walls till they became nine miles in diameter. From this reservoir of molten rock, the fiery stream flowed slowly on for more than a year, to within four miles of Hilo, where, without encountering any obstacle, and from no other apparent cause, it suddenly ceased to flow in that direction, and began to spread itself out and pile itself up for

miles along its backward track. The object of this article is to give the reader an account of a visit made from Hilo to this magnificent scene ten months after the eruption first occurred on the mountains.

The first mile of our way was smooth, over what appeared to be a luxuriant soil, and we galloped on with merry hearts—all the more merry in anticipation of the adventures which, by-and-by, the roughness of our path promised to afford. We then passed through a region of rocks and gullies, where the peculiar formations—the unmistakable wrinkles and ridges of flowing lava—could be distinctly traced on the old streams, even under the soil and in the heaviest forests. After two miles of travel over a trail rougher than the roughest Indian trail of British Columbia, we entered the strip of grand old forest which belts nearly the whole island. The trees were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height, covered all over with splendid red blossoms; and among them were crowded innumerable creepers and climbers, wild bananas, and gigantic ferns, forming a mass so dense that even a squirrel could not pass. Through this impenetrable wall of vegetation, a few enterprising men, under the leadership of the “King of the Volcano,” (as the Rev. Mr. Coan is sometimes called,) had cut, or rather half cut, the narrow, crooked trail through the jungle. It ran up and down, over places rougher than roughness itself, across deep gullies, over the trunks of fallen trees, and under projecting limbs, which the rider must dodge with dexterity if he would escape being dragged from his saddle. Occasionally our horses would plunge two or three feet deep into the soft mud, the bottom of which was so interlaced with roots as sometimes to hold their feet fast. Next, they must climb up a high ridge of rocks, then clamber down some deep chasm, or struggle over the huge trunk of a fallen tree, so large that they would often hang astride of it for several minutes, without being able to effect a passage either forwards or backwards. Thus we slowly passed on, expecting every moment that our horses would either break their legs, or plunge us headlong into the dark and rocky jungle; but they had been long trained to such traveling, and moved on with such dexterity as to astonish us by their skill in getting over tough places. Two miles of such traveling brought us to so rough a place that our boldest riders gave up all hope of getting our animals further. Thus far we had come safely. Twice only were any of our company unhorsed, but not seriously hurt. We now pressed forward on foot,

wading through deep mud, scrambling over huge roots, jumping from rock to rock, walking along the fallen trunks of half-decayed trees—the undergrowth all the way on either hand being too dense to allow us to depart from the narrow trail. We could not even see out, except toward the sky. Meanwhile the rain poured down in torrents; and the scene which we presented, especially that of our ladies, was certainly as amusing, if not as Quixotic, as ever entered the brain of Cervantes. A half mile over this interesting route brought us to the edge of the lava stream, which stretched away sixty-five miles up to its source on the mountains, and was from three to ten miles wide. Providing ourselves with long, heavy canes, we mounted this black, distorted, broken river of rock.

To one who has never seen flowing lava, the form and condition of the scene now before us would seem impossible and incredible. No language in my power can convey an adequate impression of its strange and unearthly appearance. It was unlike any thing I had ever seen or imagined to be the product of rock or fire. Before my visit I had expected to find its surface, like ice on a frozen river, nearly level; but it was rolled and twisted, distorted and piled up, in an endless variety of shapes. Not a level place three feet square could be found. The only thing to which it could be likened would be the ocean lashed into fury by one of the fiercest winds that blow, suddenly petrified in all its rolling, broken and jagged shapes, and then its surface broken, and twisted and pressed up by some mighty force from below. Ragged and irregular waves of rock, of all shapes and sizes, from one hundred feet high and downwards, were scattered over the whole surface of the stream—their black crust being rent by innumerable cracks and fissures, and then contorted into all forms, and tilted up at all angles, even to a perpendicular. New lava had oozed up through them from below, had cooled, and was then cracked and pressed up again and again by the force of the pent-up and struggling stream beneath the hardened surface. Here and there were immense cracks and breathing holes, through which the hot air, gases and smoke were escaping.

For an hour and a half we passed on up this black and fearful stream, jumping over deep chasms, climbing up the sides of cracked and broken hillocks; then cautiously treading our way down deep declivities, stepping from fragment to fragment of the confused material, sometimes breaking through a thin, brittle crust which lay a few

inches above the solid rock ; then pounding with our long canes to find a sure footing, and all the way treading with a care which our subsequent experience taught us was useless in this locality, lest we should break entirely through, and fall into the burning flood.

After proceeding about four miles in this way, we suddenly came to flowing lava. Here we paused to survey as sublime and fearful a scene as is ever vouchsafed to mortals. In innumerable places around us, as far as the eye could reach, burning floods were oozing up from below, and flowing in dull, sluggish streams to find a lower level. The flow was about as rapid as that of thick syrup from a faucet. The lava would break or press its way up quietly from beneath, in streams from a few inches to several feet wide, and spread itself out and flow over the rocks sometimes for twenty feet or more, when, suddenly cooling over, it would remain stationary for a few moments ; but the pressure increasing again from below, the melted mass would soon burst up anew, and repeat the same scene over and over again. By this constant flowing, and upward pressure, the elevations, fissures and contortions which I have described above, are made.

With caution there is no danger in passing around among these fires. All fear of danger forsakes the visitor the moment the nature and mode of these operations are understood. To the imagination they are indeed frightful, and it is not strange that the first sight of them should fill the inexperienced in such phenomena with terror. A laughable incident is related of a brave Commodore in the American Navy, now fighting the battles of his country. In company with several ladies and gentlemen from Hilo, he had started on a visit of inspection to this great rock foundry of Pele. He met all the dangers of the way with great intrepidity, and seemed very fierce and daring ; but the moment he caught the first glimpse of the fiery flood, and saw the huge red-hot streams of flowing lava, and the woods on fire, the courage which could stand without winking before shot and shell, and the smell of saltpetre, instantly gave way before melted rock and the fumes of brimstone and gypsum. Exclaiming, "This is an unjustifiable exposure of human life," he reined about his foaming steed, and rode at a break-neck speed for Hilo, never stopping till he had safely quartered his precious body among the guns on board his frigate. With such brave commanders in our navy, the country must be safe.

Having now reached the object of our toil, we commenced a mi-

nute and careful examination of the burning streams and their movements. We soon discovered, that on being exposed to the air from three to five minutes, the lava became so hard as to be walked on with thick shoes in perfect safety. Even in the fluid state it is quite thick and hard ; so much so, that before it assumes a uniform black color, it is capable of bearing up several hundred pounds. One of our company ran across a current within twelve inches of the place where it issued from the old lava, and before it had cooled at all. His feet sank in about two inches, and had he not had on stout tight boots, or had he been accidentally thrown down by the adhesion of the soft material to his feet, he must have lost either his limbs or his life. It is strange how daring, and even foolhardy, one becomes when carried away with the magnificence and sublimity of such a scene. I can not account for it, but so it is, that one is so transported with enthusiasm, and so insensible to danger, that he feels that he could wade through a wide ocean of fire unharmed. Now I shudder on looking back to some of the scenes through which we passed there, and afterward at the old crater of Kilauea, but then I felt that none of our company would have been conscious of any emotion of fear, even though we had felt the solid crust giving way beneath our feet, and our bodies dropping into the burning river below. Amid such scenes, man and human life seem too insignificant to be worthy of a moment's thought ; and although it is not easy to see how that foolish old Roman could jump into *Ætna* to secure undying fame, it is quite easily understood by one who has looked on these fires, how he might do so to relieve the enthusiasm which seems to be bursting out at every pore of the body, and is so intense and ecstatic as to be almost unendurable.

For hours we lingered among these fires. We dipped up the liquid lava with iron spoons tied to the ends of long sticks, poked it with our canes, pressed coins into red-hot specimens, twisted it into all shapes, and tried on it all the experiments which ingenuity and fancy could invent. Having satisfied the first impulses of our curiosity, we sat down to appease our appetites ; or rather, we stood up, for the lava for miles around us was so hot, that whatever parts of our bodies touched it, felt as if they were roasting in purgatory. After lunch we continued our observations, and carefully watched the process by which the lava rolled itself into an endless variety of curious and fantastic forms. At one moment the partially hardened

crust would be lifted up for a few inches wide and many feet long by the force of the stream flowing downward and pressing upward, when it would suddenly roll over and twist up into the form of a huge rope of rock. Then it would ooze out and cool into beautiful cones. Then by the same lateral and upward pressure the thin crust would be shoved up into folds and wrinkles, exactly like the elevations and depressions on an old-fashioned washing board. Next it would flow over the edge of some fissure, and cool into shapes like icicles. Again the surface would crack open, and gradually widen out into chasms. All the time, clouds of smoke, and gases, and steam, were escaping, and the heat was almost insupportable. These forms of action were often extended over wide spaces, and the cones, ropes, and wrinkles of lava were of all sizes, from a half inch to many feet in diameter, and from a few inches to fifty feet long. Thus ended a day which will furnish food for thought, and be a source of satisfaction for a lifetime. Such a day's experience would well pay for all the expense and fatigue of a journey from California or the East to that distant island of ocean, now deemed so insignificant, but destined in the future to be an object of interest second to no other in the world.

ANTIQUITY VERSUS MODERNISM.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

I BELIEVE that it is almost, if not quite, universally conceded, that the natural duration of man's mortal existence is far less at the present day than it was in the days of antiquity. Such at least is the case, making all due allowance for the difference in ancient and modern computation of time. But the cause almost invariably assigned for our present comparatively brief pilgrimage through this "vale of tears," is, in my opinion, the verdict of a superficial view of the subject; and to treat that cause—or *causes*, rather—more in conformity with the dictates of reason, is the sole object of this paper. Effeminacy and physical decay brought on by our present fashionable, luxuriant method of living, stand charged with the whole blame for our present brevity of mortal existence. But, in my opinion, there are many causes for the great and growing contrast, and the majority of them

are natural causes—that is, their solution must be looked for in the natural operation of Nature's laws. Through tracing a certain line of Nature's Causes back into the dark, and even buried past, we shall see that our earth is ever undergoing perpetual change, and that different physical conditions of the earth's surface at different periods of its existence, produces different atmospherical conditions; and different atmospherical conditions must produce different effects upon animal life. We have sufficient data upon which to assume the position, that the farther we trace man back into antiquity, the more powerful, physically, do we find him. It is the same with the lower animals—in fact the law holds good, not only with the whole animal kingdom, but with the vegetable kingdom also. The types of both the animal and vegetable kingdom are constantly changing. The vegetation which the earth produces at the present day, it could not have produced during the Palaeozoic epoch; nor could it produce at the present time the plants which it produced during the Palaeozoic period. Certain species of the lower order of animals which thrive at the present day, could not have survived during the Carboniferous era, when nature's vegetable productions were mighty in magnitude, but few in variety. This is a subject which history throws but little light on; for the very reason that a large majority of the human race are lost to living history. Nature's sciences—our only infallible guide—Geology, Botany, Palaeontology, etc., are our instructors in the history of those races of mankind which have preceded us on this planet; played their part in the great drama of mortal existence, passed beyond and become extinct to living history.

We know that mankind must necessarily have been an immense length of time in advancing from the primeval state to his present standard of development. The farthest back into the dim vista of the past, that we have been able to trace man to a recognized condition of active existence, is to the Stone age. It was the age of stone, because they used no implements except those made of a kind of stone called flint. Flint hatchets have been exhumed from deep excavations in different parts of Europe, and are now on exhibition in various parts of the enlightened world. There have also been discovered, cotemporaneous with the human remains of the Stone era, the bones of animals peculiar to that period, but which are now extinct. What a wonderful lapse of time must have passed into eternity, since the men who used flint cutlery figured upon the platform

of mortal action. We have not the means, in the present state of our knowledge, of estimating the exact period when that interesting people sojourned upon this earth, but hundreds of thousands of years have been numbered with the departed ages since that happy day. The next step of progress brings us down to the Bronze age. Bronze is an alloy of copper and tin. It was during the Bronze era that the copper hatchets were introduced—so many of which have been discovered in modern times in various parts of the world. Copper hatchets have been found imbedded at a great depth in the solid copper mines of Lake Superior, United States of America. That fact would appear to furnish incontrovertible proof of the fact of those mines once having been worked by people who comprehended the art of hardening copper; but the art is now buried in the tomb of oblivion, with the people who employed it; and its resurrection devolves, no doubt, upon a generation yet unborn. Next to Bronze succeeds the age of Iron—peremptorily the metal of civilization. The science of Palaeontology enables us to classify both the animal and vegetable kingdoms; for it is a well-established fact, that all over the earth, since the first appearance of either vegetable or animal life upon its surface, there has been a certain order of development of that life, and, as a certain consequence, there must have been a regular successive order of death and decay; and Palaeontology, being the science of chronological classification of fossils, let them be plants or animals, it is of course an infallible guide in that department of research. The fossil remains of extinct human beings prove, that there has, some day, a race of the human family inhabited this earth, of such gigantic proportions, that we are as infants in comparison with them. The lower animals were correspondingly large; the plants were also immense in size, and comparatively few in number or variety. In an early day plants were few in number, and they were slow in reaching maturity; whereas at the present time the surface of the earth is covered with countless species of vegetation of the rankest kind of growth; which keeps the earth almost all the time covered with a load of decaying vegetation. Think you not that such a vast sea of decomposing vegetable matter impregnates the atmosphere at the present time with deleterious agents which were once unknown? As our earth developes a more and more productive state for both animal and vegetable life, of course there must be put into operation corresponding agents for the destruction of that life; were it other-

wise, the earth would be overrun, swarming, and stifling with animal and vegetable life which could not find the means of subsistence. Hence, you will at once see that those sages (?) who are constantly lamenting that "our fashionable life is the cause of *all* our ills, and were it not for our follies we might still attain the grand old age of the ancients," are ignorant of the operation and requirements of nature's laws. I do not deny that our fast style of living has a tendency to curtail our mortal existence; but, then, it is not satisfactorily proven that we, of the present day, have many more health-destroying fashions, than did our ancestors in the good old days of antiquity. It has been said, that each successive generation becomes "weaker and wiser." I am not strongly of the opinion, that man possesses a wonderful amount more of natural talent in the present age than he did four or six thousand years ago; but he is now surrounded with the means of developing and bringing into action all those powers which in times past remained in a latent condition. When we learn to sound subjects to a greater depth than a mere surface view will enable us, then will we arrive at more stable, sensible and changeless conclusions. The greatest difficulty that I see with our present life, is that we are too impatient. We do not investigate causes, nor sound effects. We rush on pell-mell, scrambling over one another, until we are all whirled into the vortex of confusion, without so much as asking the why or wherefore of a single move in which our destiny forces us to act a prominent part. It follows, that with all our intelligence, we are not near so intelligent as with our present opportunities we should be.

America should be ashamed, that she has suffered Europe to get so much the advantage of her in antiquarian research. Europe has had such men as Dr. Falconer, M. Boucher de Perthes, Lyell, Prestwich, employed in collecting bones, teeth, etc., of extinct races, and species of animals, for years, while America, with her exhaustless food for the antiquary, is allowed to slumber on in undeveloped innocence, without even an attempt being made to reveal to the wondering gaze of man her marvelous relics of a race of giants who flourished here through the hight of prosperity, decline of fading greatness, and finally swallowed up in the great tomb of oblivion, and forgetfulness, long, long ages before the present so called aborigines made their appearance on the scene of action. America has her ancient mounds, and bones of an extinct race of giants, which

she has yielded up to the common laborer while he was employed in plowing his field. Shame, shame, America ! at once encourage your scientific men, and at the same time add intellectual wealth, fame, and power to the nation, by employing them to reveal our priceless treasures which are yet locked within the bowels of the earth. Let us have a chronological classification of the fossils of America ; and let us have that classification carefully written out and printed ; and then we will use it for a text-book in schools, and have our children grow up with something like an intelligent conception of the history of their own planet.

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SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

THE WIDOW CROLEY AND HER BEAUTIFUL NIECE.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

Debby Clipper lost no time in circulating Polly's views of the subject, and in a few weeks after the young lady's arrival, it was currently reported and believed that the parties were "betrothed," and that the marriage would occur as soon as young Barnhum should complete his course of study.

It was truly refreshing to MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS to have something new to talk about ; for every NEIGHBOR'S hat, and last new dress, had been discussed again and again—and so of every one's domestic arrangements—and so of last year's crops, and the products of the poultry-yard and dairy. Indeed, something out of the usual order of events had become an absolute social necessity. For even "Aunt Hitty Hathnews" was named with apparent indifference ; and they had ceased marveling at the eccentric sayings and doings of Dr. Wrightway ; and were weary of discussing the Parson's wife in her diminutive womanhood, and of wondering what possible attraction she could have had for that good man fifteen or twenty years ago. And now that the stagnant pool of their still life was troubled by an earthly angel, all stepped in to improve the rare occasion.

The young lady soon became a great favorite in the village, with

all classes, young and old, rich and poor; but particularly with the poor—for them she always had a kind word of encouragement to cheer and lighten toil. In addition to her personal attractions, Sarah Mandiville possessed a fine mental and moral organization. Her nature was noble and generous, and marked by strong, practical common sense, united with quick sensibilities and ready sympathies. And she was a student of Nature, a close observer of character and conditions; and thus, wherever she moved, she found subjects of interest, new faces of life to amuse and instruct. And being gifted with the happy power of perceiving the finest qualities of those with whom she associated, and of addressing herself to them, she aided in developing the better part of their natures, and received from others in return a higher and fuller appreciation. Indeed, her strong love of the perfect and beautiful, prompted her to look for beauties rather than defects in men, women, and objects; and her search was always rewarded. And thus her soul, being nurtured by the beautiful, assumed and reflected its lovely image; and, as a consequent, her faith in God and Man increased as her knowledge was enlarged.

And the faults of her friends and acquaintances, that pained her to observe, and the gigantic evils of society, never for a moment caused her sublime faith to waver. For she believed God to be the Supreme Ruler of the universe of matter and of mind which He created, and that there could be no permanent retrogression; but, that there must be, as a consequent of *His nature and power*, a tendency everywhere to higher and more perfect conditions.

This was the religious aspect of her character; her other self was humorous, sunny, and loving, and sparkling with quaint, original thought. Like Nature, she was subject to occasional clouds and sunbursts, but in her entire character she was a philosopher; her passions, impulses and sentiments were all under the direction of a cultivated reason. There was a curious blending of opposite qualities in her nature—of tenderness and strength—of gentleness and decision—of mirthfulness and gravity—of quiet self-respect, and thoughtful appreciation of others—which rendered her a versatile and charming companion. Those who associated most intimately with Sarah Mandiville, loved her most; for she met every demand upon her affluent nature with queenly liberality. Not that she was lavish of gold, for after her father's reverses of fortune she had little to bestow; but from the resources of her own rich nature, she gave freely of that

which is more valuable than the glittering ore, and received a large compensation.

To "the Widow Croley" Sarah Mandiville was a marvel. She had never before met with a person so genial and versatile in character, and so fruitful in resources. In every direction of her faculties there was development far beyond her years, and each day unfolded some new feature to win love and admiration. She was the light of MAPLE HALL.

One afternoon of early spring, after a residence of more than a year with her aunt, while the ladies were occupied with their needle-work in the cheerful "sitting-room" of Maple Hall, which was their usual habit, Sarah Mandiville looked up archly and brightly from her embroidery frame to the widow, and said: "Dearest aunt, I have two very great favors to ask of you—will you grant them?"

The widow, smiling kindly upon her beautiful niece, replied—"I think that I may safely promise you in advance, my child; what can I do for you?"

"You may remember, dearest aunt, that, when Parson Kindly dined with us last week, he inquired if you were acquainted with any lady who would like the charge of the district school for the summer, and remarked that the School Committee had desired him to select some one qualified for the situation, as the lady who had formerly taught the school was on the eve of marriage. Now, dearest aunt, I wish to obtain your permission to teach the school, and, also, a recommendation from you to Parson Kindly, setting forth my admirable qualifications for the office!"

"Nonsense, my child!" the lady exclaimed with evident annoyance, laying aside her needle-work, and turning a perplexed and scrutinizing glance upon her niece. "To think of my child, the daughter of my beloved sister, as a teacher of a district school! Preposterous! From whom could you have inherited such a plebeian taste? Not from your mother's family, assuredly."

"It is true that I did not. My nature was inherited from my Maker; and, if it be plebeian, it is His creation, and I cannot complain. 'Should the thing formed say to Him who fashioned it—Why hast Thou made me thus?' But I cannot regard the office of teacher as menial; to me it appears one of the noblest that a human being can fill. I have often thought that the true teacher bears the same relation to the intellectual and moral world, that the sun bears

to the physical—the latter unfolds the material, or natural germ, the former the spiritual: and thus the teacher becomes the direct agent of the Almighty, in developing the latent powers of the human soul. He fashions the precious germs of mind, and it is *her* province to stimulate them to growth, to larger life, through the warmth of her affection, and the light of her truth and knowledge, until they become perfect human flowers. Thus the teacher coöperates with the Creator, and her mission is divine, although the prejudices of education may prevent us from perceiving the beautiful truth.”

The subject of teaching had never before been presented to the Widow Croley in the same light. Her mind was of a strongly marked religious character, and this view of it caused her to hesitate a moment before replying. At length she responded:—

“Teaching, my child, may be a high and sacred calling for those who are obliged by poverty to seek occupation for a livelihood; but *your* reasons for wishing to become a teacher, I cannot comprehend. You belong to one of the most aristocratic families of the country, and were educated to take a distinguished position in society; and, although your father lost his property in unfortunate speculations, you will never suffer any inconvenience from that cause, my child, for my income is ample for us both; and, when I am gone, you will become my heir.”

“You pain me, dearest aunt, by that last allusion. You have been father, mother, and friend to me in my need, and I am not ungrateful, I do assure you, and it would distress me beyond measure to annoy you in any way; but, after I give you my reasons for wishing to become a teacher, I do not think that you will regard it as a mere whim of a young girl’s inexperienced brain. If it were only ‘for the glorious sake of being independent,’ that I desire to engage in teaching, I would not urge the matter farther, as it appears unpleasant to you; for I could school my pride to almost any condition of dependence that would not conflict with liberty of soul. But, dearest aunt, I feel, first of all, that I have a *part to act* in life, *work to do*, and that I cannot become an idler and bury my talent in the earth without robbing my Creator of his claim to my best service. I feel it to be a moral obligation to *earn* my right to a share of the common inheritance, to a part of this beautiful world, by active and useful occupation, by doing something for the *general* good. And I wish to labor in a profession in which I feel that I can accomplish

most in the shortest period ; as this comports with my idea of the most economical use of power. And I wish also to labor in a profession that will improve and enlarge my own nature, while I am benefiting others. And I wish, farther, to work in harmony with my tastes ; for this will impart additional pleasure to occupation, and keep my spirits buoyant.

“ And teaching, dearest aunt, appears to me to combine all these advantages. I love children. It is a real pleasure to watch the gradual unfolding of their natures, and give direction to their expanding powers. Your favorite poet says :—

‘ Teaching, we learn ; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect. * * * * *
Thought, too, delivered, is the more possessed.’

“ My other reasons for wishing to become a teacher, are more selfish ; and yet they appear important to my happiness. I have been with you, dearest aunt, more than a year. The change from city to country life is very great to me. I often feel a distaste for its monotony, and a deep yearning for old associations. And these conditions of mind have returned more frequently, of late, producing unusual depression of spirits ; and I thought that, by occupying my mind with new duties and interests, I might be able to shake off the weight of discontent, and feel happy in the position in which your kindness and affection have placed me.”

“ Truly, ‘ the lines have fallen in pleasant places ’ to you, my child ; and it surprised me beyond measure to hear you say that a country life is distasteful to you. This is so unlike your noble English ancestors, who delighted in rural scenes and homes, often preferring their retired country seats to splendid residences at court. Truly, there is no accounting for tastes. But what passable objection *can* you have to a country residence ? ”

“ The *objection*, dearest aunt, appears to lie deep in my nature. For when I was a mere child, and dear father took me into the country for a change of air, I always returned to my city home with the feeling an exile must experience when his feet press again his native soil. The first glimpse of the moving crowd would bring tears of joy to my eyes, and a cry of exultation to my lips, while my heart would bound in my bosom. And I felt as though I *must* spring from the carriage and embrace every one that I saw in the streets through which we passed, and ask them to welcome me home once more.

“The very air of the city, too, seemed to possess a vitalizing property for me ; for I have always felt stronger, and my spirits have been more elastic there, than in the country. And this fact has led me to infer that some persons may be constitutionally dependent upon city life for their best health and greatest happiness ; some peculiarities of the physical and mental conformation demanding the condition for their highest development.

“And yet, I love the country. I love all its beautiful wild flowers, bright with the Father’s smile, conveying to our hearts a perpetual benediction. I love its fragrant shrubs, and trees, and vales, and mountains ; and its streams, and water-falls, that flash the sunlight back to Heaven, imparting a living beauty to the landscape. But animated nature attracts me far more powerfully. Infinitely better do I love to watch the unfolding of the living, thinking, human soul, than the growth of trees, shrubs, and flowers.

“It would be my choice to live in the center of the most populous districts, that I might be surrounded by large numbers of my fellow-beings, and *feel* the pulsations of humanity’s great heart. In the city my sympathies are quickened, my aspirations are kindled, and my whole nature is enlarged and intensified. But when I am in the country, I become a stranger to myself. I no longer feel that I am growing, and accumulating power ; but experience a peculiar sensation of being diffused through space, as if Nature were drawing upon me for the small investment she made in my constituent elements, and I had no power to resist the demand, or recover the scattered particles of myself ! My spirits flag ; my inspirations leave me ; and I am haunted with the thought that I may sink into a state of imbecility, and, finally, die like a vegetable.

“And the social and intellectual condition of country people is painful to me. It may be that the *still life* of human beings here, even more than of nature, impresses me so strangely. The dullness and inertia of the intellect is truly marvelous. Men do not appear to take the slightest interest in anything beyond the weather, the soil, the raising of cattle and crops, and the state of the market. Women limit their thoughts and conversation to baking, brewing, churning, spinning and weaving, and the last new hat and chintz dress that appeared at church. Tea-party conversation is varied and enlivened a little by the latest gossip or scandal elaborated from the prolific brain of Polly Spoonall. The outside world is a sealed book

to them. They feel no interest in the rise and fall of states and nations, and in the great principles of human liberty and progress that are at work all over the earth, undermining old forms of despotism, and inaugurating a new and brighter era for mankind.

“But the inhabitants of cities move in a larger sphere of thought and action; and the general interests of society are, therefore, more fully appreciated by them. Intellect attracts intellect, mind is quickened, and new and beautiful thought-births, full of promise for humanity, are the results. Cities, indeed, are the nurseries of genius. There the artists, the orators, and the poets, find that sympathy and appreciation needful for their fullest life and development. There the statesmen, and moral and social philosophers, are formed. And there the philanthropists are born, who ameliorate the hard conditions of classes, and roll the stumbling stones and rocks of offense away from the path of the toiling millions.

“At my dear old home in B—— I enjoyed the privilege of associating with the most enlightened minds of the State. My dear father cared only for such; and the subjects of conversation were always elevating and instructive. Our evenings were devoted to social entertainments, either at home or abroad, and each was an intellectual feast. Yes, the deep fountains of truth were early unsealed for me, dearest aunt, but my thirst is yet unquenched; and I sometimes feel as though nothing less than infinite knowledge could satisfy the cravings of my spirit.”

[To be continued.]

THE use of—“your humble servant”—first came into England in the time of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from “votre très humble serveteur.” The usual salutation before that period, was—God keep you! God be with you! Among the vulgar, “How d’ye do?” with a hearty thump on the shoulder.

SOME read to think; these are rare—some, to write; these are common: and some read to talk—and these are the great majority. The first page of an author, not unfrequently, suffices all the purposes, of this latter class, of whom it has been said, they treat books as some do lords; they inform themselves of their titles, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

Silently—tearfully,
Cover that brow ;
Gone is the might
Of his manliness now ;
Cold is the bosom,
Glassy the eye ;
Far on the blue wave
He wandered to die.

Silently—tearfully,
Fold the dark pall,
Sternly old Ocean
Shall close o'er its fall ;
No dirge but the wild wind,
No tomb but the sea,
Deep 'mid its treasures,
His lone sleep shall be.

Afar o'er the billow
There's gladness to-day,
In the green sunny vale
Where his young children play ;
And the thought of their sire
Is coupled in glee,
With the joy of a greeting
That never shall be.

And long shall those dear ones
Await—but in vain—
The step that will gladden,
Oh ! never again—
They'll list for the loved tones,
So gentle—so gay—
Alas ! the Death-Angel
Hath stilled it for aye.

Oh ! wave of life's ocean !
What tale can'st thou tell,
Of all o'er whose slumbers,
Thou soundest the knell ?

Oh ! wave of life's ocean !
Thy merciless surge
O'er all we have treasured
Is sounding the dirge.
Silently—tearfully—
Leave him to sleep,
Where coral is gleaming,
And dark sea-weeds weep ;
Yet know that the spirit—
The deathless, the free—
Bows not to the spoiler,
Rests not in the sea.

RUTH MAY.

BY FANNY GREEN MC DOUGAL.

[Continued from page 278.]

At this juncture Mrs. Bennett spied the book on which the folded arms of Ruth yet rested ; and turning to Mrs. May, she said, " There's one thing that's very strange to me, an' that is, how poor folks finds so much time to read. Why, I should'nt think, Mrs. May, that you'd ever allow that girl of yours—I forget her name—ever to touch a book, without 'twas the Bible, an' hymn book—an' then only Sundays—for as you ha'nt much time, 'twould be overlooked, I dare say, if you should'nt read a chapter every day, 's we allers makes it a pint to do. Them's necessary, yer know, to save yer souls, an' show ye the way to Heaven ; an' in my opinion, poor folks can't rightly afford anything more ; for if they don't work when they oughter, it's jest the same and all one's pickin' other folkses pockets. I've often thought what a fool you be, Mrs. May, to indulge that girl in her idleness. Let me advise you, as a friend, to keep books out of her sight, if you ever expect to get anything out of her. Why, she's nothing in the world but a moth to you. If there's one thing that I *do* hate more than another, it *is* laziness."

This sally, rude as it was, was yet too coarse to be deeply wounding ; but Ruth, who was of a highly nervous and sanguine temperament, finding it impossible to repress her indignation, rose and left the room ; and when she was out of sight, she threw herself on her

couch, and wept sorely to think that a woman highly educated, tenderly nurtured, true and just in all her actions, refined and delicate in all her feelings, as her mother was, must yet not only labor for a bare pittance, but must also submit to the most cruel and wanton insults from one who had been but among the menials in her grandfather's kitchen, but whose incurable vulgarity was innate, or she might have been somewhat softened even there, for the domestics were not made slaves, and under the example and teaching of the amiable daughters of the family, several girls were reared, who had afterward become intelligent, intellectual, and even polished—an honor to society, and to their sex. But there is a certain order of vulgarity—an inborn coarseness of the grain, which is incurable—and this is as likely to occur in the drawing-room as in the kitchen. Such was the case with Mrs. Bennett.

As Ruth left the room, the tearful eye of Mrs. May followed her until the door closed. Then turning to her patroness with a dignity and authority which even her obtuse perceptions could not resist, she said, "Permit me, madam, to request that you will never allude to this subject again. If my work does not please you, take it away. Pray understand me, when I say, that by making your dresses at less than one-half the usual prices, I lay myself under no obligations to you, whatever; so do not attempt to interfere with my domestic affairs. I consider myself the best judge in regard to my own family matters, and that right I will not surrender to any one."

"Why la! Mrs. May, how you do talk. Anybody would think you was worth a cool hundred thousan' at least. But I meant no harm. Some folks is made so, I suppose. They can't take a word of advice from a friend. If you are able to support your girl in idleness, it's none of my business, to be sure; but I really b'lieve, take the time together, that she reads as much as either of my girls—and Jerushy Ann has quite a literary turn. But you've no idea how much work them girls get through with in the run of a year; the mats, and ottermans, an' woosted flowers, an' wax work, they do make. An' now Matildy Jane is agoin' about embroidery for a set of chairs. 'Tis a great help, Mrs. May, to have *such* children." Mrs. Bennett paused for a moment, and then ran on again, without let or hindrance.

"Now, Mrs. May, I am goin' to tell you a secret. Our Jerushy Ann is engaged to be married to a lawyer. Is'nt that quite a feather

in her cap? An' they say he's rich inter the bargain. Now, between you and me, if you make the girls' dresses to suit, they intend to get you to make the wedding dresses, an' that'll be considerable of a speck, for all the girls will have at least three suits apiece. We mean to give the bride a real good settin' out; for we are able, and shan't be mean about it. And Jerushy Ann says, if Ruth would only lay aside them foolish airs, and jest act as is proper for anybody in her sp'ere, an' behave herself, an' be stiddy an' industrious, she would employ her to do all the plain sewin'—for she'll have a lot to do, I can tell you. An' if she minds her business, an' tries to please, she'll keep her after marriage as seamstress. Mr. Spenser is very particular about his shirts an' all them things; an' Jerushy Ann don't know much about plain sewin'. Her taste all runs in the ornamental line."

"Did I understand you right? Did you say Mr. Spenser?" almost gasped Mrs. May.

"I didn't say anything else. He's in a very pertikelar hurry: so I tell Jerushy Ann it's always best to strike when the iron's hot. Many a slip between the cup and the lip, as the old saying is. Why you know the gentleman's as well as I do. He was born an' brought up in our county." She hesitated, as if a better instinct had partially overcome her habitual coarseness, vulgarity, and selfishness of character; but presently relapsed into the same strain. "They do say he once had a notion of your Ruth; but he says there's no sich thing. He might have made her his companion; an' if he'd been like most young men he would: but he never thought of marrying her."

"Stop! stop;" shrieked Mrs. May, with a mingled expression of horror and indignation, that touched even the blunted sensibilities of the listener.

"No offence, Mrs. May!" continued the other. "You know poor folks do'nt mind such things. It's nothin' more than should be expected; an' most poor girls would consider it quite an honor to live with a rich gentleman in any way. Though, to be sure, it's a wicked shame that such things should be!" she added, settling herself down with a most resigned and pious expression on her plethoric features. "But Jerushy's a good girl," she resumed, "a ginerous sperited girl, an' always was—though I say it that had'nt ought to. She says she pities Ruth, an' she don't think she's any sich kind o'

character, at all ; an' she's willin' to take her into the family, an' do for her ; an' he 's agreed. I don't know, in fact, but he first proposed it."

All this time the speaker had not noticed the fearful agitation of Mrs. May.

"How long has this been?" asked the latter, grasping by the door-lock to escape falling.

"Only about six weeks. Rushy saw him first at the Washington Ball. That fine dress you made, carried her to a first-rate market. But, for pity's sake, what is the matter, Mrs. May!"

"Nothing ; only a little faintness. I am subject to such turns," replied the latter, with great efforts at calmness. "Have the kindness to reach my salts. There, thank you ! I feel better now." As she spoke she bent to pick up the fragments of the dress. But the struggle was too intense. She reeled, and fell senseless on the floor.

For some days, the effect of the shock on the delicate system of Mrs. May seemed fraught with even dangerous symptoms ; but the placid and even cheerful aspect of Ruth tended far more than medicine to revive and reassure her : and when, at length, full confidence was restored between the mother and daughter, the former began to amend.

One evening, a few days after the painful disclosure alluded to above, they were sitting together in the pleasant twilight. Ruth had kept nothing back ; but had told the whole revolting story. She had told her even, how Mr. Spenser had insulted her, by declaring that money was his sole object in marrying his betrothed ; that he still loved her only, suggesting that she might become an inmate of his family ; and that they might still be united in everything but the external forms.

"I had hoped to spare you this, my dear mother," said Ruth, as she concluded. "But let us speak of him no more," she added, with a clear and steady light shining through her tears, while the slight quivering of the compressed lip, only, told how much she still felt.

"Ah ! my poor child !" said Mrs. May, "how much you must have suffered !"

"Yes," replied Ruth ; "but that suffering is now made both shield and armor for the future contest. I know that I am stronger and better for the struggle. I am assured that the spirit which has risen triumphant from such a conflict, will not fail me in any extremity."

"So may it be, my daughter!" ejaculated Mrs. May; but yielding to the weakness of disease, mortification, and disappointment, she burst into tears, and wept again for some time.

"Grieve not for me, dearest mother!" said Ruth, who had been through the whole, calm and gentle as an angel; "but rather rejoice over me;" and as she spoke, she tenderly lifted the head, and turned the pillow that was wet with tears of bitterest maternal anguish. "Weep not," she continued; "but rejoice that I am released from bonds which must soon have become intolerable. Look at me, dearest mother, and see how calm and serious I am. The crisis is now past; and I am the strongest. During the last few hours, I have seemed to live years. The thought and feeling of ages have been intensified into the experience of moments. All the elements of my nature have been at work, and the result is a sweet peace, a beautiful hope, a divine faith I have never known before. I was put into the crucible of affliction, a weak, dependent, and helpless child. I have come out, a strong, energetic, and self-dependent woman. A clear and beautiful light seems to envelop all the future. I now feel that I have the power to achieve something in life, worthy of your and my father's daughter; and, with this firm self-reliance, this deep trust in God, I am sure I shall accomplish it."

For some time Mrs. May could only murmur, "God bless you, my love! God bless you, my child!" but the serene spirit and confidence of Ruth soon pervaded her bosom, also, and she became tranquil, and even hopeful; looking on her daughter with mingled affection and astonishment; for she had seemed transfigured before her.

"But you said you had some plan, or idea, in regard to our future course," said Mrs. May, after a short silence.

"Before I answer you, dear mother," replied Ruth, "let me ask you a question. Do you believe in guardian angels, or that the spirits of the departed are permitted to revisit and watch over their friends?"

"I have sometimes thought so; and it has seemed to me, that I could trace impressions and intuitions to such sources. But why do you ask?"

"Because it seemed to me that my father stood by, during all that fearful conflict. So strong was this impression, that I sometimes thought I could feel his arms gently embracing me, and his breath upon my cheek. O, if you only knew what a sweet and divine peace

flowed into that thought. I was comforted, and strengthened, beyond all natural comfort and strength. And then he told me what to do, by a single word, which seemed not to be spoken in the ear, but whispered in the soul."

"And what did he tell you?" asked Mrs. May, while she appeared to hang on the answer with greater interest than she had before manifested.

"He told me to advertise for a situation," returned Ruth; "and I have resolved to do so. '*Advertise*' was the word."

"It is very curious," responded Mrs. May, "yet none the less true, that the same idea has been impressed very mysteriously on my mind. And why should you not do so, my love?" added Mrs. May. "You are both highly gifted and well skilled, in music and drawing, a proficient in several of the natural sciences, especially Botany. You understand and speak French, know something of Latin and Spanish, and are schooled in the English branches."

"Yes, mother, I can obtain a situation. I am certain of it—so certain, that I have already made a rough draft of an advertisement. Pray see if it will do."

Mrs. May took the paper, and after having read it, proposed some alterations. "But how is it to be paid for?" she asked, as she handed it back to Ruth.

"Do you remember that my father was well acquainted with the editor of the *Organ*?" responded the other. "I have, in this note, which, with your permission, I shall send, told him something of our situation, and asked him, for father's sake, to trust me until I am able to pay him—which I am confident I shall soon be."

"This really does look like the go-ahead principle," observed Mrs. May, with a smile; "I can no longer doubt of your entire success, my love."

The advertisement was inserted—and several applications were made directly; but no positive arrangements had followed, though two cases were pending, as containing the possible contingencies of an agreement satisfactory to all. A week was to decide the matter. On the very day when the lady who responded to the first, was hourly expected, and they were deliberating on the propriety of accepting her terms, which indeed seemed to involve more arduous duties than Mrs. May believed her daughter could endure, a knock at their door was followed by the entrance of a gentleman of singularly elegant person, and prepossessing demeanor.

He announced himself as Mr. Arrington, preceptor of — Academy ; and said, addressing Mrs. May, that he had been attracted by the advertisement of a young lady for the situation of a teacher. Then turning to Ruth, he added, “ But this young Miss, I should judge, could hardly be the one.”

The idea that her extremely youthful appearance might be against her, had not before occurred to Ruth. Struck and pained by the danger of this, she forgot her usual timidity, and stepping forward with a look of imploring earnestness, she said, “ I am the one. Do you think I am too young ? I am older than I appear. Indeed, I am almost twenty.” And as she said this, a blush of sweetest modesty overspread her animated features ; and truly she had never appeared so lovely. The stranger stood as if transfixed at once by a thousand arrows. Rosy little Cupids seemed to be hovering over the lovely girl ; and he was thinking of anything rather than the dry details of his professional business. His apparent absorption was imputed to another reason—in short, to hesitation, and disappointment. This still increased the confusion of Ruth ; but under its enchanting influence, she seemed to grow every moment more radiant. Under the influence of this impression, Mrs. May said, “ Is mere youthfulness an objection ?”

“ By no means, madam,” returned Mr. Arrington, “ I—I was only—” He fairly stammered in his confusion. It is strange how hard, under some circumstances, the most eloquent will struggle for a word.

And was it because he doubted the capacity of the young applicant, that Mr. Arrington lingered hour after hour, as one charmed—ay, completely enchained ? It could not be so ; for with such examination as a few moments gave, his professional scruples were satisfied ; yet still he lingered. It was as if, instead of the humble habitation of a poor woman, seeking labor whereby to earn bread, he had suddenly found himself in Elysium ; and he yielded without resistance to the sweet fascination of his surprise. As he conversed with Ruth, her rich natural gifts, refined and exalted by a most judicious and generous culture, beamed out, one after another, from the sweet veil of rare modesty that enhanced their charms, like angel eyes, or stars that shine through the twilight, soft, tender, and bashful, yet truly prophesying of their coming glory.

A managing mother might, and would, have foreseen in all this,

the approaching son-in-law ; but Mrs. May was not a managing mother ; yet she felt that this must be the right person, and that an engagement, honorable and happy for all parties, would be formed. She devoutly believed that the whole was fore-ordered by a Divine Providence, and to this blissful thought she surrendered herself. Under its inspiring influence, she, too, looked and said her best. Never was she more happy in thought and expression, even in her brightest days ; and she had always been most brilliant and fascinating. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Arrington felt himself in the presence of the two most charming women he had ever met—if, indeed, he did look upon Ruth as a woman, and not some incarnation of divine loveliness, altogether super-feminine.

There are certain mental affinities, which, like the chemical, are attracted by, and flow into each other naturally. In other words, certain persons act and react on each other, electrically ; and so it was with the little group thus brought together. Mutual confidence, in such cases, is as much a matter of course, as the breaking out of the sunshine when the clouds are withdrawn ; or a union of confluent streams. They had not been conversing one hour, before the whole story of Mrs. May and Ruth, with the exception of the single revolting point in the history of the latter, was laid before Mr. Arrington, frankly, as if he had been a son and brother. They told him freely of their disappointments, sorrows, and struggles in life ; while he, as freely, unfolded to them the discomfort of boarding-houses, and many of the vexations of his bachelor condition—or, I should say, he finished with these ; for he gave them a history of his youth—which had been one of great hardship and trial—the common means of education not having been afforded him.

But as Ruth looked on his manly form, and listened to the felicitous flow of his singular eloquence, she could not forbear thinking, that now he carried letters patent of nobility, which to her, at least, were indisputable. Hours flew, as if they had stolen the wings of moments ; but Time, the envious churl, at length brought night, as he had often done before, most untimely ; and then, with the sudden recollection of several broken engagements pressing upon him at once, and the thought of one very important one, which might yet be redeemed, Mr. Arrington made a hurried adieu.

No specific arrangement had been made, though it seemed to be understood, as a matter of course, that they should be. And, truly,

with the very earliest seasonable hour of the next morning, came back Mr. Arrington; with an ill-disguised fear, that by having neglected to seal the engagement, he might have lost the new-found gem which would so greatly enrich his cabinet. Nay, he considered her rather as the pearl of great price, which, having found, he would joyfully sell all that he had to purchase it.

And, moreover, he had suddenly arrived at the conviction, that his sheer comfort demanded that he should set up a board and altar for himself; and therefore it was that he made serious proposals—not to Ruth, my fair young reader, but to her mother, that she should become his housekeeper—a person for whom he had been long seeking—in his own mind, at least. How delightful such an arrangement would be; and all parties were so truthful and so confiding in each other, they could not forbear saying so.

The village of —— is one of the most charming and picturesque on the banks of the Hudson; and thither Mrs. May and her daughter were soon removed, when they took possession of a charming little cottage, commanding one of the finest views on that noble stream. This was just at the opening of spring; and truly did that happy summer wear for Ruth, wings of woven bloom and music, as if birds and flowers had become conscious intelligences, and ministered to her innocent joy. Her varied talents and accomplishments, together with her sweet temper, and happy art of imparting to others whatever interested herself, had contributed to give the seminary of Mr. Arrington a higher and wider reputation than it had ever enjoyed before. But in the good Providence which now apparently governed her fortune, it was ordered that she should not long retain this situation; and although Mrs. May had imparted her own character of elegant taste and beautiful repose to the cottage home, yet still, Mr. Arrington had a fancy for a younger and a fairer housekeeper.

On the day before her marriage, which has doubtless been already anticipated, Ruth had a long and confidential talk with her mother; at the close of which, she said: “I will not deny that I had become attached to Mr. Spenser. He was highly esteemed by my father, and I took it for granted he was a worthy man. But believe me, dearest mother, it was more for your sake, than mine, that I was persuaded to marry him. I never had that exalted respect, that true sympathy, that feeling of unity for him, which I believe are essential elements

of a true marriage. I was often oppressed by the idea, that I was going to commit a great sin, by thus giving my hand to one for whom there was such a reserve, such a doubt in my heart ; but I took infinite pains to convince myself, that the motive would justify the act. Ah, how truly am I now convinced of my error ; and how entirely different is every feeling, every sentiment, which makes me one with the worthy man who has chosen me. Here, taste and affection, mind and heart, hope and faith, all fold their wings so gently in the heart, and nestle there so softly, warmly, dearly, in the perfect joy of their own sweet assurance ; while reason and instinct both tell me that this, and nothing short of this, *is* marriage."

Soon after it was sneeringly said by the Bennetts and Spensers that Ruth May had married a schoolmaster—as if the profession of teaching were not the most responsible and august under heaven. But the social sphere which was thus opened to our heroine, the Bennetts—with all their wealth—were not permitted to enter ; for it was composed of the very *elite* of New York and its vicinity. Mr. Arrington, however, was destined to a wider, if not a higher, sphere of action. Soon after his marriage, a professorship in a western University was offered him ; and thither he removed with his beautiful young wife, and still elegant mother-in-law. A few years after, on the death of the president of that institution, he was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant chair ; and thus Ruth and her mother were placed in the bosom of a refined and intelligent society, which they were alike fitted to enjoy, and adorn. The character of the latter was, of course, fixed ; nor was that of the former changed by the outward exaltation. She was just the same gentle, true, generous and simple-hearted being she had ever been ; only that her fine powers were now developed under more favorable circumstances, and were better appreciated than they had been before. She was not merely the parasite, the toy, the idol of her husband, but his companion and friend ; the sharer of his highest thoughts, the solace of his cares, and the sweet minister in those not less sacred domestic offices which are so endearing, both in the bestowal, and in the just appreciation. Such is the true wife, the home-angel, from whose benign sphere the true heart and intelligent mind can never go astray.

Almost the first news that reached them, after the settlement in their new home, was of the Bennetts. It appeared that Mr. Spenser, on his marriage, though reputed wealthy, was, by his private ex-

cesses, completely bankrupt. But he had obtained a wonderful power over the mind of his father-in-law ; and, under the infatuating idea of enormous profits, persuaded that gentleman to place at his disposal all the hoarded ingots, which he had ground the faces of so many poor to accumulate. The proposed speculation proved unfortunate. Mr. Bennett, on finding himself thus suddenly reduced to poverty, became insane ; and, with a fragment of the wreck, was supported in a public asylum for that most unfortunate class of persons. Mr. Spenser had fallen into the most dissolute habits ; and his poor crushed wife, after dragging out three years of misery, left him, with her two children, and returned to her mother. The youngest daughter, at this crisis, married a respectable farmer, and removed to a small tract of land only a few miles from the residence of Ruth. Being of a more generous disposition than any other members of the family, they took with them their mother, their oldest sister, and Mrs. Spenser, with her two children ; for, as the young husband said, in that new and wide country there was work enough for all.

Mrs. Arrington lost no time in calling on them, and not only gave them very sensible advice in regard to their affairs, but also rendered them very generous aid. The eldest daughter, being really ingenious, took a shop in the town, and established herself as a dress-maker ; and Mrs. Bennett herself was thankful to procure any plain sewing of the coarser kinds, which Ruth did not fail to furnish her with, at much more generous prices than she had ever given. Thus, in this republican land, are the tables often turned ; and, to say nothing of right principle, it is certainly good policy to be kind to all : for everything is whirling, and in the next evolution we know not whose head may come uppermost.

KINDNESS ITS OWN REWARD.—Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful return ; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver. We may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others, and all of them will bear the fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. A kindly action always fixes itself on the heart of the truly thoughtful man.

MY MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.—“ May God protect thee, my little one,” said my mother, as I stood by her dying bed. There was a soft tremor in her fainting voice, which checked the joyous laugh that trembled on my lip, as I, in childish joyfulness, shook the pale hand of my dying parent from my head, and buried my brow in the rich mass of bright hair which floated over her pillow. Again her sweet voice sighed forth, “ Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil.” I raised my face from its beautiful resting place, and, young as I was, felt the influence of a mother's prayer. Her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me as if they would have left one of their bright, unearthly rays, as a seal to her death-bed covenant, but she spoke not again; the last effort of nature had uttered that prayer, and she lived not to breathe another. I have every reason to believe that God has, in a great degree, caused that prayer to be instrumental in gaining its own answer; for often, when the heedlessness of childhood and youth would have led me into errors, has the sweet voice, now hushed forever, intermingled itself with my thoughts, and, like the rosy link of a fairy chain, drawn me from my purpose. Oft, when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eye sparkled with anticipated pleasure, have I caught the reflection of that eye in the mirror, and thought it resembled my mother's, her last maternal supplication to heaven has come back to my memory; the clustering roses have been torn from my head; sober sadness has chased the natural glow from my cheek and the sight from my eye, and my thoughts have been carried back to my last parent, and from her to the heaven she inhabits; the festival, and all its attractions, have been forgotten, and I have been “ delivered from temptation.” Again, when the sparkling wine cup has almost bathed my lips, has the last prayer of my mother seemed to mingle with its contents, and it has remained untasted. When my hand has rested in that of the dishonorable, and trembled at the touch of him that says in his heart, “ there is no God,” has that voice seemed to flow with his fascinating accents; I have listened to it, and fled as if from a serpent of my native forests. Never have I received any great good, escaped any threatening evil, or been delivered from any temptation, but I have imputed it to the effects of *my mother's last prayer*.

THE worst atheists are not those who deny the existence of a Deity, but those who arrogate to themselves His attributes.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY C. H. DORR.

TIME is our ruler, and each step he takes,
Some hope he blesses, or some hope he breaks;
Yet if we could but wisely, clearly see,
Amid all sorrows many joys there be:
But, blindly still, we often heed them not,
To cast them by, and curse our hapless lot.
Thus in the future only seek for joys,
And treat the present, as a child his toys.
Oh ! insane folly of our throbbing hearts,
That mourn dead hopes while living joy departs ;
A foolish madness that we cannot know,
How constant blessings from the present flow.
Each hour stands sentinel, and has its place,
To take our pass-word and to check our race.
Along time's front in ceaseless march are they,
And fleeting on like shadows pass away.
Then in the present let us wisdom learn,
And mourn no past that never can return.
Let us thus seize the present good possessed,
Nor wait the future, that we may be blessed.
To-day, at least, its joys are all our own,
To-morrow cometh, but its joys unknown.
For joy or woe to our free choice oft given,
We make our Hell, and cast aside our Heaven.

THE BURNING OF THE FORESTS.

BY AUDUBON.

WITH what pleasure have I seated myself by the blazing fire of some lonely cabin, when faint with fatigue, and chilled with the piercing blast, I had forced my way to it through the drifted snows that covered the face of the country as with a mantle. The affectionate mother is hushing her dear babe to repose, while a group of sturdy children surround their father, who has just returned from the chase, and deposited on the rough flooring of his hut the varied game which

he has procured. The great back-log, that with some difficulty has been rolled into the ample chimney, urged, as it were, by lighted pieces of pine, sends forth a blaze of light over the happy family. The dogs of the hunter are already licking away the trickling waters of the thawing icicles that sparkle over their shaggy coats, and the comfort-loving cat is busied in passing her furry paws over each ear, or with her rough tongue smoothing her glossy coat.

How delightful to me has it been, when, kindly received and hospitably treated under such a roof, by persons whose means were as scanty as their generosity was great, I have entered into conversation with them respecting subjects of interest to me, and received gratifying information. When the humble but plentiful repast was ended, the mother would take from the shelf the Book of books, and mildly request the attention of her family while the father read aloud a chapter. Then to heaven would ascend their humble prayers, and a good-night would be bidden to all friends far and near. How comfortably have I laid my weary frame on the buffalo hide, and covered me with the furry skin of some huge bear! How pleasing have been my dreams of home and happiness, as I there lay secure from danger, and sheltered from the inclemency of the weather.

I recollect that once, while in the State of Maine, I passed such a night as I have described. Next morning, the face of nature was obscured by the heavy rains that fell in torrents, and my generous host begged me to remain, in such pressing terms, that I was well-contented to accept his offer. Breakfast over, the business of the day commenced—the spinning-wheels went round, and the boys employed themselves, one in searching for knowledge, another in attempting to solve some ticklish arithmetical problem. In a corner lay the dogs, dreaming of plunder, while close to the ashes stood grimalkin, seriously purring in concert with the wheels. The hunter and I seated ourselves each on a stool, while the matron looked after her domestic arrangements.

“Puss,” quoth the dame, “get away; you told me last night of this day’s rain, and I fear you may now give us worse news with trickish paws.” Puss accordingly went off, leaped on a bed, and, rolling herself in a ball, composed herself for a comfortable nap. I asked the husband what his wife meant by what she had just said. “The good woman,” said he, “has some curious notions at times; and she believes, I think, in the ways of animals of all kinds. Now,

her talk to the cat refers to the fires of the woods around us ; and, although they have happened long ago, she fears them quite as much as ever : and indeed she, and I, and all of us, have good reason to dread them, as they have brought us many calamities." Having read of the great fires to which my host alluded, and frequently observed with sorrow the mournful state of the forests, I felt anxious to know something of the causes by which these direful effects had been produced. I therefore requested him to give me an account of the events resulting from those fires which he had witnessed. Willingly he at once went on, nearly as follows :—

"About twenty-five years ago, the larch, or hacmatack trees, were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in what hereabouts is called the 'black soft-growth land' ; that is, the spruce, pine, and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insect cutting the leaves, and, you must know, that although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, the evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insect attacked the spruce, pines, and other firs, in such a manner that before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall and tumble in every direction—they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that, when partially dried or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames which accidentally, or, perhaps, by intention, afterward raged over the country, and continued burning at intervals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads ; the resinous nature of the firs being, of course, best fitted to insure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves, or of the other trees." Here I begged him to give me some idea of the form of the insects which had caused such havoc.

"The insects," said he, "were, in their caterpillar form, about three-quarters of an inch in length, and as green as the leaves of the trees they fed on, when they committed their ravages. I must tell you, also, that in most of the places over which the fire passed, a new growth of wood has always sprung up, of what we lumberers call hard-wood, which consists of all other sorts but pine or fir ; and I have always remarked, that wherever the first natural growth of a forest is destroyed, either by the ax, the hurricane, or the fire, there springs up spontaneously another of quite a different kind." I again stopped my host, to inquire if he knew the method or nature of the first kindling of the fires.

"Why, sir," said he, "there are different opinions about this. Many believe that the Indians did it, either to be the better able to kill the game, or to punish their enemies the pale-faces. My opinion, however, is different; and I derive it from my experience in the woods as a lumberer. I have always thought that the fires began by the accidental fall of a dry trunk against another; when their rubbing together, especially as many of them are covered with resin, would produce fire. The dry leaves on the ground are at once kindled, next the twigs and branches, when nothing but the intervention of the Almighty could stop the progress of the fire.

"In some instances, owing to the wind, the destructive element approached the dwellings of the inhabitants of the woods so rapidly that it was difficult for them to escape. In some parts, indeed, hundreds of families were obliged to flee from their homes, leaving all they had behind them; and here and there, some of the affrighted fugitives were burnt alive."

At this moment a rush of wind came down the chimney, blowing the blaze of the fire toward the room. The wife and daughter, imagining for a moment that the woods were again on fire, made for the door; but the husband explaining the cause of their terror, they resumed their work.

"Poor things," said the lumberer; "I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and eldest daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from our home at the time of the great fires."

I felt so interested in this relation of the causes of the burnings, that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at that time. "If Providence and Polly," said he, looking toward his wife and daughter, "will promise to sit still, should another puff of smoke come down the chimney, I will do so." The good-natured smile with which he accompanied this remark, elicited a return from the woman, and he proceeded:—

"It is a difficult thing, sir, to describe; but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep one night, in a cabin about a hundred miles from this, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees about me,

as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far-extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child, as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

"We mounted, and rode off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in my arms. When making off, as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting-clothes, and I blew it to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for awhile; but before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad, through the woods: and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

"We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the uttermost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

"By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned to either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief.

"We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for awhile, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to await the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

"On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see. The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cold enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as to nearly break our hearts.

"The day passed on and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, or about some of it I remember nothing."

Here the hunter paused, and took breath. The recital of his adventure seemed to have exhausted him. His wife proposed that we should have a bowl of milk, and the daughter having handed it to us, we each took a draught.

"Now," said he, "I will proceed. Toward morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cool enough, and shivered as if in an ague-fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to him and unmanly to despair now.

"Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

“ By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting a while, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks ; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the ‘ hard-woods,’ which had been free from the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer ; but, thanks be to God, here we are, safe, sound and happy !”

INSPIRATION.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

God reigns on high ; and from his silent breath
 All worlds derive their fair and perfect mold ;
 By this the rolling suns are saved from death,
 And robes of light and beauty e'er enfold
 That boundless fane, within whose mighty gates
 The august spirit for his children waits.

Unheard by mortal ear, a voice descends
 To swell the deep'ning tide of human thought,
 And to the soul's divinest purpose, lends
 A holy strength, which earthly dreams ne'er wrought—
 A voice that whispers from a realm afar,
 Thrilling each tiny leaf and trembling star.

Inspiring breath of God ! how vast thy power
 To pour the floods of life through Nature's breast ;
 To clothe with light the wings of every hour,
 And make the *silence*—e'en a song of rest.
 How sweet the fragrance which thy visits bring
 To the lone, crush'd soul, in its sorrowing !

Humanity, 'mid gloom, and rags, and tears,
 Doth feel the breathings of its Father-Soul ;
 While from the love-toned lyres of distant spheres,
 Sweet streams of music through its bosom roll,
 Waking the slumbering harmonies of earth,
 To blend with voices of immortal birth.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

BY JAMES A. DALY.

EVERYTHING in the wide range of the natural world seems to have a two-fold adaptation—utility and beauty. All the parts of this massive and magnificent universe, after amply fulfilling the demands of utility, merge into the finer lines and more suggestive features of a spiritual beauty. The purpose of utility is obvious, and universally understood. The simple instincts of nature point it out. Experience verifies and science explains it. But the purpose of Beauty—that mysterious spirit which pervades all created things, and gleams forth with timid glances of recognition, is not so generally appreciated. Still, there is in the consciousness of all something like an instinct, ranging from a vague sentiment to a partial belief—a kind of dim perception that the soulless forms of matter are endowed with life and spirit, and are in some way connected with the higher wants of the mental and moral nature. Reasoning from the relations of mind and matter, I shall endeavor to show that the purpose of beauty in the natural world, is to lead the mind of man up by successive steps and a harmonious development, to the purest seats of intellectual and moral greatness.

All created matter is stamped with the impress of a divine and eternal purpose. The leading expression of these splendid symbols seems to be the great law of *progress*. Everything in nature points upward, seeking for ampler conditions of life. Trees and plants—all vegetable life struggle up into the all-surrounding atmosphere, and draw thence its vigor and sweetness. In obedience to this great law, mountains aspire into the wonder-throbbing sky, catching the radiance of rising and setting suns, and making friendships with the wind-spiced clouds which pause to rest upon their summits. Islands climb in rugged grandeur from the depths of the storm-tossed ocean to claim kindred with sky and cloud, while the waves chant their eternal anthems upon the smooth strand, or roar and rage in stormy chorus upon the rock-bound shore. Continents stretch away through broad belt and gleaming zones, to lose themselves in polar solitudes. These are types of the human life, which by an innate impulse seeks

for freer conditions of being and wider ranges of power. This whole globe which we inhabit, is itself a symbol of that spirit in man which continually aspires, through various media of knowledge and attainment, to the purer atmosphere of moral beauty. How timidly the earth wheels in her orbit, girt by mightier sisters of the heavenly train! How earnestly she pleads with all her barren hills and thirsty plains for the clouds and rains of winter! How beautiful and refreshed she arises from the wintry depths, struggles through the vapors of spring, and greets the summer sun with rich verdure, green woods, melodious streams and beauty-clad landscapes! So, too, the human mind is a mighty glowing orb, circling in an unmeasured system. It has its seasons, its changes and its refreshings. Its highest fertility and efficiency is gained, only when it is crowned with the radiance of moral beauty. Then is its life multiplied and enriched.

Look where we will, we find all things subservient, not only to the pleasure, but also to the permanent profit of man's nobler nature. We see the real and tangible stretching away into the ideal and unattainable. Hovering around all objects of sight, flushing all landscapes with its beams, melting the harsh into the refined, mingling the bold earth-ridges with the delicate blue of upper sky, is an almost sensible presence—the spirit of Beauty. For the cultured human spirit she has intelligible language. Her features perpetually changing—now brooding in solemn majesty upon hills and vales, anon taking to herself the lighter garments of clouds and the more majestic draperies of colors, her teachings are always pure, her consolations ample, and her companionship ennobling. To the susceptible mind, this ideal presence is continually suggesting larger hopes and quickening loftier aspirations. Amid all the failures of actual experience and the fragmentary results of human endeavors, she presents an ideal of excellence pure and perfect. Amid the sad and solemn changes of life she whispers of the unchanging and the deathless. Her oracles of virtue and intelligence are everywhere. To the harmonized spirit of man she is a constant companion and an unerring guide. There is no distant shore where she doth not modulate her songs to his ear, whether in the soft key of mountain streams, or the more majestic rhythm of the ocean wave-chant. Combining all heights and depths of harmony, she makes of this wide universe a great musical staff, inscribed with humanity's triumphal marching song—a song commencing with a low deep key, rising gradually and

broadening as it rises, until it swells into those pure notes which find a fitting close in Truth and God!

Surely not in vain is all this magnificence created. Not in vain during the silent lapse of ages past, has this storm-smitten earth struggled up through rugged strata and slow stages of advancement, until it has reached a refined and intensely expressive beauty. In all the forms of created things we may read the thrilling truth that this world, with its laws and forces—with all its beauty—was intended and adapted for the development of the highest, noblest type of intellectual and moral greatness. Read aright, and all the objects of nature which delight the eye, or enrapture the ear, or mirror themselves in the depths of the meditative spirit, are adumbrations of higher truths, and are animated with the secret of power. Oh, not in vain was the eternal spirit of Beauty sent forth to watch over the periods of human life! Feebly would the mind of man grope its way through the intricate windings of knowledge and the mysteries of art, without the associated strength of its divinely commissioned companion. This heaven-descended spirit of Beauty is the attendant orb of the human spirit in its mightier ranges of power. Like the moon attendant upon the earth, shedding a loving light upon its lonely path, and marshaling its sluggish ocean tides, so the sister spirit of Beauty tenderly embraces the human character, fills the dark gulfs of surrounding space with a calm, pure light, softens its bold, rugged features, and thrills the mysterious tides of the inner life with the rapture and music of motion.

FORGOTTEN ON EARTH, REMEMBERED IN HEAVEN.

BY ANNA K. H. FADER.

AY! but to die and be forgotten! to
Lie down, with this bright world rejoicing all
Around us, and to know we ne'er again
Shall mingle with the busy crowds of earth,
Shall never feel again the warm embrace
Of loving hearts; shall hear no more the kind
And gentle tones of those we call our friends,
That even those who love us best, will soon
Forget that we were once so dear, and leave
Our pallid forms to slumber on, in cold

Forgetfulness! And there the forms that late
Were bright with life, and radiant with love,
Shall crumble, and return to their primeval
Dust, and flowers that bloom around, shall thence
Derive their nourishment, or winds of heaven
Shall strew it o'er the new-made resting place
Of other lifeless forms, and death-still'd hearts.

And yon bright sun will rise and set the same,
Yon pearly moon in glory wax and wane
As she has done, in monthly circles, since
Her radiance first illum'd her azure throne ;
And stars, the holy stars ! shall still shine on,
To purify the thoughts of those who gaze,
And breathe their music to the raptur'd ear,
While those who lov'd them well, who drank their glory
In with wild delight, shall cease to be
Remember'd on the earth, or in one heart.

Ay, but to live and be remembered there,
In that bright world, which needeth not the sun,
Nor moon, nor stars, for God, th' Eternal God,
And his co-equal Son, Immanuel,
Shall be its central glory evermore ;
That radiant world, whose pure inhabitants
Shall come from eastern climes, from west and north,
And south, and sit in honor'd company
With Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob,
There to shine, as stars in yonder firmament,
Forever and forever, in undimm'd
And fadeless luster ; while their hymning bands
Shall strike a sweeter lay, a song more rife
With bliss, yet half unutterable !

Oh, then who would not be content to die !
Yes, to lie down in death's undreaming sleep,
E'en though we go without an earthly tear,
If we can wake, and rise triumphant there,
And own the pure unsullied joys of Heaven,
No more to sigh o'er ruin'd earthly hopes,
Or weep, in vain, o'er blighted earthly flowers !

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

MADAM—I have read this morning in the *Hesperian* of June, 1862, a paper on *Capital Punishment*, by an amiable and excellent gentleman, W. W. Carpenter, M. D. This worthy man decries the use of capital punishment as a corrective of crime ; but yet I would ask him, are there not cases in which it is necessary that the laws of society should be enforced, even to the taking of the life of the criminal, as a terror and example to society ? Voltaire long since wrote, and justly, that a dead man was of no use to society ; and on that view of the subject, he argued for the life of the criminal being spared, and his days should be passed in exercising some trade or calling within a prison, so that he should be, while still a living member of the community, a laborer for their use and benefit.

Capital punishment has been a *vexata questio* for many long years, and has occupied the attention of some of the most able and eminent writers throughout the civilized world ; and the subject is still undecided, although now brought into a very narrow compass being, in almost every country calling itself civilized, reduced to the punishment of murder. In some places, however, it is still the punishment where murder has been intended, although the act by which it was to have been accomplished, did not effect the purpose contemplated ; as in the case of the conspiracy against the present Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon. Here, although great injury was done by the explosion of a bombshell intended for the carriage of the Emperor, yet it fell short of its object ; for the shell exploded, damaging the carriage, and killing a horse or two, and, I think, severely injuring one or two of the military guard who attended the carriage on the occasion. But the mischief was intended for the Emperor specially ; yet neither he or his wife sustained any injury, although, perhaps, alarmed at what had occurred. For this act, Orsini and some others (Italians) were apprehended, were tried and found guilty, and sentenced to death ; and Orsini, and, I believe, two others, suffered the punishment of death accordingly.

Now, what would Dr. Carpenter have done in such a case ? how would he have dealt with Orsini and his companions after they were arrested ? Napoleon left them in the hands of the law, to be dealt

with as the facts and the law should decide. What decision would Dr. Carpenter come to in such a case?

Orsini was, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman—a man of education and good society—therefore not entirely the man for Dr. Carpenter to operate upon. But I remember a case some years ago—I think it occurred in Lincolnshire or in Cambridgeshire in England—where a peasant killed another peasant, his companion, for a pair of boots hardly worth more than about two and a-half dollars; and when asked why he should do such a thing, the reason he gave was—the other had got on a pair of boots he wanted, being better than his own.

Now, here is a being in human form, little better than a brute animal—let me ask Dr. Carpenter, kindly, to tell me how such animals are to be reformed. With Orsini, politics, *amor Italiæ*, *amor patriæ*, was a powerful motive—acting upon the Horatian principle, “*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*”—but the peasant is little raised above the brute animal; for his motive was selfish and base, and a violation of the rights of a man’s own property.

Having, from a very early period of my life, been much engaged professionally in criminal law, I have had a few cases in which prisoners have been executed for murder. I will just state one, and Dr. Carpenter must be so kind as to tell me how he would have dealt with the offender. Not at present having my papers at hand to refer to, I cannot give the exact date; but it is a case extremely well known in London, and is at times referred to in matters relating to the Crown Law:—A person named G——, who had in the earlier part of his career been a respectable man in society, carrying on business in the borough of Southwark—and, I believe, he was at one time one of the parish officials, church-warden or so—had been unsuccessful, and came out to America, and was for a time at New York, and in other localities; he however returned to England, and sought business again in his old neighborhood. While here, he formed an acquaintance with a widow of respectable conduct, Mrs. B——, and he so ingratiated himself with her that he ventured to propose marriage. He was a tall man, not over stout, and had all the appearance and demeanor of a respectable tradesman in pretty fair circumstances; she was not so tall as himself—rather stout, rather above forty years of age—and in all outward signs seemed in circumstances equal to his own: she thought he had money, and he formed a simi-

lar opinion of her means. One afternoon, G—— visited Mrs. B—— at her house, which was situated in a place where there were very few neighbors ; for keeping no shop, and having no place of business, she had no occasion to reside where there was a business thoroughfare always peopled the whole day long. At this interview, their conversation took a turn verging upon inquiring as to each other's means and circumstances ; and, I believe, each found that they had been carrying on a game of deception. This gave rise to angry words, and in a sudden fit of passion, a blow was struck by the man which knocked Mrs. B——, and she fell over—her chair also falling—and the back of her head came in contact with some hard substance, and she lay completely stunned or dead. The house was small, with a little garden in front ; no person, beyond these two individuals, was in the house. Being staggered for the moment at what had occurred, he did not think to run to any neighbor and give the alarm ; but how he should dispose of the body was all, at that time, that engrossed his thought. It ended in his cutting off Mrs. B——'s head, and her legs ; and when the evening set in, and became dark, he managed to carry all away, and the house was left deserted. The legs he threw in some marshy ground some distance away, and thickly overspread with stunted osiers ; the trunk was placed at a turnpike gate in an unfrequented road which lay in another direction, and the head wrapt up in a pocket-handkerchief he carried under his arm ; and getting into an omnibus, he went down a road in a further direction ; and getting out by a bridge crossing a canal, the head was dropped into the water. There being no blood oozing through the handkerchief, the head, resting on his knees as he rode in the omnibus, appeared like a loaf of bread, and excited no attention. Within forty-eight hours, the trunk was found by some traveler by the turnpike gate—a great outcry was made in the newspapers. After this, more alarm was created by the legs being found ; still no head was forthcoming, to show identity of any missing individual. The house of Mrs. B—— had been entered by her neighbors, but there was nothing to show a robbery had been committed, or that she had suffered any injury. She was, however, absent. But all doubt was soon after dispelled ; for a canal boatman one day with his boat-hook struck something in the water accidentally, and his attention being excited, he fished for it, and finally got it up ; and it proved to be a woman's head. This was deposited in a proper place, and publicity given to the circum-

stance. The head was not decomposed—the features of the face were all perfect—there was a bruise on the forehead, and there was a corresponding bruise at the back of the head. Mrs. B—— having disappeared, some neighbor went to see the head which had been found, which naturally was inferred to be the head belonging to the body and legs which had before been found; but as the body is a part seldom so exposed to ordinary sight, as to be capable of identity, nothing could be done for want of the head. This being now found, and all being recognized as having once been Mrs. B——, the inquiry was then set on foot as to who was last in her company. A variety of circumstances were made the subject of inquiry by the police, and, ultimately, it ended in the arrest of G——. My assistance was called for on his behalf, and I had frequent interviews with him, at which he, without hesitation, detailed to me the whole affair. He may have told me the truth, or not; I had to deal with the facts as they had been stated on oath against him, whatever his theory might be by which he professed to explain all that had arisen. G—— was tried at the Central Criminal Court; and, after a very patient hearing of three days, the case was left to the decision of the jury, who pronounced a verdict of guilty against him; and he was sentenced to die.

For defense, I had the assistance of a gentleman, who by some unknown friend of the prisoner was selected to attend the court. And very skillfully did he conduct the case; and, particularly, he had read himself up well to combat the medical testimony which might be produced: and he was complimented by the court for the skill he had displayed.

The theory set up for the defense was good. It was possible, and it was probable, that the death had been occasioned in the way in which it was propounded to the court and jury that the death had occurred; and had it not been for the subsequent mangling of the body, it is not impossible that a verdict less than direct murder might have been given. It was this:—the prisoner and Mrs. B. were sitting near to each other, when they each found that mutual deception had been the course which each was taking; that in anger at finding themselves disappointed, some high words had ensued, and in the heat and excitement of the moment G—— had, with his foot and leg, pushed the chair on which Mrs. B—— sat, and on which she was then, in a careless way, swinging herself, stayed only on one leg of the chair—that this push knocked over Mrs. B——, and the chair

also, and, being a stout woman, her head struck with violence against some hard substance, which, in consequence of her nervous system being in a highly excited state at the moment, had thus been the cause of death. Take this theory as the true state of the case.

Just at the moment, had he used presence of mind, he would have instantly run out and made an alarm, and got the help of a neighbor, and of the nearest surgeon. No, he faltered; and as no person saw the act done, and to prevent any one knowing one word about the matter, he took, as he thought, the most effective means of concealment—the body and legs being found without identity, no fatal result could ensue on that discovery, and the head, if entirely gone, would effectually cut off all trace of identity.

These were the salient points of his theory, which, as regards the mode of death, would all have come right, if, instead of mutilating the poor woman's body, he had raised an alarm, and got medical aid, and then telling the surgeon how he had kicked over the chair; and, although this account would have been given in evidence against him, yet, having kept to one story, and all his case resting on that, and the speedy call for aid—the body being undisturbed, and no human being to give any contradiction to his story, and no other mode of accounting for the death, being under their peculiar position as intending to marry but for the deception each had been practicing, so likely to have happened—I have great doubt in my mind if the verdict would have been guilty of murder. But the absence of all call for aid, looked cruel and unkind—and then mutilating the body—the combinations excited a prejudice, and feeling of horror, that however real the theory might have been, it had not the least chance with the jury; and G—— was hanged.

ALAMEDA, Sept. 15, '62.

S. R.

F A R E W E L L.

Farewell, my son! O, blessed thought
He cannot go where God is not—
And where He is there goodness reigns,
And Love fulfills what Love ordains.

On northern hills, on southern plains,
In wintry chills, in summer rains,
In deadly conflict—blessed thought,
He cannot be where God is not.

THE ATHENIAN'S PRAYER.

ACTS 17 : 23.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

Oh ! Thou dread all-embracing Power !
 Wrapped in thy mystery,
Working unseen in leaf and flower,
 Unveil Thyself to me.

I see Thee in the morning dew,
 I hear Thee in the wind,
Thy glory in the cloud I view,
 In storms thy presence find.

I feel Thee at the thoughtful hour
 When stars their vigils keep,
And when the moon's soft twilight power
 Rests on a world asleep.

The lurid gleams of wingéd light
 Write thy dread name on high ;
The clouds' deep voice proclaims thy might ;
 Thy glory fills the sky.

The forest's deep and darkling shade
 Is all instinct with Thee,
And every rock and hill and glade
 Reveals thy mystery.

Where'er I am, whate'er behold,
 In sleep or waking hour,
Within and round my yearning soul,
 I feel thy girding power.

Oh ! Thou dread all-embracing Cause !
 My spirit sighs for Thee ;
Unfold thy deep, mysterious laws,
 Unveil Thyself to me !

MRS. GRISCOM'S LEGACY.

[Continued from page 228.]

At the time of her aunt's death, Colonel Thorn was absent with a gay party deer-stalking in the highlands. Mrs. Griscom had been dead nearly a month when Gertrude received a letter from him. After condoling with her upon her loss, he delicately hinted that he was unprepared for the material alteration in her prospects which this event had brought about. He had certainly understood when he entered into a marriage engagement, that her aunt's property was to fall to her, as the sole heiress. His own property was insufficient to support her in the style her grace and beauty entitled her to expect, and he loved her too devotedly to be the means of depriving her of any of the luxuries to which her taste and education had accustomed her. As it would be impossible for him to marry for some years to come, and he looked upon a long betrothment as indelicate and prejudicial to a lady, he considered it advisable to release her from her engagement to him. Hoping she would ever look upon him as her truest friend, and confide in him as in a brother, he bid her farewell, adding that as he had made arrangements to go abroad immediately, he must depart without an interview.

Neither tears nor swoons—neither reproaches nor pleadings, were resorted to by Gertrude when she read this epistle. Her graceful head may have assumed a somewhat haughtier position, but her face had never worn a sweeter smile nor her eyes shone with a more beautiful light than then.

After the reception of Colonel Thorn's letter, with a feverish, yet noble earnestness, Gertrude prepared for her removal to Denwood Manor.

It was arranged that she should be accompanied by Mary Fleming, a lady of mature years, who had long attended her in the capacity of governess and companion. She alone knew of what had passed between Colonel Thorn and Gertrude; she knew, also, how

much more keenly the blow would be felt after the present state of excitement had subsided. To prevent a disastrous reaction, she felt it incumbent upon herself to adopt some plan for the future which would occupy the mind of her pupil, and call her talents into action. To this end, she proposed that the manor should be repaired, and that they should there found an institution of learning for young ladies, similar in its construction to the Roman Catholic nunneries. Gertrude embraced the proposed plan with alacrity. A portion of her small income she immediately appropriated toward repairing such apartments in the Manor as would then be requisite.

The opening spring found her domiciliated in this lonely, though not uncomfortable habitation, surrounded by eight young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents.

Upon taking possession of the premises, she had inspected hastily, and with foreboding heart, the west end of the manor, dreading to find some evidence thrust upon her of the truth of her aunt's surmises regarding Amie Hunt. Dusty and dreary enough she found the rooms; some of them still adorned with faded hangings and mouldy furniture. These apartments were in a better state of preservation than those in the other part of the manor, but they were larger, irregularly shaped, and not so well adapted to general use. Gertrude was happy to find them so, and gladly turned the key upon the silent, musty, and darkened western wing of Denwood Manor. "I have not the means to furnish it," said she to Mary Flemming, "and I never wish to go near it again."

Gertrude saw but little of Mr. Knightly, though she was now in close proximity to him. When they met she was reserved and cold in demeanor, and he did not infringe upon the line she set between them.

Summer and autumn passed—the Christmas festival drew near—Gertrude surveyed her slender purse, nearly exhausted by the demands already made upon it, and regretted the meagre provision she must make for gifts and entertainment to her pupils and friends.

She consulted with Mary Flemming. They determined together that an entertainment must be given, and that they would bend all their energies to make it gay and pleasant. To effect this, Gertrude deprived herself of many little necessities; curtailing her wardrobe, and working far into the night to prepare small gifts of embroidery and painting, intended for her pupils.

At length the day arrived, and with it the guests. Games and tableaux had been planned, and all were in high spirits. Gifts for ladies of the Manor arrived from different quarters, but Gertrude remarked that none came from Mr. Knightly, who had heretofore availed himself of every opportunity to present her with flowers, fruit, and game. Curiously enough, this disturbed her in no small degree. Her last meeting with him had been in October, on the anniversary of her aunt's death. Gertrude had attended prayers in the new chapel, (as it was called,) and had been moved to tears by the pathetic, rich-toned voice of the young clergyman. Afterwards, when he found her kneeling, overcome with grief, in the little octagonal chamber bearing her name, and with impulsive sympathy bent on his knees beside her, she hastily arose—a passion of tears contending with a fiercer passion; and with choking, sobbing, angry voice—her delirium of pain, of love, and woe, mastering her pride, she cried:

“Leave me, sir! leave me! Have you not worked enough wretchedness? But for you I should have been loved and happy—you poisoned the mind of her who sleeps here—you drove me to this desolate manor, to spend my life in poverty, unloved, and forgotten. Go, sir—you and I can never kneel side by side!”

Poor Gertrude! was it because she felt an interest and a tenderness growing up in her heart toward George Knightly, that she spurned him thus? Other women before her have been thus torn by conflicting emotions, and have thus sought to impose upon their own hearts!

Just before sunset a demand arose for the keys of the west wing. Mary Flemming appeared to sanction this demand, and explained to Gertrude how an exploration of the rooms would serve as a pleasant pastime for all. A report of late prevailing among the servants, that strange noises had been heard frequently in the deserted rooms, had served to whet their curiosity. Gertrude was very loth to comply with the request; any allusion to the west wing was painful to her, and she could not bear the thought of being obliged to play the careless hostess, and permit herself to exhibit these apartments with a smiling face, when the history connected with them was so terribly important and significant. Of course this was all unknown to her guests; they were merely familiar with the traditionary story, that a figure in the dress of a white nun had been said in years past to

have haunted that locality ; but with Amie Hunt and her unfortunate history, all were unfamiliar. At length, after much hesitation on the part of the lady of the house, and many pleadings on the part of her young guests, she consented. The keys were produced ; Mary Flemming was appointed cicerone to the party, and accompanied by Gertrude, she led the way to the deserted quarter.

The lock turned in its ward—the door opened with a grating sound, and they entered its open portals ; it led merely into a passage-way ; here another door, lofty and broad, presented itself ; this was slowly opened. Mary advanced, Gertrude followed. She stepped back though, hastily enough. “ Mary, what does this mean ? ” she asked, in astonishment. What did it mean ? was she in fairy land ? The large, dusty, empty room, which she had locked with those keys a year ago, had given place to a superb drawing-room. Her hesitating step fell upon a carpet soft and springy as fresh moss ; upon its golden-tinted ground, soft and voluptuous as the mellowest sunset, lay bunches of purple grapes, interspersed with the delicate bloom of the peach ; mirrors and paintings hung upon the walls ; exquisite divans and chairs of crimson velvet invited to repose, while tables covered with curiosities offered amusement to the restless.

“ Mary, you must know something about this change,” stammered Gertrude, bewildered beyond the power to speak her surprise. Mary shook her head, saying, “ it was all new to her.”

The room was lighted by several long, narrow, latticed windows, placed high from the floor, and a view could only be obtained by mounting some elevation. Gertrude felt strangely driven to look out of these lattices—placing a footstool upon a chair, she attained the desired height, and looked long and dreamily forth upon a wilderness of trees and craggy abysses. This west end seemed imbedded in a rock, whose precipitous, almost perpendicular descent made the spectator dizzy with the view.

Separated from the room by curtains of crimson cloth, was a small ante-chamber ; upon drawing this curtain, the surprised party found a table spread with the most inviting luxuries which a Christmas fête could suggest.

Gertrude, with a bright flush on either cheek, like the carmine-tinted fruit before her, listened to the congratulations of her friends, who would not believe but that the pleasant and unexpected treat was her own invention, to add zest to the festivities of the occasion.

whole forest ; and they began carrying them one by one up the tree. A slow, hard way to do the work, you will say, and so it was ; and when the October sunshine came through the red and yellow leaves, and told them it was noon, they were very glad to stop and rest, and eat their lunch. But while they sat there on their hind feet, with their lunch in their fore paws, suddenly they heard a great crackling of dry sticks, and rustling of dead leaves, and many loud and merry voices ; and, for a second or two, their little hearts almost stood still under their glossy coats. Then such a scampering as there was up into the old beech tree ! They dropped their nuts, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," there was'nt so much as the end of a tail to be seen. But if you had looked up in the tree, you might have seen several pairs of bright eyes, peering out to see what was going to happen. And sure enough, in a minute on came a troop of boys and girls, shouting, and running, and whooping, and laughing, till the woods rang again, carrying bags, and baskets, and tin pails, and satchels, and everything you can think of, that will hold nuts.

"Oh ! look here, boys," said little Nelly ; "somebody's spilled their nuts."

Then the children gathered around to look, and Tom Green said :

"No ; that's a squirrel's work—that's the way they do. I've seen piles like that in the woods, many a time."

"Have you ?" said Nelly. "What will the squirrel do with them ?"

"Oh, he meant to carry them to his hole," said Tom ; "but I shall save him the trouble. Much obliged to you, Mr. Squirrel, for helping me fill my basket."

"Oh, Tom ! don't—please don't," said Nelly.

"For shame ! Tom," said the other boys ; "don't be so mean."

"Poh !" said Tom ; "who cares for squirrels, or girls either."

"I do," said Charley Grant. "My mother says, she don't think much of a boy that don't care for girls."

But Tom put the last of the nuts in his basket, and walked away ; while Nelly, with the rest of the children, kept behind, and let him go by himself. So they went on ; and pretty soon they were out of sight, and the wood was still again.

Then, one after another, the squirrels crept down from the tree, and I can hardly tell you how sad and disappointed they were. They scraped away the leaves where the pile had been, but there was noth-

ing there. They had worked so hard, so many long days, and now the naughty boy-robber had not left them a single nut! So they did just what most little boys and girls would have done—they all sat down and cried, as if their hearts would break. If Tom Green had seen them, I don't think those nuts would ever have tasted good to him.

The next morning, though the wind was very cold, Mrs. Nimble put her head in at her neighbor's door, bright and early.

"Good morning, neighbor," said she; "Is'nt it almost time we were at work?"

"I shall pile up no more nuts to feed greedy boys with," growled Mrs. Chatterbox, from her bed.

"Oh, we can carry them right up to our store-rooms this time," said Mrs. Nimble; "and you know, neighbor, the snow will come very soon, and if we don't make haste, we shall have nothing laid up for winter.

"Well, I can't help it," returned the other; "I am too tired and discouraged to work to-day."

So Mrs. Chatterbox sat in the door of her house all that day, and the next, and the next, and told all the squirrels she saw, what a sad thing had happened to them, and how hard it was that they must lose all their autumn's work, until every squirrel in the forest had heard about it. At last, when diligent Mrs. Nimble had her store-room packed as full as it would hold, Mrs. Chatterbox began to think about going to work again. So she told her children, at night, to be ready to help her in the morning. But that night it grew very cold; and what do you think lazy Mrs. Chatterbox saw, when she went to her door in the morning? Why, nothing but snow, white snow, everywhere. Poor squirrel! what was to become of her; for she had not a morsel of food to give her little ones. How she wished, in her heart, she had followed her neighbor's advice.

I am not able to tell you all that happened to these squirrels through the long winter; but when I walked in the forest, one cold day, I saw Mrs. Chatterbox, with her bones looking as if they might almost prick through her fur; and her long tail, that used to be so handsome, hanging straight down. She was slowly climbing among the ice-covered branches of a tree, looking for frozen beech-nuts, and when I asked after her little ones, I heard that the poor things had all died of starvation.



FULL SIZE PATTERN.

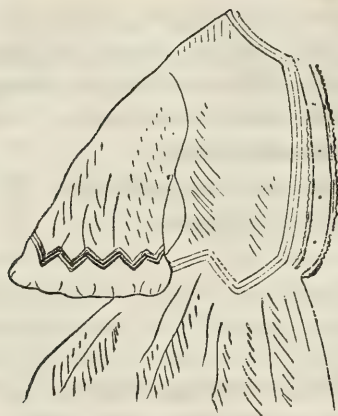
LADIES' CHEMISETTE ZOUAVE WITH REVERS.

Material—fine Nainsook or linen. The fronts, are in fine plaits, and long enough to hang gracefully over the belt. It is fastened around the waist with a string drawn into the hem at the back.

Plain Bishop Sleeves, fastened with a cuff to match the collar. This new style Chemisette is worn with a Zouave Jacket—a new and *distingué* article of Dress.

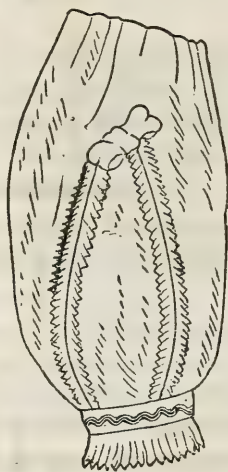


PATTERN FOR BRAIDING.



MAGNOLIA.

A pretty variety of the Zouave family—the back corresponds with the front. The sleeve is plain, with a puff set on the bottom, and finished at the upper edge with points, finished with braid and buttons. This jacket may be made of pique, or double Marseilles, as well as silk. White tucked under-shirt, with broad center-plait and tiny ruffles each side.



"SPANISH" SLEEVE.

An elegant sleeve in Summer silk or grenadine. It is a small bishop in shape, the fullness laid in box-plaits at the top, and gathered into a loose band, to which is attached a deep lace at the wrist. A wide gore cut out on the front of the arm is trimmed round with a ruching of ribbon, and discloses the handsome lace under-sleeve.

Summary of Fashion.

DRESSES.

For Walking or Dinner dresses, heavy black silk is in good taste, made close at the throat, and pointed waist. Plain flowing, or half close sleeve, trimmed with velvet or lace. Skirt, strait and full with long train. Evening dress must be made of light material, either colored or white. White tarletans, with colored flowers, are suitable for young ladies. It is impossible to decide what is *the* style for Sleeves, there are so many shapes in vogue. The small Bishop is most appropriate for muslin dresses. The demi-closed sleeve is much worn—being suitable for any material.

BONNETS.

Bonnets, though not so much a part of a "woman's self," as the hat is of a man, is, nevertheless, quite important. Since the last issue of the summary of fashion, this appendage has undergone little or no change. Straw prevails, and trimmings vary according to the taste of the wearer.

JACKETS AND CHEMISETTES.

Zouave and loose Jackets, also Zouave Chemisettes are much worn. The full-size pattern accompanying this number, is of the latter.

NORCROSS.—No. 5, Masonic Temple, Montgomery Street. In addition to a very superior article in the way of under garments, (both linen and cotton) for ladies wardrobes, kept by Mrs. Norcross, can be found a great variety of zephyr worsteds, of every imaginable hue, also Sontags, Shawls, Opera Hoods, etc., etc., and apparel for children, of endless variety and beauty.

MR. NORCROSS.—In the same building, opening on Post Street, are the rooms of Mr. Norcross, who has on hand at all times, a rich profusion of Masonic and Military Regalia. Orders for sets are responded to with promptness. We refer our readers to his card on one of the advertising pages in this number of the *Hesperian*.

S. O. BRIGHAM & Co., 111 Montgomery Street. Have the ladies of San Francisco called at this Establishment since the last arrival of beautiful patterns from Madam Demerest, (of whose house this is a branch.) Madame Langraf, the *Artiste* of the City, who presides at 111, will show them some of the most superb fashions for waists, ever before seen on this coast. Also Sleeves, Paletots, etc., etc., of latest European styles. If you want the *ideally beautiful* in the way of form and fashion, call on Madame Langraf.

NOTICE.—We would call the attention of the ladies of California to the card of MRS. ANNA M. BOLANDER, to be found on one of our advertising pages. Mrs. Bolander excels in Design, and her skill in Hair braiding is superior to any we have ever seen. We paid a visit to her rooms, and were shown some very fine specimens of Ear-rings, Necklaces, Breast-pins, Crosses and Watch Chains for gentlemen, of exquisite finish, just completed to order. We think Mrs. Bolander has not her equal in hair braiding in this city, and as Hair Guard Chains are now *the fashion*, we would advise our gentlemen friends to call and procure them.

Fancy sewing, and stitching of Bands, Chemisettes, etc., etc., are beautifully executed. E. T. S.

Editor's Table.

HAD lightning dropped on our path from a cloudless heaven, we should have been no more surprised than we were on receiving an invitation to become the associate conductor of a ladies' magazine. What had we done, or what were we, that we should be deemed worthy of such honor? Why should we be singled out from the three or four hundred thousand men in this State, to be the mouthpiece of the ladies? We had, indeed, long cherished more than ordinary respect and admiration for woman; had desired to see her receive as extensive and solid an education as the other sex; had felt that her property rights should be better protected by law; that she should be admitted to many employments from which custom, or prejudice, or selfishness, now debar her; and that her labor should be more equably remunerated, as it is in our young but wise State. Yet, we must confess, we had never been an advocate of "woman's rights," in the sense in which that term is ordinarily understood; and why such choice should fall on us, was, and still is, a puzzle. Yet so it was; the summons came, and we hastened to obey, as the most agreeable act of our life.

In taking on ourselves these novel relations, and new duties, we beg to assure our fair readers, that we shall give to them our best thoughts, our best feelings, and our best efforts; and shall spare no labor to make the *HESPERIAN* worthy of its former reputation. Its character will, undoubtedly, be modified in some respects; the reputation of our co-laborer, however, gives assurance that it will lose none of those delicate beauties and feminine graces which hitherto have rendered it a favorite among all classes. Its voices, perhaps, may have a little more of the masculine ring, yet we are persuaded that it will be none the less acceptable to our lady readers on that account; and, if they are pleased, our bachelor friends, of course, will be. We intend to combine a greater variety of reading in our pages. We shall admit none but first-class articles. We shall aim to have one solid article on some subject of permanent interest in each number. In fine, we intend to make this magazine, so far as regards its literary character, second to no other in the land; and, we trust, that all our friends will give us their sympathy and coöperation, in increasing our circulation, and extending the sphere of our influence.

J. D. S.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We take pleasure in introducing to our readers, in this number, two new contributors—Mr. Daly, and Mrs. Strong. “THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY,” is no ordinary production for a college student; and if that young man has his health, and is true to himself, we predict for him a brilliant future. Mrs. Strong will, hereafter, furnish a children’s story each month. This new feature of our magazine will render it attractive to the little folks. In addition to our old corps of contributors, we have engaged the services of a number of our most distinguished writers, whose names have not yet graced our pages, but will be announced, from time to time, as their articles appear.

“NORTH PACIFIC REVIEW.”—We welcome to our table, with pleasure, the first number of this new *Monthly*. Its Editor, Robert F. Greeley, has been long known to the California public as an able and agreeable writer, and will make this enterprise succeed, if success be possible. We need such a periodical on this coast, and hope it will be well sustained. It seems to us, however, that the topics enumerated in the “PROSPECTUS,” are too numerous, and of too wide a range, to be successfully treated in one small monthly. Still, we may be mistaken.

TO FRIENDS.—We have heard it remarked, that “The HESPERIAN was too small, and did not contain reading matter enough.” We, therefore, take this opportunity to call attention to the fact, that we have added sixteen pages—and shall continue to enlarge its proportions as increasing subscriptions will warrant the expense. Having taken into consideration the “present condition of things,” we have reduced the yearly subscription to the moderate sum of THREE DOLLARS—thus bringing it within the means of all. Single copies, Twenty-five cents. If every old subscriber will send us one new one, it will enable us to gratify all their desires. We contemplate adding Music, and a “Domestic Page,” as soon as expedient. As to Matter, there is no lack of that; only send in SUBSCRIPTIONS, friends.

E. T. S.

CAREERING.—Our friend of the Sierra Democrat, does not like this word when applied to “those grand old Trees.” Lexicographers define it, a “swift motion”; and if our memory is not at fault, an old English writer (though we cannot lay our hand upon it now) uses it in the same relation. The association of ideas, makes it poetical; the slumber of “memories” is awakened, and we live o’er again the “old times” in the North country. We see the huge branches of the hoary old trees careering in the dark forests, as fierce blasts of the Autumnal Night-Wind sweep through. At all events, we think our friend Mrs. Fader is shielded by the “Poet’s license.”

E. T. S.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We tender our thanks to Mr. C. E. B. Howe, for the floral specimens. They are now in the hands of the botanist.

CANVASSER WANTED.—To solicit subscriptions for the Hesperian Magazine. A liberal commission will be paid to a person of good address, who is desirous of engaging in such a business.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

IMAGINATION.—We never publish anonymous communications.

I THINK OF THEE.

IN MODERATE TIME.

1. I think of thee, When in the grove The night - in-
 2. I think of thee, Where twilight gleams Up - on my

Legato

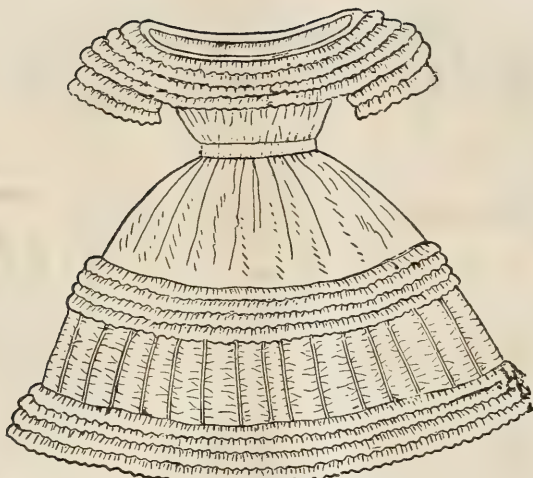
gale, path, Sings to her love; And
 By sha - dy streams— But

rall *pia ad lib.*
 when to thee Come thoughts of me? Come thoughts of me?
 where to thee Came thoughts of me? Came thoughts of me?

colla voce

3d.
 I think of thee
 With tender fears,
 With heart-felt sighs
 And burning tears—
 How, then, to thee
 Come thoughts of me?

4th.
 Oh, think of me,
 Till brighter star
 Shines on our love!
 However far—
 Always to me
 Come thoughts of thee.



FULL SIZE PATTERN.

DRESS FOR A GIRL FROM THREE TO SIX YEARS.

Infant waist, with round cape about the neck, with four ruffles. Around the sleeve, two ruffles. The skirt trimmed with four ruffles above and four below the puffing. The puffs to run up and down, instead of around the skirt. Material, Jaconet or Nainsook. Can be made plain, of merino, and braided, if preferred.

We expect to receive colored illustrations soon.



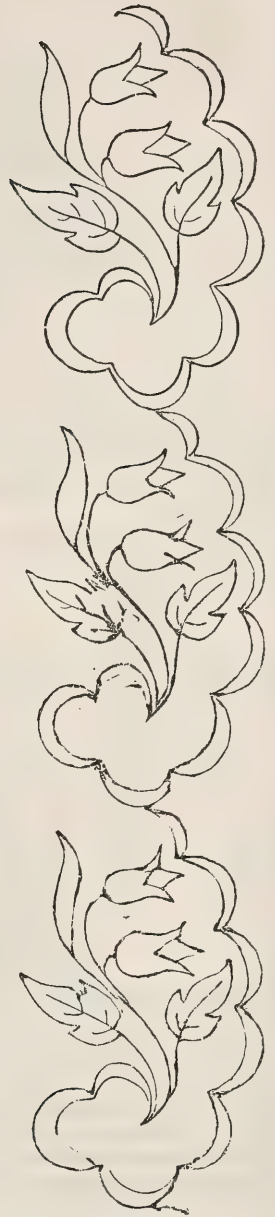
THE "ELEGANTE" SLEEVE.

This is a pretty sleeve in gray *poir de chevre*, with quilling, and ruche at the wrist of green silk. It is a sort of 'bishop,' with the lower part at the back, turned up on the front in points, leaving it open so as to disclose the undersleeve, which is of full plain net, crossed with narrow black velvet. The top of the sleeve is laid in box-plaits, in the centre of the largest of which is placed a quilling of silk which extends down about three inches.



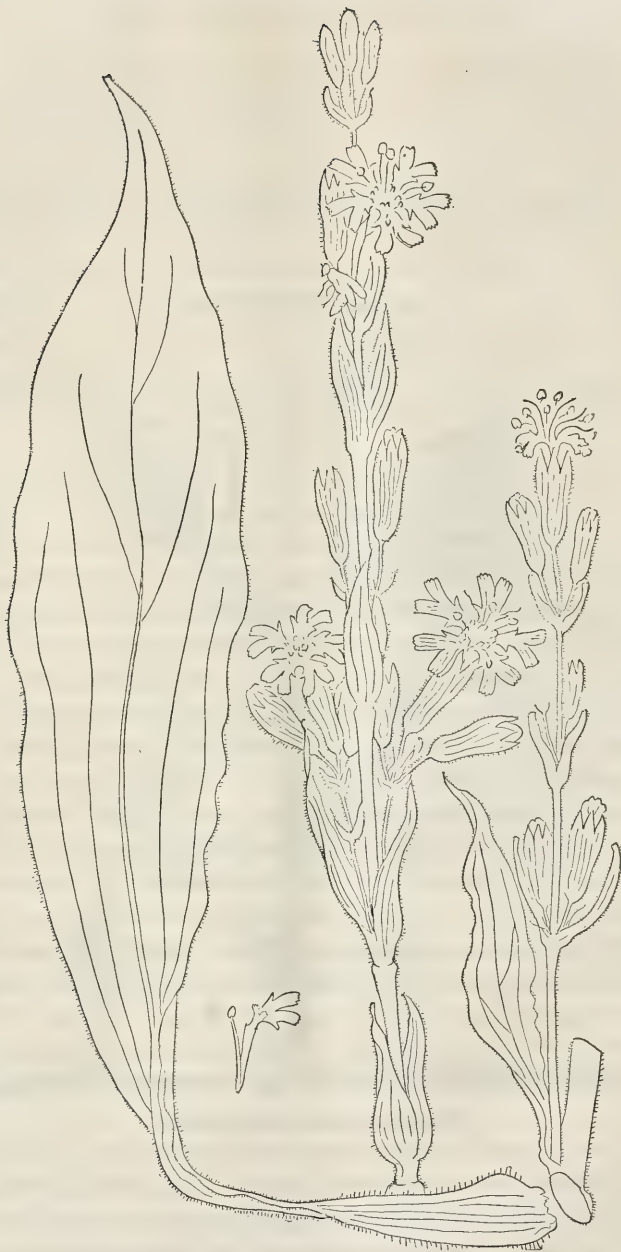
LADY'S TRAVELLING DRESS.

Composed of a jacket of fine checked summer silk, trimmed with a narrow purple quilling. Vest of purple silk. Skirt of fine check, trimmed with narrow flounces, edged with purple, or purple ruching to match the jacket. Plain, very narrow linen collar.



PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERING.





THE CATCHFLY. (*Silene Scouleri*).

(For description see page 429.) The fly was caught on the specimen exactly as delineated.



THE GOLDEN VIOLET. (*Viola aurea*. [Kellogg.])

(For description, see page 429.)

THE HESPERIAN.

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[No. 2.

CRATERS OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

NO. II.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

KILAUEA, styled by the natives Lua Pele, or Pele's Hole, and situated thirty-five miles southwest from Hilo on the trail to Kau, sets at defiance all the ideas and definitions of geographers. Instead of being "a burning mountain," or "a mountain that sends forth fire and smoke," it is no mountain at all, nor within ten miles of the base of any mountain, but is a deep pit of fire that has never been quenched within the historic period, in the midst of a nearly level plain on the eastern flank of Mauna Loa. It is elevated four thousand feet above the level of the sea, but the ascent from Hilo is so gradual as not to be perceptible. For a few miles the way lies over a level, beautiful country, free from stones and covered with a heavy, rich verdure. Then succeed the forests growing on old lava streams, the bare places in which reveal the unmistakable marks and conformations of flowing lava. The trail is here rough and full of sharp fragments of the harder kinds of lava, so that the rider can move only at a slow walk, and even that rate of speed seems excruciating to his barefooted animal.

From Hilo to the crater we pass a constant succession of lava streams, varying from half a mile to several miles in width. These streams and their comparative ages can be distinctly traced by the different quantities of soil and vegetation on them. They usually run from the mountains more or less directly to the sea, and are crossed by the trail nearly at right angles. On some of them were large forest trees four or five feet in diameter. Then would succeed a strip

with trees of half that size, or perhaps with no trees at all, and with no vegetation but a few stunted shrubs. Frequently these strips of comparatively new lava would lead down through the middle of a dense forest, its edges being as distinctly marked as the banks of a river. Some of these streams are covered with a good depth of soil, while others have scarcely begun to be decomposed. These lava flows are the characteristic feature of southern Hawaii, and leave no room for doubt that its solid parts have been boiled over out of its mountains.

Near noon of the second day of our slow journey, while the woods rang with our songs and laughter, we suddenly came upon a rent in the earth, from which steam and smoke were escaping. Clapping spurs to our horses with a shout, we rushed around a woody point and immediately stood on the brink of a black and frowning abyss, three miles in diameter and a thousand feet deep, out of which, from hundreds of fissures, clouds of smoke, steam, and gases rolled up to the heavens. In this fearful presence, it need scarcely be added, for a moment every muscle was spell-bound, every voice was hushed to a whisper, and every heart beat with the strangest emotion. Even now, after the lapse of years, that emotion of sublimity is still as fresh and vivid as at the first, the heart lives it over and over in dreams, and it will remain as a moulding power in the mind forever. No wonder the untutored native should make this the seat of a dread divinity, that reveled in its fires, bathed in its flaming floods, or rode on the flashing crests of its burning waves. No wonder that here should be located the Sandwich Island Hades, where the souls of the wicked Hawaiians should dwell forever amid devouring flames. It was in scenes like this that much of the language and imagery of the Old Testament had their origin.

After our first intense feeling of awe had passed away, we proceeded to make a detailed survey of the scene before us. We found that the crater had not been formed, as is usually the case, by eruptions, for there was no evidence that it had ever overflowed. The trees for miles about it were apparently of the same age, showing conclusively that the country around had never been devastated by its fires. It was simply a pit made by the falling in of a part of the earth's surface. First a portion of the plain nearly in the shape of a circle, fifteen miles in diameter, had sunk down two or three hundred feet, and was bounded on all sides, except the one by which we had

approached, by walls of rock. The whole surface of this sunken plain, the temperature of which is sometimes 120° Fahrenheit, was broken by innumerable cracks and fissures, from hundreds of which smoke was ascending, sometimes curling up to heaven like a thin ethereal veil of vapor, then rolling up in black and pitchy folds like clouds from the infernal pit. These cracks were often covered over by a crust of sand and debris which was liable to give way beneath our feet. Dismal echoes from below would often warn us to retrace our steps, or tread with care, if we would escape a Sam Patch leap into burning floods a thousand feet beneath us. Once what appeared to be solid earth gave way under the careless tread of one of our company, and, in the twinkling of an eye, he disappeared up to his arm-pits. Catching by his hands, and being drawn out by his companions, he was instantly followed by a dense volume of hot steam and smoke. A stone thrown into the pit thus opened, could not be heard to strike bottom.

On the north a spur of the main land enters into this sunken plain and runs quite up to the brink of the central pit. There, near the middle of the space first depressed, a hole three miles in diameter and a thousand feet deep had been eaten out by the rock-devouring fires, or had been broken down by some stupendous convulsion of nature. Over this spur had been our approach, and near its end, not twenty feet from the edges of the frowning abyss, in full view of its eternal fires, stood the grass hut which was to be our place of rendezvous. A large chasm, said to be bottomless, a few rods behind the hut, nearly severed the end of this spur from the main land, and out of it constantly arose clouds of steam sufficiently hot for culinary purposes. Here our company fixed the shrine of their Penates, and, as often as hunger prompted, "worshipped the gods," not "with fire" but by steam. The writer never tasted chickens so delicious as those wrapped in banana leaves and roasted in these steam holes.

A short distance west from the hut, on a bench of earth depressed half way between the general surface of the country and the sunken plain, is the famous sulphur bank. It is about thirty-five rods long, forty yards wide and thirty or forty feet high, and made up of lava decomposed by sulphureous gases and mixed with deposits of sulphur and gypsum, soft and moist within, but hardened to a red crust on the surface. The bank is constantly enveloped in clouds of steam and gases, and within is full of the shining crystals of sul-

phur, soft and delicate at first, but hardened on exposure to the air. Deposits of pure gypsum are also found in places. We lingered for hours on and around this wonderful spot, treading cautiously to avoid dangerous places, sometimes slumping through the crust into the hot, mush-like substance beneath, and all the while digging with our long canes to find the forms of beauty imbedded within. Formerly the bottomless chasm, before mentioned, separated this bank from the northern wall of the sunken plain, and rendered it impossible to explore the side next to it, but at the time of our visit, the chasm had become filled up to within fifty or sixty feet of the top, and we could not resist the temptation to go down into its depths. Enveloped as it was with clouds of steam and smoke, the bottom being invisible from the top, and full of stifling fumes, it was literally like the descent of Æneas to Avernus ; and I am now surprised at the courage which impelled us. Twice we passed through the whole length of this deep, narrow crack over a space of fifty or sixty rods, lingering by the way to examine the most curious and beautiful sights human eyes ever beheld. That side of the bank was pierced full of holes, some of them several feet in diameter, and extending back into the interior of the mound, out of which poured streams of sulphur gas, as hot as steam from an engine and of stifling stench. They were fringed or coated all over, as rocks on the Green Mountains are coated with moss, by splendid crystals of sulphur several inches in length, that waved and nodded like the plumes of warriors, as the hot air rushed past them. While attached to their nidus, they were so soft and delicate as in most cases to be destroyed by the touch of our canes, but on exposure to the cool air, soon became hard. The whole of this gorge was crowded with forms of beauty so fantastic and fairy-like, and my companions seemed so like shadows, as they moved about enveloped in the thick folds of vapor, that I could scarcely overcome the impression that we had been transferred to a new planet, and were the companions of a new order of beings. The gases escape from these breathing-holes in jets and puffs, and are often stifling. Once they assailed us so furiously, that we were obliged to drop our canes, hold our breath, and run for our lives. At times they are so active, that the bank cannot be visited with safety.

At the close of the day, full, but not satiated with wonders, we repaired to the hut. In arranging our beds for the night on the soft ferns brought by our guides, we discovered a steam crack running

right through the middle of our domicil, the warm air from which, for the benefit of our nerves we presume, filled the apartment; and as we lay during all that long, sleepless night, conjuring up all sorts of queer fancies, while we watched the flashes of light that gleamed from a hundred furnaces in the abyss below, and listened to the hissing, whizzing, screeching sounds and loud reports that filled the air, we could not but think how precarious was our situation; how easily an earthquake could tumble into the burning gulf the broken, toppling point of earth on which we were, as it had such points hundreds of times before; or what might be the consequences if some luckless sleeper should arise in his dreams and wander forth in the darkness among the giddy caverns and pit-falls.

At length, after what seemed to be a hundred ages, the welcome light began to gild the eastern sky, and we prepared to descend and explore the innermost shrine of the terrible Pele. As the walls of the crater are perpendicular on every side but the north, that is the only point of descent. There, the fires having gradually eaten away the supports beneath the surface, it has fallen in in sections, and remains in terraces one above another, all being covered with trees of the same species and size. None of these terraces had ever been overflowed with lava. The first descent is down a precipice about fifty feet. Passing across the upper shelf of earth, we scrambled down another and deeper wall of rock; and thus on till we reached the bottom, at the depth of a thousand feet. One of these benches of earth is the fourth of a mile in width, and broken and rent in all its parts. In a single instance the trail crosses a yawning chasm by a narrow bridge of rocks, where a single false step would plunge the incautious passer by down a frightful precipice. On reaching the last terrace, we provided ourselves with long, heavy canes or poles, and stepped on the black and suspicious looking floor of the crater. Here I noticed the same mental phenomena described in a former article. Before making the descent, our hearts had been oppressed with painful solicitude, but the moment our feet were on the bottom, all such feelings vanished as phantoms vanish in the air, leaving in the mind no sense of fear or danger.

About one year previous to our visit, the entire crater had been overflowed, so that it now presented a very nearly uniform appearance. The surface was a thin crust made by the hardened foam of the boiling lava, glossy, vitreous, cellular, brittle and crackling be-

neath our feet. It was of all hues and qualities, mingled in all proportions, and beautiful beyond expression. Below was the solid lava, covered, however, with blisters from a few inches to many feet in depth, and rent by innumerable cracks and chasms. Many of these blisters were rotten and brittle and would break under our weight. They often concealed frightful caverns, into which the visitor who neglected to test the strength of the crust by pounding with his heavy cane is liable to be plunged. Often the pieces of crust broken by his blows will fall 'mid doleful echoes down a giddy depth of hundreds of feet, while the hot air rushes up through the orifice thus opened with a noise like that of a blow-pipe.

In the southeast part of the crater is another sulphur bank. Toward that we now shaped our way, pounding at every step with our canes, carefully passing around the frightful holes our blows had opened, stepping cautiously from fragment to fragment of this broken floor of rock, jumping with all our strength across wide chasms, sometimes containing flowing lava but a few feet below the surface, and often turning back as the dismal echoes beneath our feet warned us of caverns too extensive to be safely passed. All the way from thousands of vent-holes hot air and steam were escaping with every conceivable variety of sound, and the heat was almost unendurable. For a quarter of a mile before reaching the sulphur bank, we were obliged to pass over a field of lava, where the echo of every foot-fall warned of an abyss below which imagination alone could fathom. Every sound rolled off for minutes, as it seemed to us, in all directions. Two miles and a half of such traveling brought us to the object of our toil. It was so similar in structure and appearance to the other bank before described, that nothing need be said in regard to it.

After completing our explorations at this point, we next turned our steps to the boiling lake in the southwest part of the crater, and distant about two miles. Near it the surface showed signs of intense heat, and was so broken and irregular as to furnish a very precarious footing and make the most courageous heart feel some inclination to turn back. After passing entirely around the lake at a distance, and carefully surveying its walls on all sides from the opposite bank, in order that we might not incautiously stumble on a projecting point, which, under our weight, would drop into the burning gulf, we drew near and gazed upon a scene that will remain daguerreotyped forever on the memory of every beholder. There, at the bottom of this huge

pit or caldron, which was at least sixty rods across and two hundred and fifty feet deep, we saw liquid lava, with a heat and hue like molten iron fresh from the furnace, boiling in terrible fury, throwing up hundreds of jets eight or ten feet in diameter and forty feet high, rolling and leaping and spluttering in its rage, and lashing the caldron's sides, as the ocean, maddened by storms, lashes the rocky shore. Sometimes this caldron is comparatively still, though never entirely quiescent; and sometimes it throws up jets, like those of a fountain, hundreds of feet into the air, which fall in showers of red-hot rock far and near. At the time of our visit, in all directions over a wide space around were strown huge gobbets of fresh lava as an evidence that one of these adamantine showers had but just occurred. Occasionally the caldron fills up and overflows, inundating large portions, and sometimes the whole of the crater. Once the lava over the whole caldron was seen by a visitor to elevate itself to the height of a hundred feet or more in one mighty column, where it remained playing like a fountain for several minutes. These displays are accompanied by hissing, whizzing, screeching sounds, in comparison with which the noise of a thousand steam engines is as insignificant as the tooting of a boy's whistle. On one or two occasions reports from this boiling pit as loud as those of the heaviest artillery have been heard succeeding one another in rapid succession for hours together. At such times, of course, no person would be fool-hardy enough to venture near. The escape of gases and steam is so abundant as always to compell the visitor to choose his position on the windward side; and often they entirely forbid his approach. Long, delicate fibres of lava, as fine as the web of the silk worm, are blown out by these gases, and are seen floating in the air in all directions. They can be gathered up by handfuls where the winds have blown them, and are called by the natives *Pele's hair*. The form and size of this caldron are constantly changing, being sometimes elliptical and varying from forty to a hundred rods in width. No two visitors at different times ever see it precisely the same. Often the lava settles down two or three hundred feet, as at the time of our visit; then again it can be dipped up with a spoon tied to the end of a long cane. It has been seen rolled up and crusted over in the form of a dome, while rivers of liquid lava ran off from it in all directions. Its walls to-day may be perpendicular; perhaps to-morrow their edges will drop down a hundred feet, forming a steep incline plain to the edge

of the molten lava. Its sides are constantly falling in, and the visitor must exercise great caution, or he may never return to tell of the wonders he has seen. In olden time this caldron was held in great reverence and dread by the natives. Into it were thrown the bones of the high chiefs and the votive offerings to Pele. It was her home, where she bathed in the burning waves and danced to the music of the crater.

After a couple of hours spent on the brink of the caldron, where Mr. Cheever says "It is always hazardous, not to say fool-hardy, to stand a moment, lest your uncertain foothold, crumbling and crispy by the action of the fire, shall suddenly give way and throw you instantly into the embrace of death." Our lengthening shadows warned us to depart, and we reluctantly turned away and directed our steps toward the point where we had descended. Passing on our way a large number of cones, chimneys and breathing-holes, and many curious and fantastic formations of lava, we reached our camp just as the last rays of the setting sun were lighting up with their smile the desolate scenes around us.

The action and appearance of the whole crater are ever changing, it occasionally filling up to within a hundred yards or so of the top, then, on the breaking out of the liquid mass through some subterranean duct, settling down to a depth of twelve hundred feet. During its active states earthquakes are of constant occurrence. Its walls, too, are continually falling in, and the broken terraces on its north side are settling down further and further. Thus the crater is gradually extending its limits, and doubtless will eventually cover the entire area of the sunken plain. Its activity is always greatest just before an eruption on Mauna Loa, and yet it is difficult to see how there can be any direct connection between them, since the craters on the mountain are four or five thousand feet above Kilauea. In olden time it was undoubtedly more active than at present. Tradition says it frequently threw out large quantities of sand, the truth of which is evident from the quantities in the country around. It was, too, subject to terrific eruptions of gases. About seventy years ago, a whole company of natives, while passing by, were destroyed by such a phenomenon. For many years there have been no such violent manifestations, but doubtless they are liable to occur at any moment. Every person, I believe, who goes down into these fiery depths, goes down at the risk of his life. No white person, it is true, has yet

been destroyed there, but many have escaped very much as Job did—he “by the skin of his teeth;” they by the skin of their backs and limbs. The crater was formerly regarded by the natives with great fear and dread, none daring to pass it without an offering to Pele. Drawing near with awful reverence, on his bended knees the traveler reverently threw over the brink a piece of *kapa*, or *kalo*, or a pig, or a dog, or at least a few berries of the sacred *ohelo*, as a peace offering to the dread divinity that reveled in the fires below; and then with trembling steps and fearful heart hastened on, lest he should be overwhelmed by some sudden demonstration of her anger.

Thus ended a day never to be forgotten, amid scenes, that now, after the lapse of years, come thronging back on the memory with all the vividness of first impression. The tropical scenery, the grand old forests, and the terrific displays of an inconceivable power at the crater, are continually returning to inspire the best thoughts and feelings. No lover of nature, it seems to me, can pass through these sublime solitudes, unmarred and unbroken from age to age, save by the occasional tramp of the tourist or by the morning anthem of birds, without feeling his heart expand with gratitude to the Infinite Architect, who planned this splendid scenery and scattered beauties so profusely over this island gem of the ocean. And I envy not the soul that can contemplate such displays of the beautiful as I have attempted to describe, without an intense emotion of reverence for the Author. Such a soul must be strangely wanting in the finest and noblest sensibilities of our nature. It must be stagnant and desolate and destitute of the essentials of a genuine humanity. How can it be a soul of the divine workmanship in its normal state? How can it be anything but the defaced and fragmentary ruins of the noble creature which God made in his own image, to dress, to keep and to love these earthly paradises, and to admire, adore, and reverence Him through these grand displays of his power?

A WISE traveller will push forward to the end of his journey, intent on the business he has in hand. If we feel the importance of the business of life, we shall not loiter on our way to eternity.

OUR actions ought to be influenced by a *sense of duty*; not regulated by *motives of expediency*.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

IN the Hesperian for November I find an article bearing the above title. It is certainly not a reply, nor an attempt at a reply, to my article on the same subject in the Hesperian for June, and yet it is addressed to the author of that article. It is a clever and courteous production, and bears evidence of having emanated from the pen of a gentleman; but in all kindness and sincerity I must be permitted to implore "S. R." to advise me which side of the question under consideration he desires to advocate. "S. R." starts off with "Voltaire long since wrote, *and justly*, in opposition to capital punishment;" and then winds up with an urgent appeal in defense of taking human life. "S. R." propounds three interrogatories to me, all of which embrace simply a question of legal technicality, but not one of which involves a code of moral ethics, nor any part of such a code, and consequently has nothing to do with the subject under discussion. The gentleman advances the case of Orsini as a stunner, but he will have to pardon me if I advise him that I am so unsophisticated as to preclude the possibility of my seeing the point. However, he displays a commendable generosity and leniency in the premises. After imploring me to make a disposition of the case, apprehending, I suppose, that the task would be too arduous for me, he very kindly releases me from the obligation, on the ground that it is "therefore not entirely the case for Dr. Carpenter to operate upon." Generous man! What a hypothesis. The idea that because a man was born in a high social circle, and was the recipient of a polished education, that he must necessarily be a perfect moral anomaly. Such is the implied inference of "S. R.," and yet the very case (Orsini) which he cites in its substantiation, *proves the opposite question*. Had "S. R." read my article in the Hesperian for June attentively, he would have found every question which he has propounded to me therein answered, re-answered, trebly-answered, and incontrovertibly answered, but as he seems not to have done so, I will answer him again, although I shall be compelled to be very brief, because the rare pages of the Hesperian are altogether too precious to admit of going into de-

tail. I will answer "S. R." by stating my ideal, or conception of a code of moral ethics for society ; and if he can see any chance for any single, isolated persons to escape its general, universal provisions, then with all justness and plausibility may he call me aside to answer individual cases, All individual human beings are atoms in the great body of society which form a whole ; and while each individual atom has its legitimate sphere of action as a social element, the happiness and welfare of every shattered fragment is indissolubly bound up in the interest and prosperity of the whole body. Society as a whole is solely and exclusively responsible for *all* the evil in existence, and it justly devolves upon the community as a whole to eradicate that evil from its presence ; not by cutting their heads off, and other methods of extinguishing the flickering flame of mortal existence, but by a system of universal moral culture, for the improvement and elevation of all mankind. All forms of evils in society, festering ulcers upon the body of humanity, are so many warning symptoms that there is something radically wrong in the conditions of that society, some lurking disease in its constitution, to force attention to the fact, to excite investigation into the *causes* that are producing these evils, and to force their eradication, just as physical pain directs the sufferer to find out and remove its cause—not by killing the body, but by removing the disease therefrom. Of course no person will understand me as advocating that all persons are equally evil, and all equally good—that would be preposterous. But those who are the most wicked stand the most in need of mercy, sympathy and moral culture. When an unfortunate brother commits a great crime, we should ask ourselves "would the best of us not have done the same thing under the same circumstances?"

"But," exclaims "S. R." "are there not cases in which it is necessary to take life as a terror and example to society?" What an idea! What an example to society! The taking of human life as a pattern to society. The condition of man never was, and never will be bettered by operating on the passions. Fear *only* serves to keep our wrong impulses locked up within us, and does not eradicate them and make us better. That person is only good who is so through pure *love*. Mortal never was made better through fear of punishment. Do you really consider him a good citizen who is kept from stealing your property by the fear of the jail? Fear may keep the tempted from *displaying* what nevertheless exists in the heart when the probability of exposure is great. It never removes *cause*, but may for a time prevent an external development of *effect*. And when will mankind learn that important fact? It would appear as if we employed these debasing methods of punishment for no other reason than that the ancients used them six thousand years ago, without giving one thought to the fact that we should have progressed much in that particular as well as others. Why even they never pretended that

such brutal laws had a tendency to better mankind, but that the savage, undeveloped state of the world at that day necessitated their employment. But they have still a worse side. The very fear of being made the subject of such death-torturing laws, is the *cause* of an immense amount of crime. It was the fear that the passions of the populace would fasten upon him a crime which he was not guilty of, that caused G. to commit the only crime which he did commit at all in the premises. Had England been governed by a moral code—a code tinctured with mercy and justice—do you suppose that G. would have had the least incentive to sever that woman in three parts, or to have attempted to conceal the facts of the case in any shape? Of course not. In that case the public would have received the truth, because there would have been no inducement for its concealment. But he well knew that with our present laws, and in the present state of public opinion, had she accidentally tipped over and broken her neck without his being in any way accountable for it, his declaration of innocence would have amounted to nothing in the scales against the fact of his presence, and the certain result would have been his becoming a candidate for the gallows. All the world must see that our present severe restrictive laws have a very immoral tendency. So long as men know that if a knowledge of their crime reaches publicity, they will have their lives taken, or be otherwise ruined, so long will they study to conceal the facts. But when we conclude to be governed by that glorious rule “Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,” then will the incentive of deception cease, and the word of man be looked upon as of some value. Then will courts of inquiry—of intrigue—be abolished, for when the unfortunate learn that the only object the community have in ascertaining the extent of their crime is to better their moral condition, they will freely and willingly tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Now it is well known that the word of the criminal is never believed. Every member of society exerts more or less evil influence—some more and some less—and the ability of different persons to resist those evil examples is correspondingly varied. A thousand causes combine to shield some persons against temptation, whereas a like number of opposing causes render others perfectly defenceless. Many poor unfortunate subjects are born with such sadly defective moral constitutions, that it is utterly impossible for them to resist evil influences to the extent that more fortunate persons can. Such unfortunate members of society require much encouragement and development; and their more fortunate brethren should rejoice in their ability and willingness to grant it. The main features of my plan of accomplishing this reformation of society have been published in another paper, and I have not room to repeat it here—having already occupied double the room that I had intended in the commencement.

SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

THE WIDOW CROLEY AND HER BEAUTIFUL NIECE.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

A LONG pause succeeded the conversation we have recorded. The look of offended pride that marked the Widow Croley's face at the commencement, gave place to one of serious thought, blended with sorrowful tenderness. At length she replied :—

“My child, your last words carry me back through long, suffering years, and revive my own youth, when I, too, felt the same desire for self-improvement, and the same deep thirst for knowledge. But the many sorrowful experiences of life have quenched the ardor of my spirit, and I am another self than I was when I looked forth upon life from the dazzling light of my youthful aspirations. But enough of the old sentiment has re-awakened to enable me to sympathize with, and desire to aid you in the attainment of your wishes. And even now, while you were speaking, it appeared to me for a moment that I might bury all the past, begin a new life with you, and realize my early ambitions. But this dead weight at my heart presses so hard upon the springs of life, that healthy reaction seems almost impossible. Yet, with the help of God, I can *try*, and *will*, for your sake, my child. I see clearly now,” she continued, “that your nature is not adapted to a quiet, country life, and my pride shall not prevent you from doing all in your power to render it tolerable. And if you continue to think that you would be happier teaching school, I will speak to Parson Kindley, and forward your wishes. But I object to your picture of country life; it is altogether too sombre. In your aversion for the country, you overlook the important fact that it must be inhabited, or the cities could not be populous; their prosperity depends upon the tillers of the soil.”

“It is not the country, dearest aunt, so much as the *life* of the country, to which I object; it is the fearful dearth of intelligence and destitution of taste, which are not needful conditions. There must be something wrong in the social arrangement. But I believe that the time will arrive, although I may not live to see it, when country life will become attractive, and promotive of refinement and knowledge. In

a more advanced state of society, farming will be done by associated labor ; and greater economy and thrift will be the result. A few families of harmonious dispositions and interests, will unite, erect contiguous cottages, or one commodious mansion with private apartments for each family, and thus, encouraged by each others' presence, perform cheerfully together the labor which is now executed, individually, with a slow hand and a heavy heart. If six families (for illustration) were to unite in this manner, one kitchen and fire would be sufficient for all their culinary purposes, and there would be a saving of five fires during the summer season, and a proportional economy in labor. The work of the laundry, which now occupies twelve days in the aggregate, could be easily performed in two, and indeed all the labor of the associated families would be lessened in the same degree. And the cultivation of the soil, also, by the men, would prove equally advantageous in association, as no hired laborers would be needed for farming operations, and the greater saving of money, strength, and time, would afford leisure for intellectual culture ; while the association of different families would awaken social ambitions, would excite a spirit of emulation in regard to dress and manners, and thus form a higher standard of taste, and so the farming community would become refined and intelligent."

"Utopian ! my child, Utopian !" exclaimed the widow. "Dangerous ground for the young. It is fascinating, I admit, but exceedingly unsafe to indulge in such vagaries of the imagination ; there is no telling where they may lead."

"But it appears to me, dearest aunt, that there may be as much truth in the pictures of the imagination, as in the demonstrations of the reason ; we cannot go beyond the truths of nature by any normal exercise and action of our minds. In our highest flights we cannot pass the limits of the possible ; even the Heavenly Father, who bestowed the faculties of reason and imagination, cannot do that, for the inspired writers tell us : 'All things are possible with God.' One faculty is more intellectual ; the other more spiritual. Demonstrative reason, being based upon the material and tangible, is *inductive* in its comparatively slow process. Imagination is intuitive in its action, being more spiritual and nearer the soul of the universe ; and it speaks with greater assurance of the possible, and often utters itself in prophecies, and if it call in the aid of reason, it reasons *deductively*, because of its nearer and clearer view of the grand, central truths of God. Yes, dearest aunt, I have often thought that in our most eleva-

ted moments, we cannot imagine any great humanitarian good that may not be realized. But the *thought* of the world has always been a thousand years in advance of its *practice*. We must wait patiently for the coming good. The *idea* of something better must ever be in advance of its condition—it is the spiritual, giving life and activity to the material ;—it is the heavenly bow upon earth's clouded sky. And the thought that now arches my spiritual horizon, beautiful with the colors of imagination, appears to me like a promise from the Father, that my hope for the improvement of my race shall *not* be disappointed."

"May Heaven preserve your sublime faith, my child. And yet I fear that the sin and misery of the world will sometimes lead you to doubt, and its care and sorrow, pressing heavily upon your spirit, will narrow the broad horizon of your sympathies. But let us turn once more to a less agreeable subject—the District School. Are you aware, my child, that the compensation for teaching bears no proportion to the labor? The small pittance of thirty dollars is all that the School Committee allow for three months of unremitting effort. And the teacher is expected to 'board round' in the different families of her pupils. But I could not think for a moment of permitting you to do so. Maple Hall will continue to be your home."

"You are very, very kind, dearest aunt, and thoughtful of me, but I hope that you will not oppose my wish to follow the example of former teachers in this particular. I have reasons for 'boarding round' that I think you will approve. And first, I perceive that we are already regarded with jealous feeling by many of our neighbors less favored of fortune, and were I to remain at Maple Hall during my term of teaching, they would say at once that I am too proud to share their humble dwellings, and would harden their hearts against me. The children would catch the same tone of feeling, and my usefulness would be lessened, while my labors would be greatly increased. For I have often observed that where sympathy is established between teacher and pupil, the mind of the latter is in a more favorable condition to receive instruction, and consequently, much of the difficulty of imparting it is overcome. Another reason for 'boarding round' is, I wish to see more of the interior life of the people, to learn, if possible, the balancing power of their minds. They are, apparently, contented in their present condition, and yet it is not such as ought to satisfy intelligent human beings. I think of writing a book on social science at some future time, and would like to become intimately ac-

quainted with all classes of society, that I may prepare myself, by observation and study, to do justice to the subject. You smile, dearest aunt, at what you esteem my youthful presumption in planning a task of such magnitude—one that would tax the intellect of a philosopher—and I do not marvel that it amuses you. *I* often smile at my own daring. But I have a natural tendency to observe *social conditions and abuses*, and I feel a deep sympathy with all who are oppressed, of every class and nation, and a strong desire to do something for them. The sound of moving multitudes speaks always to my soul in clarion tones—work—work, but where shall I begin, and what shall I do? is the only response I have yet given. It may be that I shall not be qualified to write *the* book—that Providence has apportioned me another kind of labor; but I know that I have *something* to do. Since my earliest recollection I have felt within myself, my inner self, a consciousness of some unfulfilled obligation, of some mission to perform, and a ‘still, small voice’ is constantly whispering in my spirit ear—prepare. So that I feel myself to be always a pupil, seeking to learn something of all things—of books, of nature, and of human beings—striving to penetrate the heart of the life-mystery, that I may be ready for what I am to do when the time for action comes. There are moments when this consciousness presses painfully upon my spirit, and I feel as though I were burdened with the sorrows of the millions, and must send up a deep, strong cry to the Father for aid, and at other times it comes with a feeling of exaltation, surrounding me with a moral atmosphere of light and beauty.

“But I have wandered far away from the important subject of conversation. Will you not consent for me to ‘board round,’ dearest aunt?”

Again there rested upon the Widow Croley’s still fine face an expression of religious awe, blended with tender, thoughtful sadness. At length she replied:

“It shall be as you desire, my child. I *had* thought that I could *not* consent to this. The idea of your ‘boarding round,’ was, at first, humiliating to my pride, I candidly confess, and it was also trying to my feelings to think of the many annoyances and inconveniences to which you would be subject in the new situation, and it was painful too, to send my beautiful dove away from the ark of home, a wanderer. But the reasons you have given for doing so, reconcile me to it, partially, for your sake, and I hope that you will derive all the advantages you anticipate from the new experiences you will gain; then I

shall feel compensated for the sacrifice I make in parting with you.

"You affect me very strangely, my child," she continued: "I thought when I brought you to Maple Hall, that I was taking a *child* to my bosom to love and cherish, one who would need my experience and judgment to guide her tender years; but in place of such, I find a self-poised woman and companion, who appears to me to be directed by a power so far superior to mine, that I feel more like being guided by her, than guiding."

"And so I am a child, dearest aunt," Sarah Mandiville replied, rising and throwing her arms impassionedly around her relative, "a mere child, requiring your love and care, *O, so much!* I seem to possess *two* natures; one strong, self-reliant and eager for action; another, weak, dependent and loving, with a deep yearning for sympathy and affection that language is powerless to express. Bear with me and love me all you can; your love and sympathy is the sweetest solace of my life—it has been everything to me since the death of my dear father."

A servant entered announcing dinner, and the conversation turned upon other subjects, as, with arms and hearts entwined, they obeyed the summons. But from thenceforth, a fuller, warmer sympathy was established between those lovely women, from a clearer perception of each others feelings and natures.

The Widow Croley took an early opportunity of seeing Parson Kindley and securing for her niece the situation of teacher of the District School. But the NEIGHBORS were amazed beyond measure when they learned the fact. Conjecture was everywhere busy to ascertain the reason "why that beautiful young creature should think of undertaking such a disagreeable and laborious business. There must have been a falling out between her and her proud relative—very likely that the widow had disinherited her—very likely the poor girl did not find it any too pleasant at Maple Hall—very likely she had good reasons for wishing to be a little independent, and they didn't blame her either, to be sure; but it was *such* a pity for her to be obliged to make her own way in the world, and she so young, too, and so beautiful. Well, well—it *was* a pity."

On the first of the following June, Sarah Mandiville entered upon the duties of teacher. She had never before seen a country school, and was much amused at the novel appearance her pupils presented. There were toddlings of three years, and raw-boned youths of twenty, and bashful, barefooted maidens of fifteen and upward, pale and ema-

ciated from over-taxed powers; and there were timid girls and fun-loving boys of eight and twelve summers, of all shades of complexion and all degrees of development peculiar to their ages. To class this heterogeneous collection of pupils, appeared at first view morally impossible, as size and age afforded no indication of intellectual development. A girl of ten years, was often found to be as far advanced in the routine of study as a youth of sixteen; and to teach fifty pupils separately, seemed equally impossible. This discrepancy in age and ability, rendered her first week of duty exceedingly perplexing and toilsome. But she succeeded admirably in bringing order out of confusion, and in winning the respect and confidence of her scholars, which rendered her after labor comparatively easy and pleasant.

Every Saturday at twelve o'clock, "the beautiful schoolmistress," as the NEIGHBORS now termed Sarah Mandiville, was released from her duties, and with a delightful sense of freedom, such as an uncaged bird may feel when it tries once more its wings, she returned to Maple Hall to pass the half holiday and the Sabbath with her aunt. Those were pleasant reunions for both. Sarah would relate to the widow the haps and mishaps of the week in her most humorous vein; and she would unbend from her dignity and laugh merrily at the narration.

The school-house was situated nearly a mile distant from Maple Hall, at the summit of an intervening hill. Near the base of the hill there was a secret spring which reduced the clayey soil of that district to the most adhesive mire, and woe to the pedestrian who walked unwarily upon the few feet of earth appropriated by this reservoir of nature. Once in its mire and it were bootless to attempt to escape with boots; the soil clung with hopeless persistency, as though some mischievous gnome had resolved upon appropriating the booty. It were better for the unfortunate victim not to waste time and strength in an unequal and exhausting conflict, for the sprite was sure to triumph. To leave as soon as possible both mire and boots, was the part of wisdom.

On one occasion, our heroine, in her eagerness to return to Maple Hall, overlooked the snare, and the consequence was that she met her aunt, who was awaiting her, with the lower portion of her limbs incased in clay instead of boots, much to the amazement of the lady.

"Do not be alarmed, dearest aunt," Sarah Mandiville exclaimed, laughing merrily the while, "the truth is that your unworthy 'Pilgrim' in descending the 'Hill of Difficulty,' fell, most unfortunately,

into the 'Slough of Despond,' and this is the ridiculous result. It is the grand climax of my week of adventures, which I am sure will amuse you."

"Do hasten and change your garments, my child. I am fearful that you have already taken a severe cold," the widow exclaimed with a look of anxiety; and with her own hands she prepared a warm "toddy" of old Jamaica spirits for her niece. It was regarded at that time as a necessary precaution after any unusual exposure of the person. When they were comfortably seated in their cheerful sitting room, the beautiful schoolmistress informed her aunt that she had been boarding through the past week at the "godly" Mr. Claptrap's, as he was called by the NEIGHBORS, for his peculiarly solemn visage, and for devotion to religious duties. "Only to think of listening for a whole week, every morning and evening, to his long, prosy prayers, composed principally of scripture phrases, incorrectly quoted and misapplied. Listen a moment, (I can repeat them *verbatim*, as there was little variation in them, saving at the opening and close, which referred to the time of day, the success of the crops, and the health of the village,) and judge if I have not been peculiarly edified. One or two sentences will give you a fair report of the whole:—'May the time speedily arrive when Christ shall have all the heathen for a *procession*, and the uttermost parts of the *arth* for an inheritance—when the children of the kingdom shall no longer go a *hankerin arter* the flesh-pots of Egypt, but shall be well filled and satisfied with the *ile* and wine of *greece*, (grace) and when the *hosses* and chariots of fire, which the prophet saw in vision, shall scare away all the *inimies* of Israel.' It may be wicked, dearest aunt, but I frankly acknowledge that such prayers excite my mirthful, even more strongly than my devotional feelings.

"The Claptraps resemble the famous Rogers family, numerically; there are 'ten children and one at the breast.' The eldest of these is a daughter who is exceedingly tall and meagre in appearance, the very personification of famine. The other children are sons, all of Pharaoh's lean kind, and who appear to possess—instead of the normal, playful good-humor of children—a mischievous, fun-loving propensity. While the father is engaged in his devotional exercises, the mother occupies herself in keeping the three youngest quiet, who kneel about her chair. The older ones, who are kneeling in different parts of the room, amuse themselves the while in giving each other sly pinches, as proximity affords opportunity, or unexpected thrusts

with the bare, soiled feet, or in chewing up bits of paper and tossing the ball into the first face that peeps round to see what mischief is going on. A successful hit creates an outburst of merriment which keeps them all occupied for a time in holding noses and mouths to stifle up the fun.

“The ‘godly’ man closes his prayers with a deep sigh of relief and satisfaction, vainly imagining that he has performed his duty to his family and his Creator. For, unfortunately, the children would never listen, and if they should, they could not comprehend the meaning of his words. I have often thought, during the past week, that if he were to try to address their understanding in appropriate language, instead of aiming at something beyond their capacity and his own, he might succeed in winning their attention and interest, and in developing their religious natures, which would soften and improve their characters. But the present influence is the reverse of this, it tends to render them irreverent, and give them an aversion to religious exercises. The mother is a gentle, kind-hearted woman, with too much labor to perform for her own comfort and health or that of her family. The dwelling-house, and all about the premises, has an unfinished and unthrifty appearance; and everything is done in a careless, slipshod manner. There were no conveniences for bathing in my chamber, and when I made my appearance in the morning and inquired for something in which to perform my ablutions, an iron vessel, used for culinary purposes, was placed in the kitchen sink for my particular accommodation. The family take their morning baths in a trough at the open well. The same vessel was afterwards suspended over the fire, and mush for breakfast was cooked in it—the usual morning meal. It did not affect my appetite very favorably, I assure you, making this observation, but I partook of the mush and milk, with the rest of the family, solacing myself the while with the reflection that ‘not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the person.’

“Mrs. Claptrap, anxious to show me all the hospitality in her power, came while I was bathing, and handed me, with a look of gratification, an ancient, yellow looking tooth-brush, a probable heirloom in the family of the Claptraps, which had been carefully laid away in several wrappers, requesting me to use it freely, without the least apprehension of injuring it, assuring me that I was entirely welcome. When I thanked her for her intended kindness, and told

her that I should not require it, as I was already provided for, she buried it in its wrappers, with evident disappointment, and laid it carefully away for some future visitor."

"You have certainly had many novel experiences, my child, within the last three months"—the Widow Croley said, smiling as she thought of the many amusing incidents Sarah Mandiville had related—"your term of teaching has nearly expired; and now tell me if you really think that you have derived all the advantages from teaching and from associating with the parents of your pupils, that you anticipated at the commencement of the summer. I have refrained from making the inquiry at an earlier period, because I thought it better to wait a full experience."

"I must acknowledge, my dearest aunt," Sarah Mandiville replied, "that my duties have been more laborious than I had supposed they would be, and that I have not been as much benefited intellectually, as I had hoped; but I have gained that understanding of the interior life of the people that I sought; and in governing my school I have learned better the principles of self-government. Yet, although I have not *enlarged* my stock of knowledge within the period, I have acquired a certain control of that which I already possess and of my intellectual powers, that I never had before, and that will render them more available for the future, in whatever direction I may wish to employ them.

"If that be so, my child, your term of teaching has not been unprofitable. You say that you 'have gained that knowledge of the interior life of the people that you sought;' then you have learned the secret of their apparent contentment with their condition, which you justly remarked in a former conversation, 'is not such as should satisfy intellectual human beings.'"

"It is true, dearest aunt. After conversing with them freely, and studying them closely, I have arrived at the painful conclusion that their condition is not one of contentment, but of apathy. Contentment, it appears to me, results from a healthy, active state of the mind, in which it yields a philosophical acquiescence to circumstances that cannot be materially modified; while apathy is a diseased or torpid state, induced by the outer pressure of circumstances upon the inner life, before it has been sufficiently developed to acquire motive power as a resisting and regulating principle. And this condition of the people, is the result of too little mental development and too

much labor, or pressure upon the physical organism for healthy reaction. All the higher powers of their minds are latent. They have no enthusiasm, no aspiration. The feeble hope that they entertain of a brighter future beyond the grave, is the only ripple upon the stagnant pool of their destiny—is the only star that penetrates the gloom of their moral atmosphere. Their age, without maturity, is pitiful indeed. They appear to me like ignorant children, without the attractions of youth and innocence, the peculiar charms of the age, groping in the dark with no desire for light. Poor, blind souls! They awaken in me something of the peculiarly painful sensation I experience in looking upon an orang-outang, with its vacant look of inquiry and anxiety, as it turns uneasily from side to side without fixing its glance upon any object—it is so sadly, so deplorably human, and yet so entirely animal, that the resemblance is shocking to me.”

“Your judgment is very severe, my child. But, tell me; do you still retain that deep interest in teaching that would render it desirable for you to pursue it as a profession under more favorable circumstances?”

“I do, indeed. I feel a deeper interest than ever before in teaching, and greater confidence in my ability to succeed. And if I could have a class of young girls in my beloved city of B—, I feel assured that no pursuit in which I could engage would afford me the same degree of enjoyment. The minds of city children are very unlike those of the country—they are active, observing, and easily impressed; while the latter are torpid, listless, and difficult to interest. It may be accounted for in the wide difference of their surroundings.

“City children are constantly seeing and hearing something new; and this variety in their daily life, imparts a livelier tone to their minds and a readier power to receive impressions and instruction. Country children, as you are aware, lead a monotonous life. They pursue the same routine of toil—for they really do toil in the country, and, I have often thought, even more severely than mature persons, when their age and ability are taken into account—month after month and year after year, until their intellects become stultified, and it seems almost impossible to arouse them. My experience, the present summer, has led me to this conclusion. Indeed, I have often felt quite discouraged. After trying a whole week to teach a class of young ones to spell y-o-u, they were quite

as likely to spell it u-o-y ; and so of all my pupils from the least to the greatest. And their parents have, generally, appeared more anxious for their daughters to learn to sew, knit, and embroider, than to read and write correctly. And but little more ambition is felt for the sons. Reading, writing, and a smattering of arithmetic, is all that they desire them to know. Some parents are *willing* to include geography and grammar in their course of instruction. When I have urged upon the fathers the importance of a more liberal education for their boys, I have uniformly been answered in the following manner: ‘I never larned sich things, and I always got along very wal through the world ; and why should a boy know more than his father? It seems kinder onnatural to me, it raly does.’

“And, in this manner I have been prevented from doing the poor children all the good in my power ; which is a painful reflection. The most satisfactory exercise of each day has been the moral lesson.”

“What am I to understand by the ‘moral lesson,’ my child.”

“Simply this, dearest aunt ; each morning at the opening of school I require my pupils to repeat the Lord’s Prayer simultaneously ; after that exercise I devote five or ten minutes to propounding questions to them concerning their relative duties to the Heavenly Father, to themselves, and to each other. In other words, I endeavor to teach them practical Christianity—love to God and love to man—a religion of deeds rather than of words. The topic of the moral lesson is given out each day, at the close of the afternoon session, in order that the older pupils may have time to reflect upon it, and prepare themselves to ask and to answer questions. One evening the topic will be : Gratitude to God for all his blessings. At another : Watchfulness over our tempers, that we may not be irritable and unkind toward others, and forgiveness of injuries ; and at another : Truthfulness, perfect honesty of purpose in all things. Indeed, all the Christian virtues and graces are topics of discussion. I have carefully avoided all doctrinal questions, believing it to be of the first importance that children should be instructed in practical Christianity, should be taught obedience to the divine Law of Love ; once under its elevating influence, and the life will be right, and the fruits of the spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and patience—will appear as the perfect result.

“I have adopted this course from the deep conviction that the *spirit* of Christianity is of more importance to the good conduct and happiness of society than the *letter*, because it acts directly upon the character of the individual, imparting self-reliance through divine reliance, and thus the power to resist temptation. I have often observed that those who were the greatest advocates of ‘enforcing the *doctrines*’ of Christianity, appeared to be the least influenced by its principles in their intercourse with their fellow-beings. In their devotion to the *letter* of the law, they keep themselves in the external or rudimental forms of religion, and so fail to perceive and practise its beautiful *spirit*. And this is the reason why many of the most zealous professors of Christianity are angry disputants, ready to fight and destroy their opponents in order to advance a RELIGION OF LOVE. ‘They have zeal without knowledge’; a religion without reason, and all they do to aid the cause, is only so much weight of influence thrown into the opposing scale. It is very, very pitiful that the dear Christ should be so little understood by his professed disciples, and should be thus shamefully crucified afresh in the house of his friends.

“I feel convinced, my dearest aunt, the more I observe and reflect, that, if we would have a *consistent* christian church in the world, we must begin with the children and infuse the loving spirit of Christ into their very being, that it may become the motive power of all their actions. And it has been my aim to act from this conviction.”

“You are right—you are right, my child.”

“It would surprise you, dearest aunt, to observe the interest the children manifest in the moral lesson, and the wonderful comprehension they appear to have, intuitively, of spiritual subjects. I am often startled by it, while talking with them; for it fills me with an overwhelming sense of my responsibility as teacher to develop all their latent power for good, that it may become a strong moral force in their natures for the resistance of evil, when they shall go abroad in the world and take upon themselves the government of their own actions.”

(*Conclusion next month.*)

THE sum of morality and Christianity is—Give and forgive, bear and forbear.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

It stood in its loneliness far away
From the haunts of men ; and the sun's bright ray,
And the silvery moon-beam struggling in,
Through the ivy that curtained the lattice dim,
Played with a strange and mocking mirth,
On the blackened walls and the desolate hearth.

Grey was the roof, and the night wind swept
Through the empty halls, where the wild fox crept,
And the rank grass sprang, and the moss grew green,
Where the song and the dance and the banquet had been,
And the voiceful leaves of the sheltering tree
Where whispering ever of mystery.

And I thought, as I looked on that ruin old,
Of the human love that had there been told,
Of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears,
That had gathered there with the flight of years ;
And I saw them again, the faces fair,
That had smiled 'round the hearth-stone so cold and bare.

There was laughter light and the gush of song ;
It came from a gay and brilliant throng,
And a hundred lamps in that drear old hall,
Were gilding the gloom of the ruined wall,
And the dark eyes of manhood, in glances that speak,
Were deepening the blushes on beauty's cheek.

Anon there was silence, the hush of prayer,
And two stood forth from the throngers there,
And vows were spoken and sealed above,
The holy vows of a deathless love ;
So 'mid blessings and prayers, 'mid gladness and tears,
They plighted the faith of their coming years.

That vision passed—and I listened again ;
There was music sweeter and holier then,

The mirthful echoes of tiny feet,
And childish laughter and accents sweet,
And words with that ringing glee in their tone,
That comes in life's May-morning alone.

Once more : The voices that round me float,
Have the mournful swell of a funeral note ;
The merry tone and the laugh have fled—
They are chanting the requiem over the dead !
Then the shadows passed, like the sweep of a pall,
And nothing was there save the bare old wall.

So it stands in its loneliness, old and grey,
Silent and dark by the grass-grown way ;
And I know there are lives as cold and bare,
Where hopes are dead that were young and fair,
Where only the haunting shadows dwell
Of the living forms that were loved so well.

MRS. GRISCOM'S LEGACY.

[Concluded from page 374.]

Gertrude made several incursions into the room for the purpose of discovering any secret passage or entrance thereto ; but she found no clue to the mystery. Meanwhile the winter passed, and with the spring came a great change in Gertrude's affairs. The death of a distant, almost forgotten uncle, left her sole inheritor of a great estate, and Gertrude Congreve found herself again an heiress, ere she had scarcely tasted the pleasure of working for her own support.

Not long after this change in her fortune, she received a letter from Colonel Thorn, announcing his return home ; telling her how restless and unhappy he had been away from her ; that his affections were unchanged, and assuming to be wholly unconscious of any alteration in her affairs—had written her before, but could obtain no answer—that he was entirely unfamiliar with her movements, as he never heard from home, etc.

This letter revived Gertrude's dying love. She tried to reason with herself. She repeated that he was base ; that he had deserted her in her moment of trial, but yet she found herself happy in the thought that she was about to behold him again, and she resolutely shut out the thought that he had possibly heard of her good fortune, and hence the letter.

"He is an unprincipled man, Gertrude ;" said Mary Flemming, "and I am confident he has heard through his friends of the bequest that has been left to you, and has not hesitated to avail himself of the information to impose upon your generous nature, and reinstate himself in your favor. If he had written before, as he asserts, you certainly would have received that letter, as well as this one. Do not, I entreat you, permit him to blindfold you in this matter."

Gertrude had experienced all that silent torture which a proud, impassioned nature suffers, when it finds its wealth of affection suddenly turned back upon itself. Craving the love of a warm and loyal heart in her almost widowed condition, she had permitted herself to become interested in Gerard Knightly, and had often found herself recurring to his delicate acts of kindness, and his manly forbearance toward herself. She could not disabuse her mind of a fancy which possessed it, that to him she was indebted for the cheerful, handsome chambers which had superseded the bare western rooms. She reproved herself at those times for the pain she had wilfully caused him. Her manner towards him had lately partaken the color of these warmer sentiments, and kindled a faint hope in the heart of the young clergyman, that at some distant day she might recognize him as her accepted lover.

But the reception of the Colonel's letter changed the aspect of affairs materially. She censured herself for having for a moment looked with favor upon his rival. He, and he alone, so handsome and agreeable, so chivalrous and proud, was fitted to mate with Gertrude Congreve.

Yet Mary Flemming's fears of the Colonel, and her expostulations with Gertrude to banish him from her mind, were not entirely without effect.

One evening, after reflecting more than usual upon the subject, (having received during the day another letter from the Colonel, stating that he would be home within a fortnight,) Gertrude laid her head, weary with thinking, upon her pillow, and soon fell asleep,

Presently she thought her aunt entered the room, and gliding up to her bedside, with entreating words besought her not to unite herself with that wicked, unprincipled man.

She dreamed that she arose, and accompanied by her aunt, entered the west wing. The rooms were bare and desolate, as in former days. They descended into the lower apartments; a crucifix hung against the gloomy wall; to this her aunt pointed solemnly, saying, "Remember Amie Hunt—search for her there!" and disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

This dream made a terrible impression upon Gertrude's mind. The next day she determined to renew again the search for traces of a secret passage; with the thoughtfulness and self-possession which always characterized her actions, she secretly provided herself with some tools and a lantern; then informing Mary and the servants that she did not wish to be disturbed during the afternoon, she repaired to the west wing. She passed through the gay suite of apartments on the main floor, and descended the dark flight of stairs. The rooms on the lower floor were mere cells, empty and cold; she had in her previous search inspected them all, as she had supposed; but the one to which her aunt had led her in the dream, was new to her. Neither of the four cells answered the description, there must be another—and another indeed, she soon found. The light from her lantern fell upon the seams of a door concealed under a stairway, which had heretofore escaped her notice. The ponderous door opened with a heavy swing to her effort, and she entered.

It was a chill sepulchral looking room, lighted by several port holes, placed near the ceiling; the ground was flagged with stone, and the place was furnished with a table and stool, whose workmanship was of ancient date. A heavy crucifix occupied a niche in an open recess, draped around by the thick folds of a black, moth-eaten curtain. The hand which had remodeled the upper rooms, had left this untouched. A ghastly picture of Christ on the cross, with the red blood running in streams from his wounds, hung, as it had hung for many a silent year. The damp, unwholesome atmosphere, which time and the place had generated, had settled upon the picture with a pale green moisture, like a death dew, and seemed to animate the painted Christ, with a spectral, ghastly life. Tradition said the rightful lord of the manor had been a staunch Catholic in his day, and this room at least, was still faithful to the religion of its founder.

Here Gertrude made strict search for the hidden secret ; she examined the paved floor for trap-doors ; she scrutinized the bare walls—surveyed the round windows, too small, and too far removed, to be useful in concealing anything. She even lifted and shook the old, black, worm-shredded drapery, but nothing rewarded her search ; one more look under the table, and then she must give it up ! As she stooped to examine, a small diamond pin which fastened a knot at her bosom, became loosened, and rolled to the ground. Supposing it near at hand, she commenced carelessly to look for it, but it was not to be found ; becoming really frightened (for it was her aunt's gift, and she valued it highly) she lit her lantern that she might more closely inspect the dark corners of the room ; for some minutes she continued her explorations without success.

At length behind the black drapery in a dusty corner, she beheld its glistening shape. Eagerly attempting to regain it, she met with a slight resistance, it seeming to have been caught in some aperture. Looking closely with her lantern, she thought she perceived a crevice. The idea flashed upon her mind, like lightning, that possibly this recess might prove to be a door. Possessed with this thought she mounted a chair, and attempted by prying with one of the tools with which she had furnished herself, to discern some opening. In her efforts she grasped the cross, and as she did so a quick report was heard, and lo ! the concave surface sunk slowly in on its iron hinges, revealing a dark interior. Gertrude dismounted and approached the portal ; and as she did so, the rays of light from her lantern fell upon a broad flight of stone steps, descending within a foot of the landing. Gathering her skirts about her and providing herself with a knife and her little basket of tools—for Gertrude was a brave woman—she descended with a firm but careful step, the flight of stairs. Arrived at the bottom, she was met by an arched passage ; traces of a door which had once hung before it remained. Passing through this arched entrance, her eyes were dazzled by the grand prospect thrown open to her view. The light streaming from her lantern fell upon pillars and arches, alcoves and fantastic spirals, embossed and chased, frosted and fretted with a rich, wild wealth of design, arabesque and grotesque as nature's studio only could supply. Spars and splinters and twisted columns, dropped from the roof of this cave, as Gertrude rightly conjectured it to be, and as she walked, the light she carried reflecting upon the mineral encrustations, caused them to sparkle with weird

luster in colors of blue, white, crimson, violet, yellow and green, like tropic flowers, or jewels of genii creation.

Gertrude wound her way among the glittering columns, following a path which seemed to have been often trod and artificially widened. The place seemed interminably vast to her, owing in part to the dimness of her lantern, leaving all but the locality immediately around her in shade.

A peculiarly festooned, and sparry grotto terminated the path. Upon entering this, she was startled by perceiving directly in the center, a rude table formed of a flat stone resting upon two others, with a skull and cross-bones carved upon its face. Upon this curious table a book of Common Prayer lay with its pages open, as if they had been lately turned in reading. Excited, Gertrude certainly was, if not terrified by the discoveries she was making, but the remembrance of her aunt's apparition haunted and nerved her to accomplish her undertaking. Looking around for further *denouements*, she perceived what appeared to be a vault in one corner of the grotto. A heavy stone stood before it, bearing this inscription :

"The remains of A. H., found in this place, November, 17—, are here interred."

A cold sweat stood on Gertrude's brow. She shivered drearily.

Just then a voice behind her exclaimed, "Miss Congreve! Is it—can it be that you have found this spot! Oh, I regret your coming hither!"

Gertrude was so absorbed in the wretched history which was being so mysteriously revealed to her, that she was scarcely startled by the voice of Mr. Knightly. That he held the solution to this strange mystery, was her chief thought. By what means he broke so suddenly upon her seclusion, she did not stop to consider.

She turned to him with a calm, self-possessed mien, which, in its almost rigid suppression of feeling, was pitiful to witness.

"Mr. Knightly," said she, extending her hand. "It is I, Gertrude Congreve. I do not regret being here—why should you regret it for me?"—then pointing to the slab, she asked, "Who sleeps beneath that stone? Tell me," said she decisively, "for whose name do those initials stand?"

"It is merely a memorial, Miss Congreve;—you are alarmed," said he, evasively, "the place seems so dismal to your fine nature."

"Mr. Knightly, I am not to be put off in that way, I am no child: I must be told this tale, horrible and ghastly though it be. I have a presentiment that my whole future happiness depends upon knowing who lies buried in that dismal vault."

"Do not urge me; I consider it a point of honor to retain this secret," replied Mr. Knightly. "Ask my life of me, Miss Congreve, and I will lay it down willingly for your sake—but this secret which I have become possessed of, I feel it my duty to guard, until I can place it in the keeping of its rightful owner."

"But," said Gertrude, blushing deeply, "if it concerns Colonel Thorn, I *must* be informed. When he returns, it may be too late."

"Returns!" exclaimed Mr. Knightly, betraying his agitation at the thought, "Miss Congreve—Gertrude—will you—are you—are you still—" he hesitated what form of expression to employ. "Do not, oh, do not trust your happiness to his keeping!" said he, in his excitement grasping her hand.

Gertrude withdrew it quietly; the color vanished from her face. Steadying her trembling limbs against the table, she raised her eyes, lit by a fire of purpose so immovable, that Mr. Knightly cared not to encounter the glance.

She spoke not in her usual sympathetic, musical voice, but in a harsh, though low tone.

"Mr. Knightly, you have always professed to feel an interest in my welfare. You know of my attachment to Colonel Thorn. A young girl bearing those initials yonder, to her name, disappeared from her father's house. You are acquainted with that history. If you possess any information proving Colonel Thorn to have been a heartless, as well as profligate youth, I must know it; otherwise, in a fortnight I become his wife."

"Oh, my friend Gertrude, what would you move me to do!" cried Mr. Knightly, torn with anguish. "Shall I meanly betray my fellow? Shall I reveal what for twenty years God himself has kept hidden?"

"I appreciate your sentiments, Mr. Knightly. I know," said she, blushing, "that you would not wish to obtain my favor by traducing another; but I have one more argument to urge. My aunt was your steadfast friend; to her you are indebted for many kindnesses—it was she who guided me hither." And Gertrude, seating herself before the table, impressively related her dream.

"It is *her spirit*," she said, when the recital was concluded, "that is making this demand of you. Refuse her no longer."

Her companion had been leaning with his head buried in his hands, in deep thought.

"Miss Congreve," said he, "I submit. I need not bind you to keep secret what I shall reveal to you—your own heart will suggest that. You will recollect that your aunt devised to me the building of the chapel near her grave, the location having been pointed out in a dream. It was while superintending this work, that I discovered the entrance to this cave, which had been completely filled up by the falling in of the earth and rubbish above it. It was formerly connected by underground passages with the Abbey, and the legend of the white nun of the manor, had likely some good foundation.

"I kept my discovery a secret from all but my old trusty servant, whom I was obliged to hold counsel with. In the grotto, in the corner which has attracted your attention, I found a skeleton, composed as if in sleep, the head resting upon a heap of dust, which had once, no doubt, been her raiment; the hair seemed perfect as in life, falling in silken ripples over the fleshless shoulders, but it crumbled into dust as I raised the form, and vanished. A trinket I took from the neck I have preserved. Shall I show it to you—have you the courage to look at it?" Gertrude answered simply, "I have."

Mr. Knightly arose, and putting his hand upon a ledge projecting above the vault, drew down a small metal box. "I have placed it in here for safe keeping," said he, "I felt compelled to do so, otherwise I should have buried it with her."

He opened the box, and drew out a small miniature.

Gertrude recognized a youthful likeness of Colonel Thorn, twenty years younger; but the same proud, presumptuous, handsome face, whose magnetic influence had long enthralled her heart so strangely. Upon the golden lid she read, "Amie Hunt: the gift of Richard Thorn." The trinket dropped from the grasp of the unhappy Gertrude; she covered her face with her hands.

"I cannot—I cannot bear it!" she murmured; the long checked excitement broke forth, and in an agony of sobs and convulsive grief, she hid her face upon the table. Mr. Knightly, alarmed, entreated her to be calm.

"O, Miss Congreve, that I could bear this for you!" he exclaimed

in agony. "I know that my love is nothing to you—but yet let the thought that you are so intensely beloved, bring comfort."

"Ah—" said Gertrude, shuddering, "to have loved a murderer!"

"You look at it in too harsh a light, Miss Congreve—let me plead for Colonel Thorn. Consider his youth, his temptation. As to this death, it is not likely that he had a hand in it. He could not have known of the secret passage, or he would certainly have removed all traces of her unhappy end long since. It is probable that she, finding herself shut up by the old woman, and her hunger increasing, in her endeavors to escape, discovered the door in the recess, as you have done. Probably, then, she gathered up her apparel, provided herself with a candle, (for I found a mouldy and rust eaten candlestick upon the table here), and set forth. The door behind the black curtain closed with a spring—and she was shut in beyond remedy. Fatigued by her wandering, and faint with hunger, I suppose she lay down in the corner and slept her life away easily enough."

"Your supposition as to her fate cannot extenuate his crime, sir," said Gertrude. "He deserted her when she had confided to him her life, her love. To screen himself, he confined her as closely as in prison, and confided her to the care of a pitiless old woman, who left her to starve to death. Merciful God! to think of her helpless efforts for release! How she screamed, and shook the door in vain—no egress through the windows—no help in any quarter!"

"I beg of you, Miss Congreve, not to distress yourself with the harrowing thought. Come you must leave this place, or it will kill you;" and he led her out through the door which opened into the cellar of the chapel, and thence out into the daylight.

A fortnight after this event, Colonel Thorn returned; Gertrude was not at home when he called; he learned that she was in the chapel. It was a bright moonlight night, and she had gone thither to commune alone, directing Mary Flemming and the servant to come for her in half an hour, to accompany her home. In the little room called "Gertrude's Chamber," Colonel Thorn found her. What passed between them may not be told, but he left, vowing vengeance upon Gerard Knightly.

Passing recklessly along, bewildered and intoxicated with anger, he saw a form approaching through a by path. He recognized the hight and figure of Mr. Knightly. Drawing his sword, he rushed

at the defenceless man, and exclaiming: "Hypocrite! you, at least, shall not obtain her," made a lunge at his rival. Mr. Knightly, alert and agile as he was, sprang aside and parried the blow, receiving a severe wound in the shoulder, and at the same time his feet tripping in the grass, from his efforts to ward off the attack, he fell to the ground. Gertrude hearing the noise, flung open her window; and Colonel Thorn seeing his enemy fall, and supposing a rescue approaching, dashed into a copse near by, and disappeared. Gertrude's first impulse was to leap from the window, but failing in this, she hastened to the scene of disaster, by the usual method of egress. Mr. Knightly had attempted to rise, but faint from the loss of blood, and fearing to increase the flow, which he had partially stopped by his handkerchief, he lay still upon the ground where he had fallen, awaiting help, which he knew must be nigh, for he too, had heard the opening of Gertrude's casement.

Seeing him lie there, stricken dead, as she thought, felled by the hand of the man whom she had once loved, all the tender sympathy of Gertrude's nature was called forth, she knelt by his side, and attempted to raise his head. He opened his eyes, and smiled upon her faintly. Seeing him close them again, she cried, "O, speak to me, Mr. Knightly, speak to me! You must not die! That I cannot bear with my other misery." "Gertrude," said he, feebly, "you must get me some help; I cannot tell how mortal my injuries may be." Seeing her rising to obey his injunction, he said, "God only knows whether I will live till you return; say good bye, Gertrude—I have loved you well and faithfully. Let me touch my lips to your dear hand before we part, perhaps forever."

"O, Mr. Knightly, do not talk thus! I do love you," said she, "you shall not, must not die! God has taken friends and lovers from me—you He must spare. Here they come; Mary and Thomas. Thank God! Thank God! you are saved!"

He was saved, and the heiress of Denwood Manor became, before another year, the honored mistress of Holywell parsonage.

THE best rule of etiquette which we ever read is this: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

THE POPPY.

From the German of Uhland.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

See, swayed by western breezes,
The poppy blossom gleams !
The flower whose wreath best pleases
The sleepy god of dreams ;
Now purple hued as glimmers
The glowing evening sky,
Then pale and white as shimmers
The moon-light sleeping by.

I've heard it said for warning,
That who 'mid poppies sleep,
Are borne far down ere morning,
To dream-land dark and deep ;
And when the sleepers waken,
Their life but fancy seems ;
The near and loved are taken
For shadows and for dreams.

I once lay, in youth's morning,
'Mid poppies in a dell,
Regardless of the warning,
And felt their dreamy spell ;
I breathed their sleepy mixture,
Till, true it scarcely seems,
My life was but a picture,
The real only dreams.

Since then the strange illusion
Is mixed with all I view ;
The living world 's a vision,
My dreams alone are true.
The shades I see around me,
Like brilliant stars appear ;
Oh, sweetest flower of poesy,
Breathe ever on me here !

MAKE HOME PLEASANT FOR LITTLE BOYS.

[A MUCH revered friend, whose views are entitled to consideration by years of experience, sends us the following "morceau" for the *Hesperian*. We are pleased to gratify her request, and it may prove a timely hint to some unthinking mother or sister. *Our* observation, however, inclines us to the conclusion that the case described is an isolated one, as the aspect of matters and things in families *generally*, is quite the reverse.—E. T. S.]

MAKE HOME PLEASANT FOR LITTLE BOYS.—Much has been said about the rights and wrongs of women, and volumes of complaints have been uttered against men for the unjust and selfish laws they have made ; but as long as boys are subjected to tyranny, injustice, and oppression at home, so long will the inequality of the rights and privileges of men and women be felt. It is natural for man to wish to be avenged of his adversary, and in this case custom has placed the means of avenging himself in his own hands. I have one boy in my mind now, and there are hundreds treated like him, who never sees a moment's happiness at home, and fairly dreads the hour of meal-time, because of the scolding, and frettings, and fault-findings, that always greet him when he enters the house. His sisters call him an awkward, ugly boy ; make cruel sport of him by mimicking his ways, laughing at his untidy clothes, his smutty hands and face ; and his mother calls him a vagabond, a scapegrace ; and tells him in almost every other breath, that he is killing her and his father—fairly breaking their hearts with his undutiful behavior ! He has heard this over and over so many times that he has almost come to the conclusion that he is the wickedest boy alive ; he hates himself. He told me one day that he did not see how men could ever want to be boys again, and wished he could "grow up to be a man in one day, so that he could go where he liked, and get out of the way of these women folks."

When this boy does grow to manhood, what inducement will he have to yield *any* rights that he can command to woman ? What chords in his bosom will ever vibrate with tender memories at the name of Mother ? Or what recollections of a sister's love will ever prompt him to sacrifice self-interest for woman's sake ?

Mothers and sisters—if you would have men generous, noble-hearted, waiting to grant all the privileges your womanhood has a right to ask, teach them first to love you while they are little boys ; contribute to their happiness then, protect their rights, show yourselves worthy of their respect, and if ever you have occasion to ask their protection, you will not ask it in vain.

PERSONAL HAPPINESS PROMOTED BY SOUL-CULTURE.

BY JAMES A. DALY.

It is a matter of common observation and painful experience that the proper exercise of the mental and moral faculties is attended with constant difficulty and restraint. These have reference to something distant. In their infancy, they reach out with apparently ineffectual pleadings toward the vastness and the emptiness of the unknown. On the other hand, the faculties of our nature which find their employment and their reward in present results, are strongly incited to gain the ascendancy. To the majority of men, life presents the stern aspect of an unrelenting task-master. It yields nothing on trust. It demands pay in advance for the commonest wants—pay in labor, in thought, in contrivance—before giving even physical support. Hence, to the superficial observer, Mind seems a stranger here. It may, indeed, show in its features traces of a kingly origin and gleamings of a noble birthright, but it is practically dethroned by the clamors and cravings of lower wants, and seeks refuge, in its exile, amid strange scenes, and among men who reverence not its native royalty. Its distant throne stands empty, and through all discouragements, it struggles to gain its regal seat.

In things which pertain to the physical nature, men understand very well the happiness which culture promotes. A cultivation of the muscular system brings increase of power, health, physical happiness. A cultivation of the earth affords the negative happiness of occupation, and the more positive enjoyment of reaping the rewards of labor in the fruits which are produced. Here men work in accordance with laws which are well ascertained, and which move in narrower circles than those which govern mental development. The gymnast soon perceives the beneficial results of his practice. At brief intervals, the changing seasons, with their never faltering ministry, reward the husbandman with the ripened results of the germs which he committed to their care. The same stand-point and the same range of vision will not give an accurate view of the results of mental culture. Its accretions of power are slow. Its germs are committed to the care of seasons which make, perchance, no annual

visit, bearing harvests with them. He who enters earnestly and intelligently upon the work of a broad and harmonious culture, delves deep and long for the foundations of his edifice. He needs a broad and firm base for a superstructure which is to survive, not only time, but eternity; which is to shelter not only a family, but, it may be, the human race, beneath its lofty and spacious dome!

To most minds, things that are distant lose their value and importance in proportion to their distance, just as the gravity of a body is diminished by distance from the centre of the earth. The cultivation of the higher faculties aims at objects and results very different from those of the lower, and located at an immense distance from the centre of gravity common to most minds. Business shrewdness, for instance, brings immediate rewards in the shape of increasing gains, while all those delicate susceptibilities for the comprehension and assimilation of truth, which are the choicest results of cultivation, find their proper rewards at a comparatively remote period.

Judging of cultivation by the false standards which ignorance of its mode and scope of operations sets up, the opinion has been hastily adopted that personal happiness is incompatible with the cultivation of the finer faculties. Life, it is urged, is practical. Men ought not, as a general rule, to deal in those remote things which find no proper representatives in our every-day currency. Thus, life, with its enterprise and appliances, is regarded as an *end*, and not as a *means* of reaching some higher and purer seat of pleasure or of power! Others there are who, while admitting the grand results which accrue to the mass of men from the cultivation of a devoted few, yet affirm that these general benefits are purchased at the expense of individual happiness. Just as the sentinel goes out in advance of the main army to guard a lonely watch-post, so these men who devote themselves to high culture, go forth in advance of the human host which lies entrenched within the limits of the known and the settled, alone and unprotected, to brave the perplexities of the unknown, and the labor and watchfulness of a sentinel who eagerly watches for the faintest indications of danger or advantage. The conclusion is adopted that the duty of a sentinel must be a source of unhappiness, because it is arduous and dangerous. True, the foremost rank in victory or defeat is theirs; but before pronouncing them unhappy, I would prefer to inquire what noble sentiment warms the patriot's breast as he walks

by that solitary watch-fire. In any case, I would hesitate to call the main body happy, because they repose in ease and security behind their intrenchments, and are grouped, it may be, in lounging circles, crystalized by the magic of a pun or story, or inflated by the music of blaring brass or the vulgar viol.

It is quite true that the private history of men who are most devoted to intellectual pursuits is not such as to give the impression that happiness keeps pace with knowledge. Why is it that as men advance in knowledge—I will not say cultivation—they are multiplying the avenues through which unhappiness enters?

To answer this question, I must define true culture. In the case of the health-seeker it is well known that all efforts toward physical culture should be properly harmonized. If, for example, he develop one part of his body too much, it generally happens that the gain in that part is at the expense of some other, or, indeed, it may involve the utter sacrifice of symmetry and efficiency. A man may gain strength at the expense of grace and delicacy, or increase of weight until he rivals a fatted ox, but it will be at the sacrifice of all mental weight. Now, cultivation brings happiness only so far as it works in the line of nature's plan. We are gifted with bodies composed of complicated systems, each working harmoniously for a general end. So far as we cultivate them in their proper balance, we reap the natural rewards—freedom and grace of movement, power, happiness. With still more emphasis is this true of our mental and moral natures. Proper culture must be harmonious, and in accordance with the objects for which our powers were given us. Our minds are related to wide ranges of truth. They need discipline. They need stores of acquisition. They crave a basis of actual knowledge from which to extend discovery. But the mind cannot work efficiently without the aid of a more potent ally. Exalted in this system of ours above all other faculties, in the very centre of our being, is the heaven-gifted spirit. In all efforts toward culture she should be supreme. Fact, science, thought, all fail of their proper effect, if they do not reach the moral centre of being.

If we investigate the sources of the unhappiness which men of apparent culture experience, we will find that they suffer not so much from cultivation as from the lack of it. Men work against nature, and become morbid or monstrous. For instance, a man is mighty in accumulated facts, or is learned in the sciences, or is shrewd in crit-

icism, but is so localized by this special culture, that outside of his particular province, he perceives neither harmony nor truth. Attainment stops short of its proper goal by resting in a simple intellection, while motives and morals are all uninfluenced by it. I once saw an ocean steamship in a sad plight. After a stormy voyage safely passed, while pursuing an even course along a placid river, a mistake on the part of the helmsman changed the vessel's direction, and in a few moments, while one wheel was revolving in its proper element, the other was smashing and crashing among the forest trees that lined the river bank. Of course such a scene was one of confusion and danger. Just such a blunder do men make who attempt any course of culture outside of nature's plan. Beneath us is stretched a mighty tide of truth, buoyant and deep. Borne onward upon this, we attain power and progress. For advancing upon this, our proper element, our motive powers and all our faculties are adapted. Trying to progress upon any other element, we experience vexation, unhappiness and wreck. Our propelling powers are as ill adapted to the shoals of error, as the steamer's wheels to advance through a forest. Men sometimes heap up vast acquirements of fact, of science, of mere mental attainment, and after all find themselves utterly helpless, after a long and apparently prosperous intellectual journey. Is it any wonder that such are unhappy? The mind loaded down with the spoils of victorious struggles, comes at last to find itself checked—no room for progress—no resting place for faith—no abiding result of all its labors!

No culture is symmetrical which does not tend to restore the moral consciousness to its proper supremacy. The spirit is mightier than the mind. To be a living, sensitive, spiritual being, is far greater and grander than to be learned in all the mathematics. For the culture of the human spirit, all nature stands. Whatever of grandeur, or power, or beauty she expresses or suggests, is more than rivaled by the grace and grandeur of the spirit within us. Fame, indeed, is the happiness which a mere mental development produces, compared with that pure, speechless joy which fills all the deep capacities of the cultured spirit, when, poised on some divinely prepared seat of power, above the fret and tumult of the world, it beholds a wonderful system created for its use, and subservient to its noblest desires. How can unhappiness vex a spirit thus centered upon enduring foundations, with Truth and Beauty for its chosen companions? Such a

spirit looks serenely upon all mysteries, knowing that the emergent years will bring it larger knowledge, purer faith, and calmer trust.

I know that this complete style of culture demands great energies and great sacrifices. He who is wreathed with the splendors of spirit-gifts is not always rich in fame, or worldly goods. He who in the solemnity of solitude can stand erect, in the dignity and power of a full and pure manhood, claiming kindred with all lofty spirits, and even looking upward to the Infinite with the rapture of reciprocated love, may walk companionless and obscure among men. But one glimpse of the landscapes which constitute such a man's every-day scenery, is better than the aggregated pomp and splendor of all lesser joys.

Then blame not those tears. They are not symbols of unhappiness. They are gushing from founts of life and joy. These are the mute signs of a happiness too pure and too exalted for language. Wonder not that the forward-reaching spirit should, at times, chide the slowness of progress, and orphan-like, pine for the distant home of its sympathies. There must be some commotion where so many tides of mingled passion and power unite to seek a common course. These little fretting waves of effort and desire, will ere long subside into the mighty calm of a happy, triumphant achievement!

It is good for us that all those comforts should be imbittered which, by the hope of present *delights*, draw us away from eternal things. Without the supreme love of God, all things are frivolous. We should give thanks for all that befalleth us, whether it be sweet or bitter, good or evil, delightful or sorrowful, since we see the beginning only, not the winding up of events. Though we should possess all created good, yet we could not be happy but in God, who hath created all things. The true Christian's love begins and terminates in God, it detaches from earthly things, makes every burden light, and bears with cheerfulness all the vicissitudes of life. Nothing to a *truly elevated mind*, will seem great, nothing precious, nothing high, nothing worthy of ardent desire, but that which is *everlasting*.

How can a man hope to find God at the moment of death, who has never sought for him during his life?

HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

BY DUGANNE.

HOMES for the homeless !

Our prayers still rise :

Justice is faithful—

And Truth never dies.

Roses for nettles,

And plenty for dearth ;

Homes for the homeless,

On God's free earth.

Homes for the orphan—

The widow forlorn ;

Homes for the exile—

Where'er he was born.

Give us, O country !

Our right to the soil :—

Earth shall be gladsome

With generous toil.

Homes for the homeless—

Who famish for bread—

Earth for the living,

And earth for the dead.

Give us our birthright,

O tyrannous gold !

The *land* is our CHARTER—

It shall not be sold !

IN THE circle of our acquaintance there may be some who overlook our good qualities to find out our defects, while others will be partial to our good qualities and overlook our defects ; but those friends will prove the most worthy of our attachment, who can make allowances for human frailty, from a sense of their own imperfections, who can approve without flattery, and can censure with kindness.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET. (*Viola aurea*. [Kellogg.])

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

HAD one of a thousand of those who have recently paid flying visits to Nevada territory and the mining region of Washoe, collected even a tithe of the plants which Mr. C. W. Dorr has submitted to our inspection, and to whom we are indebted for the new violet here figured, the Pacific flora would have been advanced beyond measure. In due time, health and business permitting, we shall take much pleasure in illustrating many new and beautiful objects of natural history found in his valuable collection. Beauty is found everywhere to the eye that can see it. "The spirit of God works everywhere alike," says the eloquent Ruskin, "covering all lonely places with an equal glory, using the same pencil, and outpouring the same splendour in the obscurest nooks, in spots foolishly deemed waste, and amongst the simplest and humblest organisms, as well as in the star-strewn spaces of heaven, and amongst the capable witnesses of His working."

This alpine violet is almost woolly in its general appearance with a whitish pubescence.

The flower is a pure brilliant unmixed yellow, with smooth wing petals, the lower petal simply saccate. The yellowness is seen mixed with a greenish tinge throughout the plant; in the stem, flower stem and veins, however, more conspicuously.

The sketch itself sufficiently illustrates the details.

THE CATCHFLY. (*Silene Scouleri*).

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

IT AFFORDS us much pleasure to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. G. W. Dunn, of Oakland, for the very fine specimen from which our sketch is taken.

The charming aptness of common names, is beautifully illustrat-

ed in the example before us. The appropriateness of the name *Catch-fly* will more fully appear when we assure our readers the fly was actually caught on the plant, exactly as here delineated.

The generic name *SILENE*, is from the Greek word *sialon* or saliva, in allusion to the viscid or gummy exudations of many species, which like the sticky bird-lime, holds the heedless flies that chance to come in contact.

The color of the flowers is light lively red above, paler beneath : the 2-cleft appendages or crowns at the base of each claw, encircling the throat of the flower, are 2 to 3 sub-notched and more brilliant red, especially the border*—the flowers are sometimes whitish or flesh-colored. The stem is straight and simple, or only oppositely branched with flower stems as seen in the figure ; the swelled joints are often reddish on the sunny-side ; the internodes short ; the whole plant—except, perhaps the lower part—is clothed with short velvety viscid glandular hairs. The lower leaves—one of which is given in the figure—are five to eight inches long, and about one and a quarter broad, or oblong-lanceolate and acuminate at both ends, 3 to 5-nerved, and often triplinerved above ; the upper leaves successively smaller, etc., as seen : it is worthy of note, that each leaf is terminated by a large gland at the tip.

In a country so abounding with floral beauties, this plant has hitherto attracted very little admiration. It is one of our most robust species, growing from two to five feet in height.



RELIGION is the offspring of truth and love, and the parent of benevolence, hope, and joy ; yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones diseases it, both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief concern.

MEN dote on this world as if it were never to have an end, and neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

* No writer we have consulted, appears to notice the long lateral tooth on either side—see the separate petal.

LIKE FALLING DEW.

BY C. H. DORR.

The dew of night, that brings new life for day,
All silent gently falls o'er shadow'd earth;
It gems the flowers, that ope their tender lips
With fragrant breath, as each its tribute sips;
Its kisses press the buds to give them birth.
Then when young day comes on, his trembling light,
Finds earth and herbage strewn with tears of night.

Thus love 'mid life's dark shadows may descend,
And true affections come like glitt'ring dew;
Bright hopes as flowers refreshed shall spring,
And o'er our hearts their genial influence fling.
Then changing time can only but renew
Our purest joys, that coming from above,
Like angel's tears, shall bathe our souls in love

THE WORLD'S ALL FACE.

BY REV. E. H.

How changeful is this cheerless world,
A pennon in the wind unfurled,
Now floating here, now waving there—
No constant form, yet always fair.

The richest splendor of the morn,
Is dim'd ere mid-day by the storm;
The full, refulgent noon-tide ray,
Is darkness, ere the close of day.

As scowling "storm clouds" hide the moon,
So brightest hopes are gulfed in gloom,
And when our life-tide swells with cheer,
Some darkling tempest howls too near,
And friendship, fairer than the morn,
Is stern indifference in the storm,
And souls which seem as pure as light,
Have hearts as dark as hell at night.

FROM a copy of the Connecticut Courant bearing date of January 11th, 1774, we make the following extract, which shows the feelings of the people, and the spirit of the public journals at that day :

TO ALL NATIONS UNDER HEAVEN.

Know ye, That the people of the American world, are millions strong—countless legions compose their united ARMY OF FREEMEN—whose intrepid souls sparkle with LIBERTY, and their hearts are flinted with courage, to effect what their wisdom dictates to be done. AMERICA now stands with the scale of Justice in one hand, and the sword of Vengeance in the other; and whatever nation or people, who dares to lift a hostile hand against her, to invade her serene regions, or sully her liberty, shall——— Let the Britons fear to do any more so wickedly as they have done, for the herculean arm of this NEW WORLD is lifted up—and woe be to them on whom it falls ! At the beat of the drum, she can call five hundred thousand of her SONS TO ARMS, before whose blazing shields none can stand. Therefore, ye that are wise, make peace with her, take shelter under her wings, that ye may shine by the reflection of her glory.

May the NEW YEAR shine propitious on the NEW WORLD, and Virtue and Liberty reign here without a foe, until rolling years shall measure time no more.

THE true key of the universe is love. That levels all inequalities, “makes low the mountain and exalts the valley,” and brings human beings of every age and every station into a state of brotherhood. “The lion and the lamb lie down together; the leopard dwells with the kid, and a little child shall lead them.” What unprejudiced man can look abroad in the world and not see this ? The splendid sun, the cerulean sky, the majestic trees, the green earth, the thousand colors that enamel the mead, the silver stream, in beauty composed and serene, living in the endless flow of its waters, all talk of what softens the heart, and inspire kindness and affection to our dispositions and feelings. Has not God made man the crown of his works and stamped all his limbs with majesty and grace; and shall we treat with harshness and indignity what God has chosen for his living temple ? No: the man that is austere to his brother mortal, is *the true practical atheist*. The true system for governing the world, for fashioning the tender spirits of youth, for smoothing the pillow of age, is love. The one thing which most exalts and illustrates man is disinterested affection. We are never so truly what we are capable of being, as when we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for others, and immolate our self-love on the altar of benevolence. There is no joy like the joy of a generous sentiment, to go about doing good. To make it our meat and drink to promote the happiness of others, and diffuse confidence and love to every one within the reach of our influence.—*Claudstey.*

Domestic Department.

UNFERMENTED BREAD.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

IN EVERY progress of the arts and sciences we are all interested; and it is well occasionally to recur to the origin of new ideas, for as the successive steps of any art pass in review before us, we are led to a better appreciation of the blessings of the present. Research and rapid progress preëminently mark the age in which we live; and for one we are right glad to be alive in such an age. Our theological theory (*doctrine*, if you please,) is, that in the order of Divine Providence all evils have their consummation. The heroes and reformers, the Joshuas and Calebs, the great seers, poets and prophets of the better time coming are always provided. Even now we behold the mighty patriots and heroes rising up in gigantic proportions along the glorious horizon. Let us, therefore, “render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s.”

Our present purpose, however, is to do honor to another great benefactor of mankind.

In the year of our Lord 1816, a professor of chemistry in the university of Glasgow—DR. THOMAS THOMPSON—began to inquire into the *rationale* of bread-making, and wrote an essay on *baking*. The only use subserved in fermentation he discovered to be the generation of the carbonic acid gas required to raise the dough.

We believe all chemical authorities agree that in bread made by fermentation the saccharine part of the flour, with portions of gum, gluten and starch, are lost by being converted into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, which, of course, are driven off into the atmosphere by the heat of the oven. Indeed, it is well known that ovens have been patented for the purpose of collecting the alcohol thus distilled.

Did our space allow, it would be exceedingly interesting to follow this subject into the more than fairy fields that spring forth to our admiring gaze, touched by the magic wand of the microscope. Fermentation is the first step towards decay, which may be viewed

as chemical ; but it may surprise many, as the Rev. Hugh McMillan observes, that *yeast* is merely an undeveloped condition of the common mould they see on their bread and cheese. The process therefore is a rapid vegetative growth of minute fungi. The *yeast plant* is the *Forula cervisiæ*. The first form is that of a number of small vesicles containing others still smaller within, strung together like a necklace of beads. By the time five or six of these get in a string, the baker checks it. The vegetation is then suspended and the groups of vesicles separate into individuals, the mass of which constitutes yeast. Although these cells are globular at first, they soon change while the nutrient materials are being used up, into the oval form. When the sugar is still more exhausted, they become linear, thread-like. (In this condition *big loaves* for the money, can be made and munched.) Finally, when *all* the nutrient constituents are gone, we have the plant *Pencillium*, or mould, growing in the soil. Alcohol is a product of corruption arrested at a certain stage. Fungi are also products of decaying organic matter similarly arrested at a certain stage and embodied in a new form of vegetable growth. It is therefore but reasonable to expect their effects should often be similar, when their origin is identical. The vital forces even seize upon and appropriate the auras of dying animals, as any one may learn from medical authorities. We do not affirm that the most nutritious substances are always best; we leave the inference with the reader and his medical adviser.

We have never visited an unfermented bread manufactory—but the swill of a common grain distillery can scarcely be less offensive to unperverted olfactories than many modern bakeries. Now all this waste—to say nothing of the nauseous residue of chips and things some of our modern bakeries serve up—is incurred solely to obtain the gas. According to M. Dumas, 17.6 per cent. is thus lost ; others estimate more. To the dollar-and-cent man on 'Change, we would ask what difference it makes to him whether he is shaved 17 per cent. one way or or another ? We are not however disposed to let him off so easily as all that. We have forty other reasons

“ Sound as e're were taken
From Aristotle, Locke or Bacon,”

why he too, should heed this vital question. The laboring poor, it is true, are much more immediately interested than the rich and idly

luxurious, depending, as they do, more upon bread for nourishment; their health, also, is more important to themselves and to the world.

Hot bread, biscuit, cakes, in short, everything that has been partially fermented, or the fermentation suspended, readily resumes the fermentative process, to the great discomfort or often serious injury of many stomachs; hence the universal medical interdiction of new, and recommendation of stale bread, etc. The reason is obvious to every one; whenever the digestive powers are too weak to counteract, control, or arrest the chemical and fungoid tendencies, the ferment goes on, and is also communicated to all the food in contact, for who does not know that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Then follows the long train of dyspeptic symptoms, headache, acidity, flatulence, and a thousand and one other nameless ills. These truisms have been so often repeated we can scarcely muster patience to pen them for stupidity to read and reject. Perhaps we trench too much upon the province of the medical essayist, but as we are obliged to render a reason, it is not so easy to see how we can avoid it.

Professor Thompson's suggestion for furnishing the gas to raise the dough without impairing the healthful quality of the bread, was, to take the chemical elements of *common table salt* in just the exact proportions to form that article, which every child knows to be wholesome. This might be obtained, as he observed, from bicarbonate of soda by mixing a portion of that article with the flour, and then adding a corresponding quantity of the *acid of salt* of the older chemists, but now known as hydro-chloric, or muriatic. Bread made in this way, therefore, would contain nothing but *flour, table salt* and *water*. Let it be distinctly understood that the foregoing hints have no affinity with the much vaunted *yeast powders* which are ruining the stomachs of thousands, against which, as a medical philanthropist, we most solemnly protest. It is bad enough for doctors to be obliged to drug their patients *occasionally*, but with the cook and the baker too in league with the —— good Lord deliver us!

In a future number we propose to pursue this subject, and give our readers a few useful recipes for cooking in Esculapian style. This is the more necessary as our friends in the country cannot avail themselves of the services of the Unfermented Bread Co. We know none of them, not even a shareholder, unless, perchance, some unknown friends may be patrons of this last great blessing to the com-

munity. We regret that rumor should charge them with some mismanagement, and mechanical blunders, but experience will correct these.

AN IMPROVED METHOD OF MAKING COFFEE.—Put the coffee (after grinding) into a flannel bag, tie it closely, allowing sufficient room to boil freely, put it into the boiler, adding as much water as may be required. After boiling, it will be found to be *perfectly clear*, without the addition of egg, etc., having likewise the advantage of retaining its original flavor and strength in greater perfection than when clarified.

SPONGE CAKE.—Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar in half a pint of water, simmer it over a slow fire until it is quite clear, then pour it into a bowl, adding the grated rind of a lemon or essence of lemon, according to taste, say a tea-spoonful, and keep stirring it until it is cold. Then take the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of two; beat them for a quarter of an hour; mix the eggs and syrup together and beat the mixture half an hour longer. Just before you put it into the oven, stir in by degrees half a pound of flour. One hour and a quarter will bake it.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Let some of the most perfect buds of the flowers it is wished to preserve—such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open—be chosen; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving the stem about three inches long; cover the end immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap them up separately in paper, and place them in a dry box. When it is desired to have the flowers to blow, take the buds over night, cut off the sealed end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein has been infused a little nitre or salt, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors and breathe their agreeable odor around.

A WORD IN SEASON.

As Thanksgiving, and the approaching holidays, suggest the idea of an extra elaboration in the various processes of cooking, so do these again point to STEWART'S LARGE-OVEN air-tight, Summer and Winter cooking stove, as the very best for such operations, and perhaps

the *only one* where the culinary arts can be conducted with a uniform and complete success. To say that the ordinary processes of baking, boiling, broiling and frying, as well as the quite rare and uncommon one of *roasting*, can be conducted with the most delicate nicety, is saying but very little of the several features that distinguish this excellent stove from all others.

The grand trait in its character is the *perfect control of the heat*, which can all be directed to any given point or end, and not one ray *need* be lost. In the first place, the edges are all finely ground and jointed together, so that the stove is perfectly AIR-TIGHT. The economy is further secured by a complete set of covers with reflecting sides turned toward the heated stove, so that not only is the radiation of heat prevented, but the whole surface is protected from cooling by the outer air. By these means such a degree of economy is attained that, by a continuous application of heat, you may bake a whole barrel of flour with the consumption of only twenty-five pounds of coal. This appears fabulous, nevertheless it is true, and the principle is demonstrated daily by all who are so fortunate as to own this stove. And in addition to this, we may have thirty or forty gallons of hot water all the time, sufficient to supply the bath and sleeping rooms, *without any extra expenditure of fuel*.

And as there is a Dutch oven attached to the outside front, while all the other processes are going on, you may have as genuine a ROAST as ever graced the commodious fires of the Pilgrims themselves. This is a most important feature for the good housekeeper, who has to cater for delicate palates. The heat of the oven is so finely tempered that the most delicate biscuit and pastry will come out unseared, while large loaves of cake and bread will be as evenly and thoroughly done, as in a brick oven. The fixtures are numerous, convenient and finely finished. And I think that all housekeepers who are so fortunate as to make the experiment, will agree in saying that they never knew any stove where so much can be done at once, and so well done, with so small an expenditure of fuel, as in this. To crown the whole, its external appearance is very agreeable, and this is by no means unimportant, for the ministry of the Beautiful, even in common and familiar implements, has always its proper functions and true uses, leading the spirit ever upward to the Highest Source of Beauty in Infinite Perfection.

Caleb M. Sickler, 422 Kearny street, is sole agent for the sale of this stove.

F. G.

The Children's Corner.

CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

"Oh dear me!" said little Willie in a fretful, impatient tone.

He was lying on the sofa, throwing up his feet, and pulling now and then at the window curtain. His sister Clara looked up a moment from her book, and then went on with her reading.

Presently Willie asked, "Where's mother?"

"She's up stairs," said Clara.

"Well," said he, getting off the sofa, "I'm going up to stay with her."

"Oh, no you mustn't," said Clara, "she's very busy, and she told me to take care of you and Gracie here."

"Oh dear!" said Willie, throwing himself down on the carpet, "tell me what to play then."

"Play anything you like."

"But I don't know what to play. Uncle and Auntie and cousin Frank won't come till three or four o'clock, you said, and the Christmas tree won't come till dark. I don't think it's merry Christmas at all. It's so long waiting till the merry comes, I've got tired."

"I aint tired at all," said little Gracie, who was sitting in her rocking chair by the fire, soothing her dolly to sleep; "I fink it is a real nice Kitmas."

Clara laughed. "The Christmas tree has come, Willie," said she, "I saw father bring it into the parlor this morning; only it hasn't borne any fruit yet."

"Fruit! what fruit will it bear?"

"Oh! you'll see by and by," said his sister, "lots of pretty things I guess."

"Clara," said Willie, "tell me, does Santa Claus really bring all the things, and put them on the Christmas tree? does he really?"

Clara smiled and looked very knowing. "You'd better watch and find out," said she.

"I wonder how Santa Claus looks," said Willie, tracing out the flowers on the carpet with his finger.

"I can't tell you," said Clara, "I never saw him."

Willie looked musingly into his sister's face. He more than half suspected that his father and mother had more to do with the Christmas gifts than any one else; yet he thought in his heart how nice it would be if there really was a Santa Claus, who loved little children and had such a world of nice things for them.

Presently he got up. "Mayn't I go into the parlor and see the tree?" said he,

"Yes," said Clara, "if you won't touch it nor do any mischief."

Willie promised and went into the parlor. Nobody was there, and Willie thought it looked very pleasant and cozy. The shutters were open, and the curtains looped back, and Bridget had lit a bright fire in the grate, and there in one corner, in its box, stood the tree. It was a very pretty tree, and Willie sat down on a footstool, and laid his head on the velvet cushion of the armchair, and began to wonder what there would be on the tree for him, and Clara and Gracie. And he sat there and looked at the tree, and into the fire, and thought till he began to feel almost sleepy. Pretty soon he heard a strange noise—a clear, sharp ringing in the air, only not much louder than the singing of a honey bee. He jumped up and looked around, but there was nothing but the fire and the Christmas tree and the chairs and curtains to be seen. Then he turned to look out of the window, and just then the window opened, though nobody seemed to open it, and into the room, walking on the air just as if it had been solid ground, came eight tiny reindeer, drawing a beautiful little car, all carved out of ivory. The reindeer were all snow white, and had such cunning hoofs and horns that shone like silver, and each one had a golden collar round its neck set thick with little golden bells. Oh! they were so pretty Willie wanted to jump up and down and clap his hands for joy, but he didn't dare to for fear it would frighten them away; so he nestled noiselessly in the big arm chair and watched them.

Well, they came down on the carpet and stood still; and Willie looked at the driver. He sat on a high seat in front, and had no reins, but called out to his team when he wanted to stop them, and they obeyed him. He wore a green cloak all fringed with silver, and such a funny green cap on his head with a silver tassel, and silver

buckles in his shoes, and he wasn't bigger than a man's thumb. And in the car behind him, sitting on a pile of boxes, with boxes before, and boxes behind, and boxes on each side of him, sat the queerest little figure you ever saw. He was round and fat, with little twinkling black eyes that looked full of fun, and he wore a coat made of butterflies wings and a jaunty cap made of a red rose leaf with a long plume from a humming bird's tail, and in his hand he carried what looked like a stick with a piece of rainbow wound around it, for which ever way he turned it, it flashed with many bright, beautiful colors. And Willie thought these must be the Christmas fairies, for he had heard Clara say that fairies always carry a wand.

As soon as the car stood still, out jumped the fairy with the wand, and with a box on his head and one on each shoulder and under each arm, he ran up the Christmas tree, as if he had been a mouse. And Willie saw him hang on the tree what looked like a small bead—but he touched it with his wand, and lo! it was a great wax doll, as big as Gracie could carry, with rosy cheeks and brown curls, and eyes that opened and shut, and such a beautiful dress. Then he hung up another bead and touched it, and it was a complete little ship, all rigged with sails, and Willie wanted to shout, for he felt sure it was for him. And so the queer little fairy kept on with his boxes and his rainbow wand, till the tree was as full as it could hold of the most beautiful things Willie had ever seen. Then he came down out of the tree, and still he had one box left. This he touched with his wonderful wand, and out rolled a great Christmas cake, all covered with frosting and having a bouquet of sugar flowers on the top.

All this time the tiny reindeer were prancing and pawing on the carpet with their little hoofs, and tossing their silvery horns and filling the room with the sweet chime of their golden bells; and the green cloaked driver was turning somersaults from his seat to the other end of the car, as if he couldn't contain the mischief that was in him, and singing at the top of his shrill voice a Christmas song.

Over the mountain and over the plain,
Straight through the air we go,
Sometimes below us the driving rain,
Sometimes the drifting snow.

But it's little we care, in our ivory car,
We're off in a jiff you see;
We pick out the homes where the children are,
And we load up the socks or the tree.

Hurrah for merry, merry Christmas time !
Hurrah ! hurrah for the little folks all !
When you hear at the window the fairy bells chime,
Look out for a Christmas call.

By and by he spied Willie, and pulling off his cap, he made a low bow, and then began to pelt him with fine grains of something, which, whenever it hit him, turned into sugar plums, and sugar hearts, and lemon drops, and peppermints, and cream candy, and cocoa nut candy, and all sorts of candy.

But just then somebody called, "Willie ! Willie !" and car, reindeer, fairies and boxes whisked out of sight in a twinkling.

"Wake up Willie ! just to think of your being asleep here all this while ! Uncle and Auntie have come, and cousin Frank and Ella, and the Christmas dinner is all ready, and you are not dressed yet. Come up stairs quick."

THE VILLAGER'S WINTER-EVENING SONG.

BY I. T. FIELD.

Not a leaf on the tree, not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell and blossomed the rose ;
And hushed is the cry of the chirping young swallow,
That perched on the hazel in twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the cowslip and sweet-scented brier,
That bloomed o'er the hillock and gladdened the vale ;
And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire,
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-colored pall.

And hark to the gush of the deep-wailing fountain,
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon ;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And locked up in silence its merrisome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest branches,
And gather about me my children in glee ;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me.

Editor's Table.

THE Chinese are said to be the most literary, in their way, of any nation on the globe. Their libraries are the largest in the world. Their books are counted by millions, and date back to that twilight of time which is only traditional among Europeans. Not only have they held learning and the learned in high repute since the commencement of the christian era, but even from the days of Solomon, they have been a reading, thinking, book-producing people. Yet, strange to say, with all her literary appetite and countless multitudes of writers, China can boast of but one female author; and even she elaborated but this single thought, which seems to have been more or less adopted as a beautiful truth the world over, that "Woman was made for the same purpose that tiles were, viz., for men to tread upon." With our modern ideas, it is difficult to see in this language anything but keen and bitter satire on the usages of the world among most people in every age. Yet it was intended by the fair almond-eyed author in sober earnest. The idea of "*woman's rights*" had never entered her brain. She believed in *man's rights*. No wonder then that she was a favorite among those who had monopolized the literature and learning of her nation.

How different is the estimate in which woman is held by the Caucasian race. How reversed is her position in society in Europe and America. Here she models all character, is the source of all good influences, stimulates and guides all our noble charities, regulates public sentiment, is queen of families, in some cases holds our purse strings, and in one way or another manages to compel every man of us to obey her. She asserts her "*rights*," and although the sterner sex may grumble, they are obliged in the end to yield. The time was when she was not supposed to have even a soul, but what man now dares to be such a brute as to resist her arguments or her will? He had better be chased by a thousand Furies than be guilty of such folly. No, he must yield—he has yielded—he will yield—perhaps be driven from the field. We expect the tables will yet be completely turned upon us. We expect the time will come when she will hold the whip and reins, make all the laws, own us, with all our hats, pants and dickeys, perhaps compel us to bear her name, tend the babies, and be obedient, as becomes dutiful husbands. Well, if it must be, all we have to say is: Who would wish to live under a pleasanter dispensation?

But, seriously, there has been a great change in the status of woman, especially in America, and on this coast, since the time when the good Dr. Watts recorded, apparently with deep interest, that "Even women were beginning to study arithmetic with some degree of success." The revolution

in the opinions of society in this respect has been great. It will undoubtedly be greater in the future. Whether all that is anticipated by the advocates of "*woman's rights*" is ever realized or not, there must and will certainly be in the future a great advancement in the education and influence accorded to her by society. We apprehend that it is through self-culture and self-discipline, by showing what she is in mind and heart and will, that her "*rights*" will be secured. The women of America, especially those on this coast, then, have a mission to fulfill in laying the foundations of the future for their sex; and if they are heedless or untrue to that mission, or resist the designs of Providence for their improvement, they will afford proof that the opinion of the beautiful author from the Flowery Kingdom may not have been very far out of the way.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—We feel pleasure and pride in calling attention to our Botanical illustrations, all of which are of newly discovered California plants, classified and electrotyped by Dr. Kellogg, to whom our readers have been indebted these many years for these original contributions to science. They have attracted the attention of scholars in Europe and America, and are really the most valuable portion of the *Hesperian*. As soon as possible we intend to have them colored; and also to give each month an engraving of some California bird or animal.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—We wish our readers to understand that only select advertisements are admitted to the pages of our magazine. Persons needing articles in their line will do well to give these parties a call.

THOSE wishing Gift Books for the Holidays, Annuals, Photographic Albums, or Juvenile books of any description, cannot do better than to go to ROMAN & Co.'s, No. 417 Montgomery street, as they have the largest and choicest selection in the city.

MR. FRIEDLANDER, also, at No. 102 Montgomery street, has a very fine assortment of French, English and German dry goods, and his gentlemanly manners render his place of business a favorite resort.

SEWING MACHINES.—If any of our readers need such an article, by all means get SINGER'S. It is the cheapest, simplest, most durable, reliable and easily worked machine now in use. Try it, ladies; our word for it, it will give satisfaction.

SHOES.—Our old friend T. H. Paris is doing a driving business in the shoe line at No. 14 Second street. All who want shoes that will wear and not rip, should give him a call, as his entire stock is choice and very carefully selected.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.—Of late we have received very flattering notices from nearly every paper in the State, a few of which we publish in this issue for the satisfaction of our readers.

THE "OLD BACH" up country who complains of not having received the Hesperian for three months, is informed that it is regularly mailed to HIM as it is to all our subscribers and exchanges *by our own hands*. The fault is certainly not in *us* but in the *males*.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We are happy to announce to our readers this month another new contributor, the Rev. E. H., whose fine poem will be read with interest. We feel more than ordinary satisfaction with the literary character of our present number. We are certain that many of these names that adorn our pages will yet be revered in the literary circles of the world, and will add to the fame of our young State.

MUSIC.—Hereafter each number will contain a piece of original music and a Domestic Page. Other improvements and additions will be made as fast as the state of our finances will allow. If each of our old subscribers will send us one new name, we will agree to give them a Magazine as finely illustrated and as attractive as any in Europe or America. To clubs of *five* it will hereafter be furnished for \$12, or of *ten* for \$20. Any person sending us *four* new names with \$12, shall receive a fifth copy gratis, or be credited with a year's subscription.

J D. S

[THE following notice of the passing from earth of a much esteemed lady, came to us too late for place in the last number:]

Our friend MRS. L. S. DENIO, wife of Hon. C. B. Denio, Master Mason, U. S. Navy Yard, died of consumption at Vallejo on the 7th of October,

It was the privilege of the writer of this notice to come to this State on the same steamer with the husband of Mrs. Denio. He, like many others, was full of hope that this land of promise would fully restore to health his feeble wife, who for some years had been in bad health. She and her little ones, four in number, had accompanied him as far as New York City, but were advised by friends to remain there until fall. In November last she arrived in San Francisco, where her husband met her, and on the 28th of that month came to Vallejo where he had fitted up one of the most tasty of little homes, and which, with the assistance of the ladies of Vallejo, was in readiness for her. She came to us buoyant with bright anticipations of renewed health and prolonged life. For a time all marked her elastic step and cheerful smile, but the discerning eye and ear of friendship saw the hectic flush and heard the hollow cough. Her sanguine hopes and cheerfulness waned not until two months previous to her departure, and then when told the opinion of the physicians, she experienced but a slight struggle, and bowed in cheerful submission to the mandate of that God in whom she had trusted when in health. Such fortitude and patience in suffering, as she exhibited, is seldom witnessed, and with a kind word to all, she passed peacefully through the dark valley. She leaves four little ones to mourn the loss of a mother's love and care. Oh that her spirit may be permitted to hover round these buds of promise, to guard them in the dark hour of temptation.

The bereaved family are not alone in their sorrow, for a large circle of friends mourn the loss of one so early called, so loved and cherished.

ANGIE S. BECK.

Summary of Fashion.

BONNETS, not so high or pointed in front as have been worn, but sufficiently so to admit of a good deal of trimming on the top. Neapolitans still fashionable, and black and royal purple Velvet, trimmed with plaitings and folds of velvet and feathers, are much in vogue. . . . CLOAKS, MANTILLAS and SACQUES will be worn longer this winter than the last, fitting *less* to the form. . . . "CHEMISSETTE ZOUAVES" (a pattern of which we gave in the November number of the *Hesperian*) is all "*the rage*," made of marseilles braided with black, or of silk trimmed with braid to suit fancy. . . . BODIES, small point behind and in front, not much trimmed unless braided. . . . SKIRTS still trimmed, but not so much as last month; a narrow flounce or a few rows of braiding or braided pattern. A rich silk may be trimmed on body, sleeves, and around the skirt with black lace insertion. . . . FOR YOUNG MISSES gray alpaca trimmed with black velvet ribbon and buttons. . . . FOR BOYS gray cassimere for pantaloons and vest—blue navy cloth and brass buttons for jacket. NOTICE.—We take this opportunity to inform our lady readers that the ONLY CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF MADAME DEMEREST, is 111 MONTGOMERY STREET, and not only is MADAME LANGRAF, who presides at 111, in constant receipt of the newest modes from Madame Demerest, but is also receiving fresh importations direct from Paris. After leaving Paris, and previous to coming to San Francisco, Madame Langraf spent some time in Madame Demerest's establishments in New York City. The Summary of Fashion and ideas of modes given in the *HESPERIAN*, are received through Madame Langraf, and are therefore fresh from Madame Demerest, and one of the most fashionable Emporiums in LA BELLE CITY OF PARIS.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THE *HESPERIAN*.—We are happy to note the marked improvement of this magazine under the added editorial supervision of the Rev. J. D. Strong. Mr. Strong is a New School Presbyterian clergyman, who brings with him to his new responsibility thorough culture and experience. As a native production of California intellectual life, the *Hesperian* is, under its present auspices, deserving of extensive patronage. We should add that it has of late been materially increased in size. Mrs. E. T. Schenck is associated with Mr. Strong in the editorial department.—*The Evangel*.

HESPERIAN.—We have received the number of this magazine for October. It is as usual filled with interesting matter.—*Los Angeles News*.

THE HESPERIAN.—This Magazine has passed into new hands, which, without disparaging the abilities of its former proprietors, we believe will add much to the interest of its pages. It is now edited by Mrs. E. T. Schenck and Rev. J. D. Strong. The November number contains two floral illustrations and a beautiful poem from Mrs. Fader's pen. Sixteen pages additional of reading matter are furnished in this number, and the editors announce that they will continue to enlarge its proportions as increasing subscriptions will warrant. Subscribe for it, ladies.—*Union Temperance Journal*.

AS a literary magazine, the HESPERIAN is worthy of a place in all the families of the State. We have inserted in another column a poem by the editor, which will repay a perusal.—*Pacific*.

HESPERIAN FOR NOVEMBER.—Inadvertently, we omitted to acknowledge the receipt of this excellent Magazine for November. Under the new editorial control, it bids fair to create a sensation.—*Varieties*.

THE HESPERIAN.—A double number of this popular serial—for September and October—has reached us. The selections are good and the original articles of more than ordinary merit. Mrs. F. H. Day, whilome editress, has vacated the chair for a trip to the East. Some interesting notes of her journey are contained in the number before us. In her absence Mrs. E. T. Schenck will conduct the Magazine—with much acceptance, too, we may add, taking the number under notice in evidence.—*Morning Call*.

THE HESPERIAN.—This pioneer California monthly has been laid upon our table, and a hasty examination of its contents induces us to believe it to be by long odds, the finest Hesperian we have ever seen. It has an unusual amount of really interesting and instructive original matter, and its selections are well selected. And its "patterns" cannot but please the ladies, especially that significant one which tells how a very little boy's jacket ought to be made. Mrs. E. T. Schenck, the editress, announces that Rev. J. D. Strong will hereafter be associated with her as editor and proprietor, who is reputed as a man of literary ability, sterling integrity and persevering industry.—*Herald and Mirror*.

HESPERIAN.—This California monthly is before us. Among the contributors are W. W. Carpenter, Mrs. S. M. Clark, Mrs. F. H. Day, and Dr. A. Kellogg. These names are a sufficient guaranty that this number does not fall behind its predecessors, in literary interest. There is also a beautiful poem from that charming writer, Rev. G. W. Doane, and several articles from other pens. Rev. J. D. Strong, a gentleman whose ripe scholarship and energy of character will make him a valuable addition, has become joint proprietor and editor.—*Butte Record*.

THE HESPERIAN for October is the best number we have noticed. It is a very marked improvement upon past numbers. Rev. J. D. Strong is engaged as one of the editors. Under present control the Hesperian promises to become worthy of the patronage of California ladies.—*Christian Advocate*.

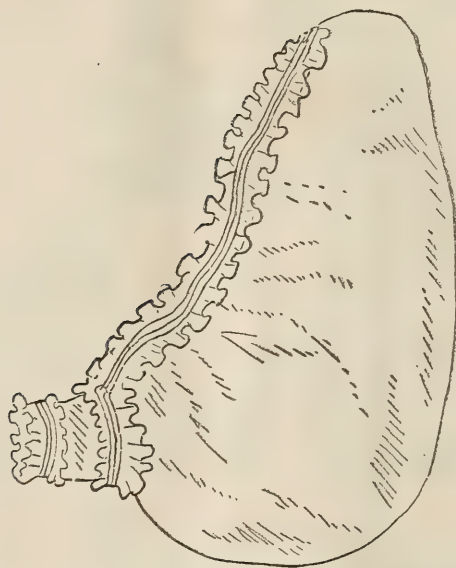
THE HESPERIAN.—This valuable monthly magazine, printed in San Francisco, for November has been received and as usual filled with interesting matter. It is under the control of Mrs. E. T. Schenck and Rev. J. D. Strong. The ladies of Auburn should subscribe for this work by all means.—*Union Advocate*.

BRIDAL ROBE DE CHAMBRE.



(For description of the above, see *Summary of Fashions.*)

THE TOULON.



The above representation is one among the many beautiful styles just received by Madam Langraf. The sleeve is full into a deep, plain, tight cuff, which is trimmed at the top and at the hand with ribbon, box plaited. At the seam the sleeve is gathered into a plain strip, with box plaited ribbon as trimming, extending the length of the sleeve. The plain pattern can be found at 111 Montgomery Street.



THE WHITE-SPURRED LUPIN. (*Lupinus calcartus*. Kellogg.)
(For description, see page 460.)



THE BOB-TAILED BLUE LUPIN. (*Lupinus caudatus*. Kellogg.)
(For description, see page 461.)

THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. IX.]

JANUARY, 1863.

[No. 3.

CRATERS OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

No. III.—HALEAKALA.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

MAUI was formerly divided into two distinct islands by a shallow strait eight or ten miles wide; but by gradual upheaval, a process still going on throughout the group, the bed of the strait has emerged from the water, and, within a few generations, obtained an elevation of ten or twelve feet, thus separating the island into two nearly circular parts, called East and West Maui. West Maui is an irregular pile of mountains, twelve or fifteen miles in diameter, cleft by deep gorges, rugged and inaccessible, and terminating in a grand and beautiful peak six thousand feet above the level of the sea. East Maui consists of but a single mountain, thirty-five miles or more in diameter and ten thousand feet or two miles high, and, in appearance, like an immense dome or section of a sphere floating in the ocean, smooth, regular and majestic in sublime repose, as if conscious of hiding fires which, in action, might terrify a world. On its summit is *Hale-a-kala*, "The House of the Sun," or "The House built by the Sun," the largest extinct volcano on this planet, and so capacious that half of the continental craters of the world, placed side by side, would not fill its black and frowning bosom. The object of this article is to describe a visit down into this grand old seat of primeval fires, made by the writer, in company with one who is the first and only white female courageous or foolhardy enough to attempt it, for it is a feat both difficult and dangerous, and to be accomplished only at the sacrifice of petticoats and crinoline, and by submitting to the penalty of "Bloomers" and a Spanish saddle.

Our journey shall commence from *Kahului*, a small port of entry and fishing village on the northern extremity of the sandy isthmus,

noted, however, for having been twice swept away—a few years since by a tidal wave, and more recently by the bursting of a water spout. For the first four miles the way lies over a smooth, sandy plain; then, gradually rising, it stretches away up to a broad table land, which lies for thirty miles along the western side of the mountain, at an elevation of from two to three thousand feet above the sea. Here is *Makawao*, the seat of the Mission Station and of many wheat fields and several sugar plantations; a region of the finest soil on the islands, well watered by frequent showers, and green all the year with herbage of tropical luxuriance; shaded by splendid groves of Hawaiian mahogany; elevated above the damp air of the sea and sheltered from the fierce blasts of the trade winds by the lofty dome in its rear; equable in climate—being neither cold nor hot, but balmy as the breath of an eternal spring; abounding in all the luscious fruits, both of the temperate and torrid zones, and offering to the pilgrim, weary of the toil and din of earth, a home that rivals the Eden of the first human pair. Consumptives who seek this genial retreat seldom fail to prolong a life which, in the warm damp air near the sea, might fly “swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.”

After a few days of rest and enjoyment in this paradise of physical delights, which still haunt my waking and sleeping dreams, and seem to be fit to adorn “the home of the gods,” we started from the Mission Station on an expedition seldom before attempted by white men. Our outfit consisted of a pocket compass, two pairs of blankets, a coffee pot, two live turkeys, a bag of bread, a bottle of water, two wrong-headed, tough-sided mules with Spanish saddles, and a crafty old “bird-catcher” for a guide, whose eye and face were too expressive of innocence to win the entire confidence of one skilled in human nature. Thus equipped, we intended the first day to climb up the fifteen miles of ascent between the Mission and the summit; spend the night in a cave on the brink of the giddy abyss; the next day go down into its depths and sleep the second night in a large cavern at the bottom, in which was said to be a living fountain of delicious water; and the third day pass on down through the crater to the point where it opens out to the sea, on the eastern side of the island. As we ascended, the vegetation became less and the trees smaller, till, at an elevation of about eight thousand feet, only an occasional stunted bush, a kind of coarse grass, and a single species of the Silver Sword remained to remind us of the tropical

luxuriance we had left but a few hours before. At an elevation of six thousand feet we found immense fields of strawberries, extending for miles along the mountain side, but apparently of a different species from those found in the wilds of America, the fruit being broader at the base, peaked and seedy, and of a less luscious taste. As we ascended, the air grew cooler and more transparent, sound became less, and our faces and limbs felt a swollen and clumsy sensation, as if the flesh was about to break through the skin, or drop from our bones; but we experienced none of that shortness of breath sometimes complained of in these high altitudes, except when in rapid motion on foot, or in other violent exercise. Half an hour before reaching the summit we entered a cloud so dense that eye-sight seemed to be absorbed in its murky folds, and words stuck in it as in an atmosphere of pitch. Feeling our way on slowly over the rough and winding trail, we suddenly came to a chasm between two high walls of rock, through which the dank cloud poured, blinding and drenching us, and making our flesh shiver to our very bones. The guide assured us that this was the pass into the crater, and that rock, exposed to the dripping vapor driven by the fierce winds, was to be our shelter for the night. Our pocket compass said we were on the north side of the mountain, at the "King's Pass," which is easy of access and descent, and not on the western side, where are the summit and cave to which the crafty old "bird catcher" had engaged to conduct us. He protested, with long and solemn visage, and by all the attributes of Pele, that we were then on the summit; that that was the only cave on the mountain, and that it would be impossible to ascend to any higher point, as there was none; and that if we were disappointed with the appearances of things he was deeply afflicted. A hint that he would receive but half pay, unless he fulfilled the contract as originally made, seemed to open his eyes wonderfully to the fact that we were not "green foreigners," and sent him to resaddling our animals with a speed of which a Hawaiian is very rarely guilty. We then commenced the ascent toward the south, toiling up steep precipices through the cloud, searching our way over piles of sand, across broken chasms and among huge fragments of rock, occasionally dismounting and leading our mules where we feared to ride, and all the way shaking like leaves in a storm, and half doubting if we had not forced the old honest-faced *kanaka* to a desperate attempt which we should yet repent. An

hour's travel, however, brought us to a rocky pinnacle of the mountain that jutted above the clouds, under the shelving sides of which we found a dry and comfortable shelter from the drenching mist and wind.

Before reaching our camping ground, or rock I should say, we had caught several glimpses of the abyss below, and we hastened to the highest peak to get a good view. The crater was filled with clouds so dense that no object could be seen in it three feet ; and the cold wind whistled up, piercing our clothing through, and making our frames, which had not experienced a chill before for three years, shake as though amid polar snows. Soon the cloud settled a little, but only a portion of the pit could be seen. It was not crater form, like most others, but simply an immense crack three or four miles wide, twenty-eight hundred feet, or more than half a mile deep, and in shape like a carpenter's iron square, commencing on the east side of the island at Kaupo, and running west nearly twenty miles, then turning at right angles and running ten miles to the north side of the island. Its width is uniform, side answering to side, as most Hawaiian chasms do, thus showing that the mountain had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, and the chasm widened out by gradual upheaval. Our point of observation was near the elbow ; and as we watched the dense folds of cloudy vapor flying past us, suddenly the whole broke, and, with a majestic sweep which seemed the very poetry of motion, rolled up the sides of the rocky rampart, disclosing at our feet a yawning gulf, so terrible in the grandeur of its size, that eyes involuntarily closed, and brain reeled, oppressed with a wildering sense of vacuity and helplessness, as if under the influence of nightmare. Immediately the clouds swept in again through the pass from the north, and in five minutes the crater was full ; when, lifting, they shot up and fled away as before. This was repeated at intervals of a few minutes till dark.

After reconnoitering as fully as the clouds would permit, we examined the place which was to afford us shelter. It was a shallow recess, perhaps twenty feet by ten, under a shelving rock, opening out to the south, and affording a tolerable protection from the winds and clouds. Before it our guide had lighted a roaring fire of fagots gathered farther down the mountain and was roasting on the embers one of the turkeys which had been jolted to death on the journey up. It was now growing dark, and at supper it was impossible to distin-

guish the adhering ashes and coals from the food ; so we feasted with keen appetites, believing that our ideas of cleanliness are only conventional, and that all things are clean to those who think so, and pronouncing it to be the most delicious turkey we had ever eaten ; but in the morning, truth compels me to add, when daylight revealed the character of our evening's repast, well seasoned with cinders and ashes, our stomachs refused to endorse our philosophy, and we threw the remainder into the crater as a peace-offering to Pele.

Supper ended, we gipseeyed around the fire for an hour or so, peering through the darkness into the giddy depths below, and, in imagination, peopling the strange scene with our fears and fancies. After a half hour's doze our beds proved too cold and uncomfortable for sleep. Now and then a gust of fierce wind, in heartless sport, would whirl over the top of our rock house and into our bed-chamber, driving a dripping cloud into our faces, and wrapping our quivering flesh as in folds of ice. During those long hours of darkness and cold, it was no agreeable reflection, that an earthquake, many evidences of which we had seen on our way, might send the pile of old lava, now frowning but two feet above our heads, tumbling down on us ; or that a slight shaking of the rocky pinnacle on which we lay but a few feet from an abyss half a mile in depth, might whirl us and our nomadic home down the dizzy descent.

Two hours before sunrise the grateful twilight began to glimmer in the east, and we went forth, but soon returned with heavy hearts, for the black and scowling sky gave promise of a rainy day, and made us fear that we, like many others, must go down without having had a good view of the crater. Having breakfasted in the dank folds of a cloud, while we were sitting in no very amiable mood around the fire, the black and frowning masses that hung like a pall of death over the depths slowly rolled themselves up and fled away, as once fled the cloud that enveloped "the pious Æneas." After repeating this, over and over again in quick succession, for an hour or more, the clouds settled half-way down the mountain, leaving the crater bare.

The portion of it visible from our point of view was somewhat triangular, but not more than six or seven miles in extent. The bottom was covered with old lava, black and undecayed, although at least a hundred years old. The crater's last action—of which tradition, however, makes no mention—was the throwing up of

immense quantities of volcanic sand, now lying in heaps that seem, as seen in the distance from above, like insignificant ant hills, with little funnels in their tops; but on descending into the crater and climbing up their sides, we found these eighteen cones, some of sand, and others of scorix, cinders and lava, varying from three hundred to six hundred feet in height, and each terminating in a crater as large as Vesuvius. The thirteen seen from the top are all of sand and situated near the elbow of the crater, while those farther to the east are made up of scorix and partially decomposed lava, covered with bushes which give to the desolate scene a green and cheerful aspect, such as hope gives to a blasted life.

The scene around us now became grand as imagination ever pictured in dreams. The clouds had settled down and were brooding in black and sullen folds for hundreds of miles in all directions over the ocean, and as the strong wind swept among them, a mile below us, they assumed all shapes, rolling and plunging with a fury at once terrific and sublime. At length a little bright point, tinged with brilliant hues, appeared far away in the distance; and presently the sun, bursting through suddenly, arose from a cloudy bed of golden glory, that lay stretched out as far as vision could penetrate, tinging the tops of those majestic cloud-forms with such brilliant tints as make the beholder forever feel the poverty of colors. The rolling masses of cloud, having thus taken on all the hues of the rainbow in every direction over the field of vision and flashing and glowing in inconceivable splendor, presented a scene of sublimity which no language, though vivid as the lightning, can describe.

As the sun arose higher in the heavens, this immense amphitheatre of brilliant hues began to break up and roll away, rendering visible the other islands, that seemed, at this elevation, like little points of rock amid the wide waste of waters. First Mauna Loa, and then Mauna Kea, a hundred and fifty miles away to the south on Hawaii, with their white caps of eternal snow, appeared like silver points amid a sea of glory. On the west the eye pierced downward thirty miles to the sandy isthmus, and then up to West Maui, still hiding its woody head among the clouds. To the right, a wide expanse of ocean stretched away till it mingled its dim outlines with the sky. Beyond Maui, peering out from the clouds, Molokai was seen, with its white fringe of foaming breakers; on the left were Lanai and Kahoolawe; while far away, a hundred miles or

more to the north-west, lay Oahu under a cloudy canopy, like dreamland amid a sea of visions.

Having feasted, but not satisfied, our eyes with the beautiful scene, we prepared to resume our journey. Instead of returning to the pass, our guide proposed to take us to a point around the elbow of the crater, and then down into its depths over a bank of coarse volcanic sand, which reached from the summit to the bottom, thus forming an incline-plane, two miles or more in length, and as steep as sand, made up of particles as large as bullets, could be made to lie. This route, he assured us, had never before been explored by white men, and our subsequent inquiries failed to convict him of falsehood. Our way, like that of the evening before, was rough and difficult, but over larger heaps of sand, which had been ejected from this part of the crater and lay in large quantities for miles up and down the mountain. For two or three miles before reaching the place of descent we found fragments of a very hard gray rock, unlike any we had seen before on the islands, fresh and unweather-stained, lying thick along our path, and in one place forming an immense pile on the side of the crater, and reaching from the bottom two or three hundred feet above the summit, where the larger pieces were laid up in walls around circular cells eight or ten feet in diameter, giving to the hill the appearance of a honey-comb. Who piled them up, when, or for what purpose, our guide could not or would not enlighten us. Probably they have some connection with the Hawaiian superstitious of former days.

After traveling along the brink of the abyss ten miles or so, including the distance passed over the night before, we reached the place of descent at the south-west angle of the crater. As we went down our animals sunk at every step up to their knees in the loose sand, the way being so steep that the particles of it disturbed by their feet would run on for rods before us, while it seemed impossible to keep the mules from turning a somersault and rolling end over end down to the bottom. Thus on we went, down, down, down, for a whole hour, as fast as whip and spurs could urge our cautious and mild-tempered beasts, till it seemed as though we should never reach the floor of the crater. At last, however, we found ourselves among the sand-hills, after a careful examination of which — having climbed to the tops of several and looked down into their funnel-like throats — we turned toward the east and rode four or five miles with the

south wall of the crater frowning directly above our heads. The lava streams which cropped out from the beds of sand in this locality seemed to be comparatively fresh and undecayed. Here, too, we found one *ohelo* bush and many plants of the Silver Sword—the statements of Commodore Wilkes and others who, like him, have attempted to describe what they never explored, to the contrary notwithstanding. The width of the crater is here four or five miles. The cave which we had resolved to make our home the second night was half way across it, and toward that we now shaped our course. Our guide hurried on before us, and having disappeared a few minutes beneath the surface, reappeared with a disappointed and gloomy look, exclaiming: “*Aoli wai; auwe! pilikia nui!*” which, in the best English I can put it, is: “No water; alas! we are in a pickle!” I crawled down through a little aperture made by the falling-in of a piece of the roof of an old lava flow, into a cavern perhaps twenty feet square, and carefully searched, but found no water. As our stupid or crafty old “bird-catcher” had broken our water container the day before, we had now been without drink for twenty-four hours, and were almost burning up with thirst, so that I was compelled to yield to the entreaties of my suffering companion and proceed on our journey without having fully explored the wonders of this grand old work-shop of Pele. We afterwards learned that there is always an inexhaustible supply of delicious water in the cave, but it must be dipped up through a little aperture in the rock, which the natives keep covered with a stone. Our guide had hastened on, slaked his own thirst, and, as he was to receive a stipulated sum for the journey, deceived us to shorten the time a day.

Passing over, we now journeyed on, close under the crater's northern wall, terrific in its grandeur, and apparently piercing the highest heavens. For three or four miles after leaving the cayern, the lava floor was level and the trail not difficult. Then it began to descend gradually toward the sea, and there our trials commenced, for Pilgrim's experience at the Hill of Difficulty, or Tasso's in *Inferno*, are nothing in comparison. In many places, high up on the frowning walls that hung above our heads, lava streams had burst out ages ago and run down and cooled into immense rivers of rock. These streams were nearly level on top, and as the floor of the crater descended they soon became elevated, sometimes hundreds of feet. Several times the trail led over these lofty ridges and

may be appropriately pronounced *horribly* rough. In some instances the lava was of the species called by the natives "*aa*"—hard, angular, sharp, and in formation like clinkers from a blacksmith's forge. We were now constantly passing up and down ridges and chasms in these irregular fields of rock, some of them having an altitude or depth of hundreds of feet. Occasionally our mules must jump down a bench of rock higher than their backs and land on a narrow foot-path, where a false step would plunge them down a dizzy depth. These streams of lava narrowed as they flowed, till they became sharp ridges scarcely a foot or two wide on top and elevated several hundreds of feet, with sides steeper than the steepest roof on a gothic cottage. As we passed along, high in air, on the tops of these lofty ridges, on either hand looking down a giddy declivity of black and jagged shapes, with not even a green leaf to cheer the desolate scene, the reader, perhaps, can form some idea of the novelty and danger of our situation.

Near the end of our journey we passed some distance under the shadow of a lofty mountain, whose perpendicular cliffs and peaks, capped with clouds, hung at least a mile directly above our heads. Now and then wild and beautiful glens, densely wooded, wound away among its ridges, their lofty walls almost perpendicular, their tops seeming to open out into the very heavens, their bottoms narrowing down to a point, covered with majestic trees and ringing with the music of mountain torrents that dashed over the precipices and rushed along their rocky beds as if impatient to mingle their waters with the ocean. Hundreds of thousands of birds, so rare in other parts of the islands, have made these solitudes their home, and the music of their morning and evening anthem echoing from cliff to cliff calls vividly back to the pilgrim from other lands the glorious memories of his childhood.

Having ridden in one direction in the crater fifteen miles in nine hours, we came to that point where the two walls of rock on our right and left approached each other, forming a gateway out to the sea. Here our journey through the largest crater of the world was accomplished; and here, too, this sketch of a feat but seldom attempted by white men and never before by a woman, already too long, yet imperfect from brevity, must end.

THE WHITE SPURRED LUPIN.

(*Lupinus calcartus*. [KELLOGG.])

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

WE invite the attention of our readers to a remarkable species of Lupin recently introduced from Nevada Territory by Mr. Herbert C. Dorr.

This family constitutes one of the most varied and beautiful features of our Pacific Flora.

Could we truly read the language of the great God in the wonderful volume of Nature, it would disclose to us many marvelous relations in the exact adaptations of every product of the soil to its requirements; and all to the uses of man.

Alas! we are blind indeed, and have need to repeat, in the highest sense, the invocation of the great classic poet—

“What in us is dark, do Thou illumine.”

In all divine works there is an art for every eye; and we presume no person ever beheld one of these plants without in some degree admiring its radiated and very graceful foliage. Witness the plant before us—observe the rayed leaflets, arched upwards, and thence outward, and say if they do not express grace; and more—is there not also a light and airy toss, a very flourish of elation and joy! Tremblingly alive to the soothing breeze, our eyes never weary with watching the motions of these tiny leaflets. Mark the modest, tender leaf, half expanding beneath the rising day; then open handed, responsive to the smiles kind heaven sends, frank and frolicsome with the sunny hours; anon gently closing at dewy eve, and as the gloomy shades come down to our repose, and we sleep, so do they.

Many of these plants are clad in velvet, silk, or silvery satin, and canopied with flowers of heaven's own blue—often crowned with gold or royal purple, or, as in the subject before us, adorned as a bride. “If God so clothe the fields, how much more you, O ye of little faith.”

Lupins are cultivated to some extent in Europe, Asia and Africa as a coarse food or fodder. Dr. F. Unger remarks: “Lupins grow wild throughout the whole Mediterranean region, and *L. hirsutus* alone was cultivated by the Greeks, and serves now in that country as food

for cattle and the poorer classes of people, as it did for the Cynics. The Mainiots make use of it for food at the present day, and bake a bread from it, for which reason they are called Lupinophagi. *L. albus* and *L. termis*—both Mediteranean plants—are still cultivated in Italy. The former also in Sicily, Thrace and southern Russia; the latter in Sardinia, Corsica and Sicily, etc. They are, however, used almost exclusively as food for cattle. The *termis*, when cooked in salt water and shelled, are eaten in Egypt.”

Many of our native species furnish food for the Indians. The root of one species is a favorite article of diet among the western tribes. In Europe the white lupins are sometimes sown on fallow ground or vineyards, and plowed in as a manure when about a foot high.

Technical description.—Stem erect, eight to ten inches high, somewhat appressed, silky-pubescent throughout; leaflets seven to ten, sickle-shaped, channeled, lance-linear, acute, mucronate, base narrowed, half as long as the leaf-stem, although the upper are nearly equal. Stipules awl-shaped, acuminate, pointed, persistent. Flowers white, arranged alternately in a rather close raceme; the calyx silky villous, with a remarkable spur at the base, and with the upper two-toothed lip is also colored white; minutely bracteolate at the cleft—the lower lip long, boat-shaped, sharp and entire; pale green inclining to white. The Figure also represents the roundish banner with a long reflected claw, pubescent on the back—wings oblong, externally puberulent towards the apex—keel ciliate—stigma naked—pods hairy, four-seeded.

THE BOB-TAILED BLUE LUPIN.

(*Lupinus caudatus*. [KELLOGG.])

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

WE are under obligations to Mr. Herbert C. Dorr, for these newly discovered Lupins from Nevada Territory.

As they are closely allied, the relations and distinctions will appear more manifest by illustrating them together.

About the same in hight, both are spurred; each has a naked

stigma, contrary to the generic description of the Lupins. The most palpable difference to the popular eye, however, is seen in the color of the flowers. By a little closer observation, it will be seen that the number of leaflets in this is five to seven, instead of seven to ten, also the radiating direction being straight. To the eye of the observer, in the growing state, or one familiar with the specimens themselves, the silvery-satiny appearance of this species is quite characteristic.

The White Spurred and Bob-tailed Blue, in their suggestive aspect, are also peculiar; the former reminds one of the curt cock of a nun's bonnet; the latter of the old familiar song

"His hair was somewhat inclined to gray;
He wore it in a queue."

Technical Description.—Stem ascending, silvery-satiny, appressed, pubescent throughout; eight to ten inches high. Leaflets five to seven, linear-lanceolate, acute, mucronate, straight, base narrowed, about as long as the leaf-stem; stipules permanent, awl-pointed. Flowers blue, scattered and sub-whorled; floral portion of the raceme about twice as long as its stem, or two or three times as long as the leaf-stems; bracts falling off, twice as long as the flower-stemlets; calyx tubular-bell-shaped; upper lip straight, two-toothed, not colored, spurred base obtusely short, erect, subulate, half the length of the pedicel; lower lip long, entire; linear bracts, at the cleft conspicuous. Banner satiny pubescent on the back, chiefly along the middle portion; wings with an erect claw; keel silky eye-lashed; stigma naked; pods linear, silky, seeded. Found in the same localities as the former, but more rare.

A TRULY religious man will, in temporal things, have *eternal* motives; he will convert into interior worship his necessary occupations, and will, under the painfulness of some of them, render them pleasant from a principle of obedience and love to God. Like Daniel, though set over the provinces of Babylon, he will remember that Jerusalem is his country.

THE Pagans formed their gods to the likeness of men. The Christian religion forms man to the likeness of God.

THE BURIAL OF JESUS.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NIGHT, night o'er Palestine. Jerusalem,
Yet conscious of the terrors of the day,
Leaned on her trembling hills, and sought repose.
The murderer, whose blood-encrusted hands
Are crimson with the crime of yesterday,—
Grasping in sleep the instrument of death,
To war with spectres,—such repose may know.
There was a death-like stillness, without voice
Of wind or stream, or leafy stir of woods,
Or note of bird, or vital breath of flower,—
A hush intense, as earth, herself, were dead;
And the pale moon, so sorrowfully fair,
Struggling through cloud and darkness, still kept watch,
A stricken mourner, bending o'er the corse :
Then valley, city, mountain, stream and wood,
All that was wrapped within that murky veil
Of strange, unnatural darkness, heaved and quaked,
By some galvanic power to motion driven.

Advancing prematurely, his black car
Midnight had driven o'er the track of day,
His sable urn engrossing all the light,
He bore away a trophy and a spoil.
The veteran, with sudden palsy seized,
Lebanon shook upon his rock-girt throne ;
Carmel and Sharon, with their roseate crowns,
Wept in the utter darkness. Kedron shrunk
From the wild horrors of Jehoshaphat ;
And fair Bethesda's fountain troubled lay,
Although no angel stirred the limpid wave ;
And the still waters of Genesareth,
While not a wind was breathing, woke and boiled.
Through all those hilly borders the fair fruits
Of orange, fig, and date tree, shaken down,
Untimely scattered, lay. The lovely mount,
With its fair crown of olives, where the Lord
Had wandered morn and evening, sable-clad,

Mourned for the Presence that would come no more.
 Shivering within his banks, Jordan rolled on,
 As if he would escape the meteors dire
 That shot their lurid fires from cloud to cloud.
 Such was the night when faithful Joseph went
 To lay his Lord for burial. * * *

Pilate alone. Purple, or jeweled robe,
 Shone not beneath the gorgeous candelabra ;
 But a coarse garment wrapped his heaving chest ;
 Ashes were in his hair ; his head was low ;
 And the pale taper light but just revealed
 The conflict of his fearful ponderings.
 Unheard, unnoticed, the disciple stood
 Silent some time before him. Then in love,
 Or more perchance in pity, he drew near,
 Laying a hand upon the ashen brow,
 Whose swollen arteries wrought so fearfully.

Suddenly conscious, upward from his couch
 The stricken ruler started. One fierce pang,
 As eye met eye, shot through his inmost soul ;
 Then he was calm — a cold, relentless judge.

Joseph spake out his errand ; bending not
 With supplicating knee, in doubt, or fear,
 But simply, calmly, boldly. There was much
 In his unstudied singleness of heart
 That won upon the ruler, as he looked
 In the disciple's face, and answered him :
 "Even as thou wilt. The body shall be thine."
 He waved his hand, and quick the attendant passed ;
 Then, with low cadence, and inquiring eye,
 Again he spoke : "What thinkest thou of him
 We crucified to-day ? *Believest thou ?*"
 Joseph shrunk not from that deep, piercing eye.
 One silent prayer ascended ; he stood forth,
 And spoke what Pilate could not then gainsay,
 Mysteries of him who should, and who *had* come —
 Messiah, Shiloh, Christ, Emanuel.
 Pilate was troubled ; for his new-born faith
 Was struggling sore with aged unbelief ;
 And when he was alone he bowed himself,

With a deep groan, upon his very knees,
As if he would have crushed his deep remorse.

Ere Joseph entered Harat's dubious way,
He paused a moment where the Lord was scourged;
And yet again, where, crowned with thorns, he bent
His meek head to indignity—the mob
Mocking his weakness with the name of king.
Yet farther, was the stone whereon he leaned,
Fainting with grief and anguish. Farther still,
He blessed the Holy Mother. Could it be
These awful memories were reality?
Pressing a hand upon his throbbing brow,
As if to gain assurance, Joseph turned
From public haunts, and sought the place of death.
There was no light; but blackness over all,
Without relief—a visible despair.
One fearful shudder quivered in his heart,
When first Golgotha met his searching eye,
Making the blackness blacker. Then he bound
His throbbing bosom with the cords of faith,
And went on without fear. Suddenly woke
A lambent beam of light. It passed away;
But far amid the darkness it revealed
The features of the Crucified. Again
It touched the hovering shadows, and withdrew,
As a bright gleam of momentary joy,
Quivering an instant on the soul's despair,
It lived; it vanished. All was dark again.
The woven blackness slowly was unfurled,
Like heavy drapery, and from its depths
A lucid sphere burst upward on the gloom.
Majestic and effulgent it arose,
As if a sun were born at midnight deep,
Or God were present upon Calvary.
A light beamed outward from the Savior's brow—
The long foretold, the "Dayspring from on High."
'Twas not like sun, or moon, or any star;
The glory burst forth with endazzling strength,
As Life Divine had been made luminous,
Through its pure effulgence, OMNIPRESENT LOVE.

Joseph went on in silence to the cross;

But when he saw his faithful followers there,
 With torches dim beneath those wondrous lights,
 He bowed himself, and worshiped, with deep joy.

“Hosanna! Hail, Messiah! Redeemer! Christ!”
 Shouted the joyful followers of the Lord.
 Echo caught up the thrilling syllables;
 And as if earth had found ten thousand tongues,
 The silence became vocal, spreading far
 The swelling chorus. Wondering Lebanon,
 With his old cedars bowing their green heads,
 Cried from his depths: “All hail Emanuel!”
 Carmel and Sharon, with their flowery lyres,
 Sang a sweet anthem to the “Prince of Peace!”
 Hoary Sinai cried: “Redeemer! hail!”
 And Horeb answered: “Hail! Emanuel!”
 Jordan’s deep voice became articulate;
 And all his conscious waters leaped, and sang:
 “Hail! the Redeemer! Hail! Emanuel!”
 It swept o’er wide Judea. Every tree,
 And fragile reed, and bending bush, and flower,
 Joined as it might; until the anthem rose,
 Pealing away to meet the choirs of Heaven;
 Then, passing through creation’s farthest bound,
 Sphere cried to sphere: “All hail! All hail! Messiah!”
 He was arrayed for burial. As they bore
 The body on through Calvary, a wind
 Quickening and vital as the breath of God,
 Swept o’er the mountain, murmured through the vale;
 And every tree, and shrub, and creeping vine,
 Was stirred, as with devotion. Silently
 The cedar bowed himself. The kingly palm,
 Acacia, and majestic sycamore,
 And box, and fir, and date, and olive tree,
 Bent their green heads, and scattered dew, like tears.

The breeze swept on; and every ancient rock
 Gave out its deep-toned music; reed and ledge,
 The mountain rose, and lily of the vale,
 And every simple plant, and unnamed flower,
 Sang as if perfume had grown audible.
 The moon woke fair and brilliant; stars came out,
 For clouds had vanished from the blue of heaven,

And glittering dew-drops then embalmed the Dead,
Like tears of angels, tinged with hues of joy.

They brought him to the sepulchre; and then
The faithful followers from Galilee
Drew near, and stood around. One started forth
From mid a bending group. Her raven hair
Flowed loose upon the wind. The dark eyes shone
With love and deep devotion beaming still,
Though their young brightness had been quenched in tears.
Flinging the mesh of hair from her white arms,
She clung around the body and poured out
The torrent of her tears, without restraint.
Her agony of tears betrayed the Magdalene.

“Peace to thee Mary! He shall rise again.”
A gentle hand passed o’er the weeper’s brow;
She turned, and saw the Blessed Mother there.
HER features wore the calm and holy light
Of one conversant long with things divine.
The face was living alabaster. Low,
In meekness bent the beautiful veined lids,
With their rich fringes drooping on her cheek,
Like evening shadows penciled upon snow.

Earnestly gazing on the lifeless form
Of that Mysterious One, whom she had borne,
And nursed, and loved, and led to man’s estate,
And followed unto death, and to the grave,
She thought of him a babe, a child, a youth—
How winning, and how gentle he had been;
She thought of him in manhood’s glowing prime,
The Leader, and the Healer, followed still
By multitudes, to worship, or destroy—
The Persecuted—the Despised—Adored.
She traced his line of life, until she came
To the dread moments of Gethsemane—
Thence to the cross. She felt the cruel taunt,
The crown of thorns, the vinegar, the gall,
The venomed mockery, the nails, the spear,
The agony so meekly, gently borne—
So powerless, yet so mighty; and her heart
Writhed, with *his* wrongs and tortures to its core.
But her deep anguish, soothed by that strange power,

Which yet shone back, reflected from his life,
 Felt the sweet comfort of a higher faith.
 The full proportions of his character,
 Majestic, yet so childlike, seemed to stand
 Arrayed with life before her—all divine—
 But most that pure, that heavenly modesty,
 Shadowing his glory with so soft a veil,
 The very humblest only felt his love.
 Had mother ever such a son as he?
 How could she go away, and leave him there,
 So still, so cold, so lifeless? She bowed down,
 Praying for strength; and strength was given her.

She brought no kiss; she offered no embrace;
 But once she pressed her lips upon his cheek,
 Pausing a moment, as if heart and mind
 Were struggling for the mastery; till the love
 A mother ever feels had blended with
 A sentiment of deepest reverence.
 She laid her hand in silence on his brow,
 Feeling how cold it was. One yearning look;
 Then all the mother gushed into her eyes;
 And taking Mary's hand, she turned away.

Perfume and spices breathed through all the tomb
 Where Joseph laid him. Then they went their ways;
 And angels came and kept the sepulchre.

THE WIFE.

A STORY OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

CHAPTER I.

THE little village of Pownal, Vermont, was very quiet in the autumn of 1854. Indeed, there were two or three clusters of houses which might have been called villages, in the great rambling town, connected by roads that wound beside the river, or wandered off among the hills. But the one of which I write, nestled at the foot of the hill,

just where the long covered bridge spans the Hoosac river. Over this hill ran a rough mountain road, grass-grown, save where occasional wheels had worn their traces, leading up to the scattered farm-houses among the mountains, and thence over the state line into Massachusetts. Passing the bridge to the other bank of the river, a road more travelled, but even more wild and picturesque, followed the river around the foot of the mountain by what was called the "dug way," and thence on to Williamstown. In this village were some dozen or more old brown houses of nondescript architecture and a tumble-down look, together with a slight sprinkling of modern white and yellow painted ones that looked like innovators; a large, unpainted woolen factory, old and weather-stained, a school-house, a little store, and a neat church with white walls and green blinds—another modern innovation. Very quiet, and refreshingly country-like was the place, for the desecrating screech of the locomotive, with all its attendant Babel, had not yet found its way there.

There was one large square-roofed two-story house nearly opposite the church which evidently had been an aristocratic mansion in its day, and had a certain grandness in its appearance even then, though its roof was mossy, and its exterior bore the traces of many storms and very many winters. But on this particular morning, the early sunshine and the unrivalled September day, clad it and the maples and lilac clumps in its ample front yard with a glory that made every shingle and board and chimney beautiful, and poured a flood of magnificence through its open front window into the great rag-carpeted sitting-room. A man hale and stout, looking not much past the prime of manhood, stood there before a large glass with an old-fashioned gilt frame.

"Well, wife," said he, turning around and facing the person addressed, while he buttoned his collar at the back of his neck, "are you going or not?"

The lady moved uneasily on the lounge where she was reclining, and answered, with a snap of her black eyes: "No, I am not going. I shall suffer enough just to know what's going on, without seeing it."

"But what will folks say?" said the man, picking up his cravat.

"I can't help what they say," returned the lady slowly, bathing her forehead with camphor from a bottle she held in her hand.

"Re'lly now, Miss Edwards, I don't see what you feel so bad about. There's nothing agin the girl that I know of."

Mrs. Edwards put down her bottle of camphor, and raised herself with a look that was meant to be withering. "Is that all you require in your son's wife, that there shall be nothing special against her?"

"Oh, well now, don't fetch a fellow up so. To be sure she aint as handsome as you used to be, and she aint rich, but then no more aint Arthur. She's the right age for him, though, and she's healthy and got good sense and a pretty good eddication, they say. Fact, wife, I shouldn't wonder if Arthur'd got the best of the bargain, after all."

The lady deigned no reply. Mr. Edwards finished his toilet and went to the door. Then he turned round again. "If you won't go, why, I'll have to go alone and make the best excuse I can for you."

Mrs. Edwards was quite silent, her face covered with her handkerchief. So her husband passed out, shutting the great rickety hall door after him, and took his way across the road to the church.

On the steps he stopped, and with his hand shading his eyes, looked across the bridge and up the road on the other side. As he stood there a knot of little girls brushed past him, bearing a large basket.

"What are you going to do with that?" said he.

"Oh, we've got some wreaths and some bouquets, and we're going to fix up the church, 'cause the school-ma'am's going to be married."

"She is, is she? and are you glad of it?"

"I aint glad she's going away, for I like her ever so much, but I want to see a wedding, 'cause I never did in all my life," answered one of the little misses.

Mr. Edwards walked up the aisle of the empty church, and sitting down in one of the pews, watched the little girls, as they flitted about, placing a wreath here and a bouquet there, under the supervision of a smart miss of fourteen, and at last strewing the main aisle of the church with the blossoms left in their basket.

"Well," thought Mr. Edwards, "it really does look nice. The scholars must think something of the teacher, or they wouldn't take all this pains."

Presently people began to come in—young men and maidens and children, and even old men and matrons, till the church was better filled than it had often been on the Sabbath. Why is it that we all, everywhere, take such an interest in a wedding?

A few moments of fluttering expectation and busy exchanging of whispers and then everybody turned to look, for up the flower-strewn aisle came the bridegroom and his bride. A tall, well formed young man, tastefully attired, and with a singularly handsome face, and by his side a lady in a travelling dress, of medium height and plain featured—yet the abundant brown hair shaded a forehead broad and full, and the grey eyes had intellect and power in them.

Mr. Edwards watched the face of the bride and noted every change in it, from the sudden lighting of the eye and the flush of pleased surprise when she first glanced at the floral labors of her pupils, to the downcast look and calm demeanor, modest, yet not timid, with which she stood beside his son, while the brief and simple ceremony went on. She neither blushed nor trembled, but in that quiet which is born of deep happiness, she gave her all of earth to the keeping of the man beside her with an earnest consciousness of the act which made her utterly oblivious of the inquisitive eyes that scanned her from pew and gallery.

When the minister said "Amen," Mr. Edwards drew a long breath. He had always had a kindly feeling toward his son's betrothed—she had grown in his estimation that morning. "There's a good deal to that girl," thought he. "Arthur might have suited his mother and done worse. Sorry Miss Edwards feels so bad about it;" and amid the hand shakings and congratulations that followed, he marched up to his daughter-in-law, gave her a hearty kiss, and following the pair to their carriage, urged Arthur to "bring his wife right home when he came back to Pownal, and let her stay there till he knew what he was going to do."

"Dear me!" thought he, as they drove away, "what would Miss Edwards say if he should."

On through the long sunny day went the married pair, the panorama of mountain and river and forest ever shifting around them, and they two alone with their love and their great joy. To love and to be loved; it is the key that unlocks all in our nature that is noble, all that is human, and all in the universe that makes life desirable or immortality glorious.

"Now, Hannah," said Miss Blackington, Mrs. Edwards' maiden sister, who dropped in after the wedding, "this has just worried you sick, I know. It is too bad! I had twenty minds about going to see 'em married, but, on the whole, I thought I'd better. You see, folks won't talk so much."

Miss Blackington knew in her heart that she never could resist the temptation to be present at a marriage.

"Poor Arthur," said Mrs. Edwards, with a fresh burst of tears, "he is my only child, and I had set my heart on him so much."

Miss Blackington wiped her eyes in sympathy and resumed: "She wasn't dressed anyhow; had on a silver grey poplin, just such a one as I wear afternoons, and a bonnet of gray silk just made plain—looked for all the world like a Quakeress."

"I shouldn't have been surprised if she'd worn calico," said Mrs. Edwards.

"Mary Mason told me, the other day, that the girl hasn't got any good clothes. She's only got one silk dress, and that is black and looks as if it had been made over. I asked Mary what she 'sposed she'd done with the money she earned this summer, and she says she guesses it went to her aunt down in Connecticut. It seems her uncle is a miserable drunkard, and they're wretched poor."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Edwards, "that's worse than I thought. I knew her relations weren't anybody, but I didn't think they were so miserable as that."

"Arthur is so handsome, too," rejoined the other; "I couldn't hardly help crying this morning, to look at him standing up to be married to that Ruth Lee. He might have married any girl in Pownal or Williamstown either. But she's been setting her cap for him ever since she's been here; I've seen that plain enough."

"Oh, well!" said Mrs. Edwards, raising herself up and smoothing her disordered hair, "I'm afraid I'm not bearing this as a christian ought to. All these trials are sent for our good, I know. But it's very hard. And Mr. Edwards is so queer—he never did have a bit of feeling for me about anything."

CHAPTER II.

It was five o'clock. The September afternoons had begun to grow cool, and the mountain side had a tinge of red and yellow here and there in its green. The air was so still that every separate leaf fall could be heard, and the sound of the river's flow came up, almost startling the traveller by its seeming nearness. Winding slowly around the narrow "dug way" between the river and the mountain was a light covered buggy with two occupants. The tramp of the

horse said very plainly "I am tired," and his driver seemed too much pre-occupied to notice his pace.

"There is one thing, Ruth," said the gentleman to his lady companion; "I ought to have spoken to you about it long ago, but I dreaded it and so kept putting it off: What would you say if I should tell you I thought of going to California?"

The lady was looking dreamily through the trees, where the river on before them gleamed in the red sunset. Instantly the dreamy expression vanished from her face, and the eager eyes sought his.

"Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly I am. I've been thinking about it for more than a year."

She was silent a moment, then, in a tone not quite so eager yet very firm and cheerful, she said: "I should say just what another Ruth of old time said to a dear friend."

Arthur smiled. "You're a nice accommodating little wife," said he, "but I haven't told you the worst of it yet; if I go, I can't take you with me; that is, I should have to go on alone, and then send for you as soon as I could."

The honest eyes showed very plainly that those words had brought a cloud, but they had no language to tell of its blackness, of the momentary ceasing of all the throbbing pulses of young life, as when one recoils from an abyss yawning suddenly in his pathway.

But Arthur could not guess of that; how should he, when, save a white cheek and trembling lip, he saw only a calm exterior. At length he said, a little impatiently: "Well, Ruth?"

Her voice was very husky—almost harsh—as she answered: "I think that is the worst of it, indeed, Arthur. How could I stay here and let you go alone? Why not both go together?"

"For several reasons, darling, which I think unanswerable. I have thought it all over and over and tried to get around them, but I can't. In the first place, I've got hardly means enough to bear my own expenses out. Then I don't know what I'm going to do when I get there. I know nobody there except cousin Fred; you remember, I spoke to you about him. I shall have to look around and see what I can get to do, and meanwhile, how are we going to live? If I am alone, I can get along in almost any way, you know, but if I have you with me, why of course, I must make you comfortable, and Fred assures me it costs something to be comfortable anywhere

in California. I wrote to him a while ago and told him I was going to be married, and he advised me in his answer not to bring my wife with me unless I was sure of a situation as soon as I landed, or had funds enough to support us for a time. I know it will be very hard, but it will be hard for me, too, and you must bear it bravely for my sake. I feel sure I could send for you in five or six months, at the longest, perhaps, in three or four, and that time will slip away a great deal faster than we think now."

"But wouldn't it be better for us both to remain here, where the necessary expenses of living are not very great, until we have accumulated sufficient means to go to California together. I know I should have no heart to work, away from you—I don't believe you would, away from me."

"Shouldn't I, if I was working for you? And then, what can I do here? Pshaw! I'm disgusted with this one-horse country. Here I've been carrying around a load of coppers in my pockets all day heavy enough to make me feel tired, and all of them won't count up to a York shilling. Now, that's just a specimen of Yankee land. In California, Fred says, you never see any change less than a dime."

"Perhaps, though, the copper is worth as much here as the dime is there."

"Perhaps so, but I couldn't grub along, as I should have to here, for a mere pittance. It isn't in my nature. I've got too much of the Blackington blood in me for that. The fact is, Ruth, I'm bound to be rich, and I'm going to do it in the shortest way possible, provided it is an honorable way, of course. My grandfather was rich and my great-grandfather, and my father might have been, if he hadn't been so confoundedly unlucky. I don't think I could ever be happy if I were poor."

"I think I should be very happy with you, if we were always poor. However, I believe that money makes people happier, if they know how to use it; but, Arthur, I would never propose to myself wealth as an end in life."

Presently she added: "If you have such a desire to be rich, I am almost afraid you will some day regret that you did not marry a rich wife, as you once told me your mother wished you to do."

"Not a bit of it, Ruth. I want a wife with my money, and one that knows how to use it and to show it off, too. I never thought you had a pretty face, Ruth; I never told you so; but you've got a

brain behind that forehead of yours," and Arthur smoothed the brown hair underneath the plain bonnet with a caressing tenderness that sent a delicious thrill to Ruth's heart, "and dress and contact with polished society, and the accomplishments you would acquire so easily, would make a splendid woman of you. Oh, you shall have every advantage; you may learn music and painting and languages and everything else you have so coveted to know; and one day we'll come back here and astonish these people that look down upon you now."

Ruth smiled sadly. "I haven't much ambition to astonish people, Arthur, but you're a very fine castle builder, I must confess. But to come back to reality, where will you leave me when you go away?"

"In my father's house, of course, Ruth. Don't you remember what he said to us the morning we were married? Nothing would please the old gentleman better. You'd be the greatest comfort in life to him."

"He has always seemed very kind to me," said Ruth, and then she stopped and wound and unwound the fringe of her shawl around her finger. "Arthur," at length she said, with the air of one whose mind is made up to say something which might be unpleasant, "perhaps it is only a fancy, but I half suspect your mother is rather prejudiced against me. I think she is not quite pleased with your marriage."

"Oh!" said Arthur, and he avoided meeting the clear eyes that rested on his face, "you mustn't mind mother. She is queer sometimes, I know, but she thinks the world of me, and she'll like you as well as father does when she gets acquainted with you. She doesn't know anything about you yet. But here we are at our gate already, and there's father in the back yard."

[To be continued.]

MI-EAU IN AMERICA.—A New York paper says that a lad in that city on delivering his milk, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied with much simplicity, "unless they put in warm water instead of cold."

SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

THE WIDOW CROLEY AND HER BEAUTIFUL NIECE.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

ON the following week, which was to close the district school for the summer, while the beautiful school mistress was engaged in her profession, the Widow Croley pondered seriously the subjects of her long conversations with her niece, and resolved, thoughtfully and painfully, upon a change of residence. She felt assured that her adopted child could never feel perfectly at home in the little village of E——; her splendid talents and generous nature required a larger and different sphere of action.

“It will be a severe trial to leave Maple Hall,” she exclaimed, as she paced alone the polished floor of her library, as on a former occasion, and, indeed, as was her habit when her mind was occupied with any exciting subject,—“the scene of all my hopes, and all my fearful disappointments, rendered dearer, even, for my griefs, than for my joys. Strange that sorrow should have more potent power than happiness to attach the heart to home; and yet, now that I think of leaving Maple Hall, I feel that it is so. My dead—‘in the deep bosom of the ocean buried’—do yet repose here—for *here* I mourned for them—*here* I resigned them to Heaven. These very walls are their monuments—tablets of my unutterable grief, almost despair. O God! I tremble when I think how near my spirit came to the dark verge of hopeless misery. And all I look out upon, my grounds and groves, the bay and western sky, remind me of my lost treasures. They give me back my husband and my boys in flitting shadows. Where last I saw them, bounding through the trees in merry sport, I seem to see them now—the fleecy clouds of sunset take their forms and float in beauty by—the deep-toned waters chime their solemn dirge. Ah! must I leave my consecrated home, upon whose threshold still I hear the sound of their departing footsteps? Will it not wrong the dead to tear my soul away from all their earthly haunts? I did not feel till now that I was buried with them, and but left a statue of myself in the dark world when they departed.

“Yes, I *must* go; a power within, beyond my own control, impels me. Is it the voice of my dear angel sister, pleading with my heart for her sweet child?—now doubly mine—my all. I will obey. Her beautiful young life, so fresh from God, so full of noble aspirations, must have scope. I will not hold her here a captive, pining through the years for a congenial home and scene of action. Yes, I *must* leave thee, Maple Hall, dear sacred home, ‘where I had hoped to spend, though sad,’ the remnant of my days. Be brave, my heart, be brave and strong for this new sacrifice.”

After this sorrowful soliloquy, this brief indulgence in past memories and griefs, the Widow Croley silenced every morbid sentiment by determined effort, and addressed herself with energy to the practical duties of life, to executing her new plans for the future. And she experienced a mournfully sublime pleasure in becoming her own iconoclast, and immolating upon the altar of self-sacrifice her dearest household gods. She determined heroically, that with the aid of Heaven every idol should be broken, and that henceforth she would live only for the living, while she should remain a denizen of earth; that her money, her time, and her talents, all should be devoted to the improvement and happiness of others, consecrated to the service of humanity.

This was complete self-abnegation. She thought only to communicate enjoyment, without the hope of promoting her own, for her heart seemed too cold and dead to be reanimated. But a cheerful, happy spirit followed as a natural result, as a beautiful moral and philosophical sequence. In abandoning her sad heart awhile, and going forth to promote the good and happiness of others, she weakened the ties of grief that had so long bound her, and took back to her own bosom a portion of the pleasure that she created for them. And such is the ordination of Heaven. And in her struggle to set aside her own peculiar tastes and morbid tendencies, which had been fostered by her sorrows, and to act generously toward her niece, her sympathies enlarged until they embraced humanity; she burst the narrow chrysalis of SELF, her soul took wing and clothed itself in its immortal beauty, to begin below the life of an angel, and enjoy the freedom of the universe. Maple Hall and its associations were no longer needed to restore her loved ones, for wherever she turned they came near to her spirit, overshadowed by the presence of the Father, and the world was full of life, light and beauty. And in her clear

perception of the *sublime fullness of life*, she lost the dread and pain of death for herself and for all. Death appeared indeed a "shadow," and the grave but the passage to immortality.

Ah, she had gained the christian philosopher's eminence, and lived henceforth above the clouds and storms of earth. Through suffering, self-abnegation and trust in Heaven, she had become superior to suffering; which is the true supremacy of man over his accidents. And they only can reach such heights, and dwell in the calm, clear atmosphere of peace and joy, who have been made strong through suffering; whose souls have been tempered in the fires of adversity.

When Sarah Mandiville returned to Maple Hall at the close of the week, she learned from her aunt with joyful surprise, that she had determined upon residing for the future in her beloved city of B——, and should remove there in the early part of the autumn; and that she had already forwarded an order for the purchase of the young lady's former residence, which had been sold after the decease of her father, and that they were to live in the dear old home, associated with all the pleasant reminiscences of her childhood and youth. Maple Hall and its grounds were to be sold, and they were to take a final leave of country life and enter together upon a new sphere of usefulness. The young lady fully appreciated the great sacrifice that the Widow Croley had made for her; and putting her arms lovingly about her, while resting her head upon her bosom, she wept her grateful acknowledgment. They both wept together, moved by conflicting feeling, and memories too deep and tender for language.

And so they passed away from the little village of E——, one in the beauty of youth, the other in the beauty of perfect womanhood, to go forth as lights in the world—as teachers and guides. Their subsequent history is written in the hearts of those for whom they rendered the path of knowledge easy and pleasant, and the way of virtue attractive and beautiful. The exit of the young lady with her aunt was no less unexpected and startling to the NEIGHBORS than her entrance had been, and it continued to be the theme of many a "tea-party" for many a month. Some of the NEIGHBORS intimated that it was a real indignity to them for the Widow Croley to sell her property and leave the village—that she had no right to set herself above her neighbors, as she undoubtedly did, or she would not have left them. And others appeared to think seriously that the grave-yard had been deprived of its lawful prey by her departure. "They had

always counted," they said, "upon her resting there at the end of her journey." Polly Spoonall declared "that she had been looking year after year to see the Widow Croley droop and die, because she took the death of her husband and children so much to heart; and she had often thought that *if she should die*, her monument would be very costly and a real ornament to the village churchyard—and now she was actually going to leave them. Well, well, there's no telling what will happen." But there were others who felt deeply the loss of their society in the village, and would often speak regretfully and admiringly of the Widow Croley, of her patient endurance of suffering which was a bright christian example for others; and of the kind heart and winning manners of her beautiful niece.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS, too, have passed long since away from the little village of E—— to more enduring mansions. Another generation of men and women have arisen, filled their vacant places,

"Lived where their fathers lived, died where they died,"

and passed through the village churchyard to immortality, leaving a brief record there in passing. And yet another generation of *children*, that came after *them*, are now passing away, with grey locks and wrinkled brows, through the same portal. We are all passing away. Nothing in life is so certain as the event we call death. Yes, we are all passing away—not into gloom, darkness and nothingness; but into a clearer and more perfect day. We can take nothing with us there, to constitute our capital for eternity, but the talents with which we entered upon our mortal existence, improved by culture, and the little love and thoughtfulness of others that we have cherished amid the coldness, hardness and conflicting interests of the world. And if it appear in that clearer day, in which the secrets of all hearts will be revealed, and where there can be no disguises, that we have invested *ourselves*, our intellectual and moral natures, in business, politics and pleasures, merely; then shall we be, of all bankrupts, most miserable. How starved, how meagre, how pitiable will appear our shriveled souls!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS regretted—after time had revealed to them more clearly the true character of some of their neighbors, and showed them to have been truly noble and deserving—that they were governed by their prejudices, and did not extend that aid and sympathy to them in their needs and sorrows that would have ameliorated their hard conditions and comforted their wounded spirits.

We all have neighbors who have claims upon our love and kindness, and who have noble qualities to counterpoise their little faults and errors of judgment, that we shall not fail to discover, if we observe them with care. Let us not have, also, to regret that we were too late in rendering them the aid and sympathy they had a right to claim, as children of one common Father. We are everywhere surrounded by those who appeal strongly, though silently, to our humanity—let them not appeal in vain. Let us give joyful speech to their “poor, dumb mouths.” A cup of cold water, a loaf of bread, and a kind word, are trifles to bestow on one of earth’s poor, weary pilgrims, but they give strength and hope for the journey, and return to the giver in prayers and blessings.

A DRAWING-ROOM SKETCH *FROM THE LIFE TO THE LIFE*.—There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years—serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as when history toasted her. What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, the rank and beauty of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms.

She is as simple now, as though she had never had any flattery to dazzle her. She is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which, after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now she is so old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner.

But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

THACKERAY.

SUCH age how beautiful! O lady bright,
Whose mortal elements seem all refined
By favoring nature, and a saintly mind,
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood. When e’er thou meet’st my sight.
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops, because thy soul is meek,
Thee, with the welcome snow-drop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation to the genial prime;
Or with the moon, conquering earth’s misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive evening deepens into night.

WORDSWORTH.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

SOFTLY flit the fairy-fancies
Through the sunlight of my brain,
Weaving spells of weird romances
In a laughing, joyous strain—
Gently creeping,
Gaily leaping,
Twilight revels strangely keeping
In my brain.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
While my soul is wrapt in thought,
Wait they not to be invited,
Quite unwelcome and unsought—
Never sitting,
Ever flitting,
All the earnestness outwitting
Of my thought.

Thus to have my being haunted
By these fairies all astray,
By these elfin-sprites enchanted,
Is a spell upon my way,
That shall borrow
For the morrow
All the pleasure and the sorrow
Of to-day.

In my hours of quiet musing,
By these phantoms thus caressed,
I have lost the right of choosing,
As I ought, my favored guest.
Uninvited,
Often slighted,
Come they ere the lamps are lighted
For a guest.

Thus they come—the fairy-fancies—
Laughing, flitting through my brain ;

Weaving spells of wild romances,
In a wayward, joyous strain—
Gaily creeping,
Fondly leaping,
Even now their revels keeping
In my brain.

THE PRIMITIVE THANKSGIVING.

BY FRANCES GREEN MCDUGAL.

THIS, too, was a November day, 1621. On the wild shore of Plymouth a group of low log cabins, each with its bit of garden plot in front, ran parallel with a range of hills that sheltered them from the north. These were the homes of the May-Flower Pilgrims—the fathers and the mothers of New England. A prattling brook, of which early and honorable mention is made in their history, wound along down the declivities, turning hither and thither in its course, as if seeking to come nearer some more genial spot; and in nooks of the highlands, and along the narrow belt of the valley, lay their corn-fields, dun and solemn in their loss of treasure, which seemed to be lamented by the moaning winds, as they swept over the dead stubble, and then went whistling off among the bare and shivering trees.

In a little sheltered nook near by, lay a mournful cluster of low mounds. There, underneath the grass of but a single summer, slept their dead. In the short space of four months, they had parted with more than half of their original number—with what anguish it is difficult for us to conceive. Oh, how unspeakably dearer were those brave hearts for all they had hoped, believed, sacrificed, and suffered together. •

Which ever way the eyes might look inland, the dark old forest stretched with an unbroken shadow, hiding within its awful depths, difficulties and dangers unknown. Dashing against the abrupt shore, and rounding off the eastern horizon, opened the great and terrible sea; and the deep echo of its surging chime went up ever through the woods, even in the calmest seasons swelling the sharp notes of the bending pines to a sublimer music; but in storms, the same wind that lashed the waves, swept over the wrenched and groaning woods

with a prolonged roar, like one continuous peal of deep and angry thunder. And over all hung the leaden sky of a chilly November day.

It would be difficult to imagine a situation more dreary—more forlorn than this. A dot of pasture and plough-land, on the very verge of the sterile coast, with no road inland, and not even a boat in the harbor, had sufficed, thus far, to sustain and comfort that heroic little band, who were by their position completely isolated, with an ocean of woods behind, and an ocean of waves before. But in the spirit of that faith which taketh hold of trials in such a way that they become blessings, they rejoiced in the present, and devoutly trusted for the future.

The hand of the Destroying Angel had been stayed. A season of comparative plenty had succeeded the early famine. The harvests were gathered in. It was but an act of filial gratitude for past and prospective mercies, that they should meet together, and keep a general feast of Thanksgiving.

At the house of good-wife Chilton, and late the residence of her excellent husband, James, which stood nearly in the center of the group alluded to above, was held this first celebration of the day.

A slight partition between the two principal apartments had been removed for the occasion; and the spacious fire-place was bright with blazing logs.

The room was so filled with guests that its bareness of furniture could not be so sensibly felt as it would otherwise have been. It contained but one proper chair; and that, being the post of honor, was conceded to Mistress Carver, who, besides being their Governor's widow, was in delicate health. The other seats consisted of rough benches, stools, blocks, and a high-backed screen, or "settle," as it was then called, with a box under the seat, divided by partitions, for holding tools, and a variety of other articles in common use.

There were a small stand and table, evidently of home manufacture; but the board that was spreading for the approaching feast consisted of a series of squared logs, each one elevated on stout legs, and the whole fitting so well together as to leave no objectionable gap between. This ran nearly the whole length of the apartment, and parallel with its outer wall, along which was a bench for seating a portion of the guests. It was covered with linen damask, which, for fineness and whiteness, was the pride of the good dame's heart, having been manufactured by her own thrifty hands during their long sojourn in Holland.

The walls were entirely bare, consisting of the hewn sides of the logs themselves, rough, but fitting so well together by their horizontal surfaces, as to make the apartment tolerably secure from the outer air. They were, however, garnished with a variety of ornaments in the sylvan and agricultural line. The antlers of a deer, inclining gently forward, were spread imposingly over the fire-place, and above the front entrance opposite, were expanded the wings of a large eagle. Bunches of Indian corn of various colors, white, yellow, red and blue, were suspended at intervals from wooden pegs in the ceiling, interspersed with a variety of squashes, pumpkins, hats, caps, and various garments. The only foreign ornaments were those contained in a beaufet, and a round mirror of perhaps six inches in diameter. The curtain of the beaufet was studiously drawn aside, displaying a small but choice tea-service of Delft ware, with the plates disposed edge-wise on the shelves, and every cup set into its own saucer, as if with an eye to making the most of itself. The whole was a perfect miniature to anything now known, and looked more like the service of a baby-house, than anything designed for the refection of living and grown-up people. The mirror was adorned with a festoon of red and green peppers, strings and clusters of red berries, with some beautiful feathers, grasses, and amaranthine flowers stuck in the frame. The table, which was already in the course of being laid out, was spread with wooden trenchers and platters of the same material, the halves of gourd and squash shells, serving to contain many of the vegetables, with smaller ones for the salt, which was their only condiment. A range of shelves in a recess on each side of the fire was furnished with wooden boxes of various dimensions, and vessels formed of gourd and squash shells, all of which were filled with different varieties of dried corn, beans, and peas.

Yet rude as were their present accommodations, all of these people had been more or less tenderly nurtured; and many of them were of gentle blood. What better gauge can be given of the strength of their principles, than their having voluntarily relinquished comforts, conveniences, and luxuries, which long habit had rendered necessary, for privations and dangers such as even then surrounded them.

Although it was yet scarcely mid-day, the pale and often clouded sunbeams came but obscurely through the oiled paper, which supplied the place of glass to the high and narrow windows, lending a dim, religious light which heightened the solemnity of the scene. But

the ruddy glow of the fire, well symbolizing the "inner light," which that devoted band had made so gloriously manifest, fell on such a group of faces as perhaps never were gathered on any other merely festive occasion.

Adjusted comfortably as might be, in the most sheltered corner, sat good Mistress Carver, relict of their late lamented Governor; and on either hand were Stephen Bradford and Isaac Allerton, who, doubtless by the sympathy of similar bereavements, were attracted to her side. A little removed from these were Edward Winslow and his new wife, late the widow of William White; they having lost their early companions had turned to comfort each other. On an Indian mat at the feet of the dame, sat the little orphaned Peregrine, chirping and crowing as merrily as if he had had a Turkey carpet, instead of a rough mat of wooden fibre, to tumble and roll upon. In happy unconsciousness of either loss or inconvenience, and wholly unsuspecting the important position in all the future history of his people with which the circumstance of his birth would invest him, he already betrayed that sprightly roguishness, for which he afterward became quite noted. With instinctive quickness he seemed to have already discovered that he was a favorite; for as he was the first white child born in this land, the good people had cause to regard his life as something rare and sacred. In spite of all his mother could do, he would creep away on to the bare floor and tug away at the frock of a babe, who, though only a few weeks older, was a vast deal graver. This was Oceanus, son of Stephen Hopkins, who was disposed to sit quietly on his father's knee, looking up occasionally with a serious and thoughtful face, and then down at young Master White, as if wondering now that young gentleman could be so exceedingly volatile, when everybody else was thinking and acting so very soberly. His, too, was a remarkable birth—he having been the only child born on the passage of the May-Flower. Close by stood the pale widow of William Mullins, mournfully caressing the children. Just beyond, and nearly in the middle of the room, sat Elder Brewster; and on either hand his worthy coadjutors, Dr. Samuel Fuller and Captain Miles Standish. Rounding off to the other corner, was a group of young people, now and then whispering together, but evidently held in constraint; and moving about among them was John, the mischievous son of Francis Billington, a boy of fourteen, who, from his sly looks, had evidently some business of his own in

the course of operation. And presently one of the young women, in attempting to move, revealed the nature of his designs; for it was ascertained that a whole row of girls, and three young men were pinned together by their kerchiefs and coat-skirts. A suppressed titter was followed by a grave rebuke from the Elder, with a somewhat sharper one from Captain Standish; and the young offender was seated for punishment in a remote corner of the room, from which, however, he soon contrived to steal out, with a look that seemed to say he would make it all up to himself presently.

The good hostess was moving about in all directions, seeking what could be done for the comfort of her guests; but mostly active in the remote portion of the apartment, where, by another fire-place equally huge, her culinary affairs were progressing.

But in spite of all these little incidents, a spirit of deep sadness hung over the scene; for although the occasion was avowedly a festive one, did not their very coming together remind them more forcibly of the lost ones, who were sleeping so quietly in their new graves? They were a company of bereaved ones; for few indeed were there, who had not in the course of the last bitter year, been invaded by death—and often more than once, in the very bosom of their own household. But while they had held themselves in readiness to surrender their own lives, if need were, to the necessity of sustaining their faith, they had meekly bowed themselves beneath the infliction whenever kindred lives were laid on the altar of sacrifice. And thus, while every overt expression of sorrow was studiously avoided, their joy also was chastened by the sufferings they had passed through.

But the cheerful fire sent out its warm glow, and presently infused a more genial spirit. Yielding to the benign influence, and a sense of religious obligation to lay their sorrows by for the present, the shadows fell from the fair and pensive brow of Mistress Carver; and she spoke pleasantly to those around. Then Captain Standish, calling upon Stephen Hopkins to sustain him, gave an animated narration of some of their late adventures among the Indians. After this, Elder Brewster read a letter from their late beloved pastor, John Robinson, who had remained in Holland, and, at length, the conversation became general.

In a brief pause, Edward Winslow, approaching the hostess with that air of courtly elegance which was alike native and the result of refined association, and bowing low, said: "Permit me, Mistress

Carver, to inquire why the fair star of this evening is so late in making her appearance? Methinks if she could not have seen how anxiously I have been looking for my sweet young sister-in-law, she might have felt the attractive power of other eyes, which, for the last half hour, at least, have seen nothing worth looking at save the bobbin that pertaineth to the opening of yonder door;" and as he spoke, his eyes glanced on his young brother John, who, blushing like a girl, rose and went to the window.

He was followed by Stephen Hopkins, who remarked, pointing to the woods: "Yonder is hunting, my boy, such as the sportsmen of Europe never dreamed of." "Yes," said Captain Standish, "four of our men have gathered, in one day, game enough to supply our whole company for a week."

This was said to give an idea of their resources; for the younger Winslow had but just come over, having arrived in the ship *Fortune*, which then lay in the harbor. But little heed did he give, for at that moment the door opened, and the fair Mary Chilton, who was on that very evening to become his bride, entered, escorted on either hand by her maidens, Deborah Hopkins, and Mary Allerton.

The blushes of the fair bride were happily thrown into covert by the call to dinner. After an appropriate grace, they sat down to a feast of all the good things their position afforded, which received additional zest from the housewifely arrangements of Dame Chilton.

But one interruption occurred during the feast. John Billington, who had taken that opportunity to return, placed an elder stick, charged with gun powder, between the two babies, who sat playing amicably together on the floor; and presently touching it with a lighted twig, produced an explosion, which delighted the little Peregrine, astonished his graver companion, and electrified the whole company, besides. The mothers flew to their babies; and a general excitement ensued, during which the young offender escaped, not without many grave prophecies of his future ill-doing, which, in the process of time, he took good care should be fulfilled.

Equanimity being restored, they returned to table. And after the feast was over, they sat by the fire, which was now supplied by the addition of pine torches for light. They sat and conversed pleasantly together, until near seven o'clock, when the marriage tie was consummated: after which the social atmosphere sensibly brightened. And thus did our Pilgrim Fathers keep their first solemn feast of
THANKSGIVING.

PERISHED RACES.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

NEAR a deep dank glen,
Where the smiling sun
Never kissed the tears
From the weeping noon,
'Mid the graves of a race
That have passed away,
As we gaze on the shadows
That around them play,
With the sounds of a rill
That goes singing by,
May be heard deep tones,
Like a spirit's sigh :
Doomed ! Doomed !
Our race is spent ;
Will none lament ?

When the morning breaks
From the clasp of night,
And the anthem of birds
Greets the growing light ;
When the burning sun,
With a fierce, bold ray,
Drives the quail and the deer
From the glade away ;
When the night woos stars
To its fond embrace,
Then the voice floats up
From the depths of space :
Doomed ! Doomed !
Must pity sleep ?
Will no eye weep ?

When the spring's soft breath,
In the fragrant May,
Warms the buds into life
Where the young leaves play ;
When the autumn airs,
With a frosty frown,

Clothe the hills and glades
In a russet brown ;
When the forest wails
And the dead leaves moan,
Then the voice still cries
With a raven tone :
Doomed ! Doomed !
And never a word
Of the wrong he heard !

While sun's sweet light,
Like the breath of God,
With a thousand hues
Bathes the springing sod ;
Or the King of Storms,
In his warrior wrath,
Treads over the fields
His desolate path ;
Through the old dead pine
The hoarse wind sighs,
And the same weird tone
Forever replies :
Doomed ! Doomed !
But remember God
Still holds the rod !

PIETY AND COURAGE.—On the 11th of October, 1797, Admiral Duncan obtained a splendid victory over the Dutch fleet off Camperdown, near the Isle of Texel, on the coast of Holland. For this memorable achievement he was created a Viscount, with a pension of two thousand pounds per annum. After the battle was decided, he called his crew together in the presence of the captured Dutch admiral, who was greatly affected by the scene, and Duncan kneeling on the deck with every man under his command, solemnly and pathetically offered up praise and thanksgiving to the God of battles ; thus strongly proving the truth of the assertion that piety and true courage should be inseparably allied, and that the latter without the former loses its principal virtue. His Lordship died on the 4th of August, 1804. He was born at Dundee in Scotland on the 1st July, 1731.

S. R.

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY EVERY DAY.—Resolve every morning that thou wilt that day give some fellow-creature a pleasure ; that thou wilt do all in thy power to make him happy. Go to thy work and fulfill all thy duties. This will make thee gay and cheerful ; for an honest mind produces cheerfulness. In the meantime carry out thy resolve whenever an opportunity occurs. Thou wilt not wait long for it. It does not need to be any great or difficult thing ; do it only with a friendly look and a sincere heart, and all will be right. Doubly happy wilt thou be if thy neighbor has made the same resolve as thyself ; if he should send into thy house or into thy heart some unexpected pleasure. The most beautiful secret bond of humanity is, that every individual should reflect how short the life is which he spends among his fellows, and thus endeavor, as much as possible, to make every day, every hour, productive of what is good, and will make others happy. And more sublime still is this love when it is made to operate upon a community, a state, a nation, the whole of humanity ! This reflection gives every man, however small and circumscribed his sphere may be, an inward dignity, greatness and joy, which elevate him above all the little worries, above all the privations of life, and unite him with the whole world—through love.—BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—Washington was born February 22d, 1732, inaugurated 1789 ; his time of service expired in the sixty-sixth year of his age. John Adams was born October 19th, 1735, inaugurated 1797 ; term of service expired in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Jefferson, born April 2d, 1743, inaugurated 1801 ; term of service expired in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Madison, born March 5th, 1751, inaugurated 1809 ; term of service expired in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Munroe, born April 2d, 1759, inaugurated 1817 ; term of service expired in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Thus, five of the Presidents of the United States, (all men of the Revolution) ended their term of service in the sixty-sixth year of their age.

A HINT TO WIVES.—“ If I’m not at home from the party to-night at ten o’clock,” said a husband to his better half, “ don’t wait for me.” “ That I won’t,” said the lady significantly, “ I won’t wait, but I’ll come for you.” He returned at ten precisely.

PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

By attentively observing the habits of the inferior orders of creation, we perceive that all of them which are gifted with the power of progressive motion, are agitated by the same passions that bear alternate sway over the human heart. As it is most essential for the preservation of species, so we find that the instinct of parental affection is not only the strongest, but occupies a more widely extended sphere of influence.

Predatory, or carnivorous animals, must be cruel and blood-thirsty; for the food which their nature craves and their proper development requires, could not be obtained were they constituted otherwise. This instinct, however, is seldom exercised in mere wantonness. Hunger is, generally, the only stimulant that calls into action their destructive energies. It is said that the lion never attacks any prey unless urged by the cravings of appetite; and even the insatiable thirst of blood which the tiger exhibits, is, doubtless, first excited by hunger. Thus we see there is a limit to this instinct; otherwise there would be unnecessary and wanton waste of life.

But certain it is that some rapacious animals exhibit an unaccountable propensity to kill more than their necessities demand. Ferrets and weasels will destroy rabbits and vermin without any relation to their own appetites; and the ichneumon of Egypt carries on a constant war of extermination against the reptiles by which it is surrounded. Wolves, and even dogs, when they get among a flock of sheep, will slay far more than they could possibly devour; and the great-footed hawk of this country, when it assails a flock of pigeons or ducks, will sometimes strike down a considerable number, while it carries off not more, perhaps, than two or three. The carnivorous birds are generally exempt from this charge of wanton destructiveness; and even the shrike, notwithstanding the ominous sound of its popular title, the butcher-bird, if it kills more than can be eaten at one time, sticks its game on some projecting thorn, where it may be kept until called for.

The next cause to which we may assign the vindictive passions, or injurious instincts of animals, is that of *jealousy*. This is always

confined to the males, and is implanted in them for the good of the species, that the weak may be destroyed, and the strong, only, become the fathers of their race. The last exciting cause of the fiercer passions of animals which I shall mention, is that of self-preservation, and this is a universal instinct. "The worm will turn when trodden on," is a common adage; and certain it is that this instinct is implanted in animals, otherwise the most gentle and peaceful.

The North American bears will seldom attack a traveller who refrains from molesting them, unless urged by extreme hunger; and even the *Ursus ferox*, or grizzly bear, will not be the first to attack a man who has courage to look him in the face, unless for the reason named above.

The bee, and the vindictive wasp itself, will not sting unless molested, if no contingent circumstances excite an apprehension of danger; and even the savage rhinoceros, whose horrible rage and vindictiveness are proverbial, never exerts them except in self defense; and thus the heroic courage and daring, which, under the same circumstances, would be a subject of eulogy in man, in him are unjustly coupled with these degrading epithets.

The ant-eaters and sloths of South America are extremely timid animals, but when assailed by a superior force, exhibit a tenacity of grasp, a skill in the use of their claws, and a perfect abandonment to the one exciting instinct, which might give them the reputation of being savage and vindictive.

But since all animals, in a higher or lower degree, have been furnished with the means of self-defense, and an instinct which teaches them how to use it to the best advantage against their natural enemies, is it not really unjust that they should be thus branded with malevolence which more properly belongs to their assailants?

Thus we see that the diversity of character and temper, and the variety of passions that agitate the human breast, are not altogether confined to our own species. On the contrary, very many of the brute animals are highly susceptible both of love and hatred, fear and courage, anger and gentleness, gratitude and revenge. Their medium of expression is, indeed, less varied and copious than ours; but if less eloquent, it is also more patient and true, and consequently less liable to mistake or misconstruction. The earth and air are full of sounds, which, to the intelligent ear, are not void or meaningless, but every one of them bears some express relation to the wants and emo-

tions of living and sensitive beings ; and even when there is no voice, there is still a silent language, sufficient for the expression of all which it is necessary to communicate.

Some insects convey by a touch, the most delicate shades of intelligence. Two bees, meeting each other, cross their antennæ, when one of them instantly knows that they have lost their queen ; and he hastens to communicate the mournful tidings in the same way to others, until a knowledge of the catastrophe spreads, like wild-fire, through the whole community.

Thus the ewe and lamb, though turned loose among a large flock, always recognize each other by the voice. The little one knows the call of its dam, however distant she may be, and it skips joyfully through the crowd of bleaters, following the well known cry that leads to its mother. By studying these sounds, we obtain not only a more interesting but a nearer view of the animal world. The sympathies of their bosoms are thus unfolded, and brought into direct communication with ours, while we obtain a clearer insight of their feelings, motives and character.

But it is in forest scenes, in the deep umbrageous groves and woods, that we find this natural language the most intelligible, and the most captivating.

A thousand varied notes, a thousand delicate and tender trills, a thousand gushes of the most delicious melody, there, salute us on every hand, and each one of them, from the soft cooing of the ring dove, and the exquisite murmur of the nightingale, to the garrulous note of the common hen, expresses some latent emotion of love, fear, or hope.

In the class of animals which are most nearly allied to the vegetable tribes, we can detect few traces of feeling, in any form. The male of the *Cephalopoda*, or cuttle fish, is said to exhibit a wonderful degree of attachment to his mate. He is described by Bingley as keeping constantly by her side ; and when attacked, displaying an obstinate gallantry in her defense, so chivalrous, that it frequently involves his own destruction.

Among reptiles, the male of the common Iguana, though usually very gentle, has yet a warm attachment to the female ; and when she is in danger, will defend her with a zeal, and obstinate courage, worthy of Don Quixote, himself.

In birds, the passions seem to be much more acute than in ani-

mals, and many of them exhibit the true connubial sentiment, in the highest degree of perfection. The turtle dove woos his bride with a sweet and plaintive song; and the delicate little love-parrot sits beside his mate, and feeds her from his own bill. If one dies, the other seldom long survives. Many others of the parrot family, exhibit a deep and lasting affection for each other. Canary birds also, and especially the ravens, form attachments which endure for life.

K O S S U T H ' S P R A Y E R

OVER THE GRAVES OF THE FALLEN ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF KAPOLNA.

SUPREME Ruler of the universe, God of the warriors of Arssad, from thy starry throne throw one regard on thy unworthy servant, by the mouth of which the prayer of millions of men is raised towards heaven in testimony of thy infinite power. My God! thou sheddest on me the brilliant rays of thy sun, whilst under my knees are buried the bodies of my brothers, fallen on the field of battle;—the spotless blue of heaven spreads over our heads; but, under my feet the earth is red with the precious blood of the descendants of our fathers. May the powerful and glorious rays of the celestial Pharos vivify these sepulchres, and cover them with flowers! God of my fathers and of my race, listen to my supplications. Let thy blessing descend on our warriors, by whose arms the genius of a brave nation is obliged to defend the most precious of thy gifts: Liberty. Aid them to break the irons with which a blind despotism seeks to bind a great nation. On the hardly closed tombs of my massacred brothers I freely bow my forehead before thee. Accept the bloody sacrifice which has been presented to thee, and may it call thy favor on our country. My God! suffer not a race of slaves ever to establish themselves over these graves, or soil by the presence of their feet this sacred earth. My Father! My Father! of whom the mercy is infinite, and whose power extends over the heavens, the earth, and the ocean, let one ray of thy glory reflect upon these sepulchres and shine on the face of my people. Let this place become, by thy grace, a sacred spot, and let the ashes of my brothers, who have fallen in a holy cause, repose here in an eternal peace. Abandon us not in the hour of want, O God of battles! Bless our efforts to regain that liberty which is an essential part of thy divine nature. In the name of the whole people I address these praises and acts of grace, which are one to thee.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BY HERBERT C. DORR.

All hail! brave hearts, that fight life's battles,
Of temporary state possessed,
A year has passed, its fleeting pinions
Are folded up on old Time's breast.
Yet here in space his march still keeping,
He binds the years in ceaseless reaping.

Ah me! his scythe is sharp and trenchant,
It cuts our heart-strings on its way,
And earthly hopes, like harvests falling,
Are garnered for a future day.
Yet in each mind a kingdom lieth,
Where hope eternal never dieth.

What to our souls are years fleeting,
But feathers from old Time's swift wings,
That evermore are there out-springing,
Each season still new pinions brings,
Like those from sea birds on the shore,
That washed aside are seen no more.

O, brothers! life and death are shadows,
That passing o'er our mortal eyes,
But serve to hide celestial regions,
Of better worlds and brighter skies.
Did we not see them thus obscure,
Weak hearts, how could we here endure?

Eternal ruling, ever loving,
God our Creator gave us life,
That we each other aid by loving,
Helping through our earthly strife,
Smooth life's footpaths, each in kindness,
While we wander here in blindness.

As down the west the bright sun setting,
Sinks through red clouds, like crimson blood,
Our dying year with red wings dripping,
Sweeps many off for our great good.
May our new year, when wars shall cease,
Rise like to-morrow's sun, in peace.

LANGUAGE.

It has been a question among philosophers, whether other portions of the animal kingdom do not have the gift and power of language, to some extent, as well as man. And there are not a few, who cast their opinions into the scale favorable to the conclusion that such is the case, for it is evident that there is a communication between many kinds of animals, by means of sound well understood by them. If we view closely the different dialects of barbarians, semi-barbarians, and civilized nations, we shall find that the strength, beauty and comprehensibility of language depend in a great measure upon the character and pursuits of these respective people. The savage of our western wilds, whose wants are few, and his pursuits without variety, has a language composed of few words, for he finds no necessity for more. Yet he is perfectly intelligible to all his tribe or nation. And so with all nations of antiquity. The human language was a perfect barren compared with its present profusion of words and ideas, except among the Greeks and Romans, where arts, science and a variety of civil pursuits were followed. According to the pursuit was the character of the language; and that avocation of a public nature, such as commerce, military, agriculture, or the polite arts, which gave the ascendancy to either of the three great human powers, reason, imagination, and passion, moulded the language in accordance with such ascendancy. In Greece, when intellect was the governing power, and the passions were kept in control by its force, the language became refined—and hence the beauty of Greek poetry, which is a transcript of the language in its greatest purity. The language is the reflection of the moral character, and hence, when the mind was under the control of passion, language assumed a form little superior to brute communication.

In eastern countries, where the aggrandizement of the prince and empire was the chief aim of the subject, and splendor in all its phases dazzled the people, imagination was given full power over the language; and hence the poetical character of the ideas of the orientals, and their corresponding fantastical mode of expression. As mankind advanced, language assumed more symmetry, strength and beauty.

The English, or the Anglo-Saxon language, has greatly improved, and its improvement apparently kept pace with the increasing refine-

ment of the English people. In the year 700, the Lord's prayer begun thus :—"Uren Fader thie art in heofnas, sic gekalgud thin noma, to cymeth thin rick ; sic thin whila sue in heofnas and in eatho." Two hundred years after, thus :—"Thee ure Fader the urt on heofnum si thin namagehal-god. Com thin sic. Si thin willa on earthan swa, an heofnum." About two hundred years after this, in the reign of Henry II, it was rendered thus :

"Ure Fader in heaven, rich
Thy name be hailed eber lich,
Thou bring us ty michell bliss :
Als hit in heavenly doe
That in yearth beene it also," &c.

About one hundred years after, in the reign of Henry III, it ran thus :

"Fader thou art in heaven blisse,
Thine Helye name it wust the bliss
Cumen and not thy kingdom,
Thine holy will it be all don
In heaven and in earth also,
So it shall be in full well Ie tro," &c.

In the reign of Henry VI, it began thus :—"Our Fader art in heavens, hallowid be thi name ; thy kingdom come to thee : be thee will don in earth as in heaven," &c. In 1537, it began thus :—"O, our Father who art in heaven ! hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth as in heaven," &c.

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant actions of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change ; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, man's character ; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

LACON.

“WAS DEAD AND IS ALIVE AGAIN.”

Dead, dead, dead!
Soft let the words be said.
Lightly above her tread;
Still in her lowly bed
Slumbers the fair.

Weep, weep, weep!
Long shall the maiden sleep
Down in the narrow deep;
Angels shall ever keep
Watch by her side.

Heaven, heaven, heaven!
Vainly the foe has striven:
Lo! now his chain is riven—
Help from above is given;
Jesus is nigh.

Blest, blest, blest!
Calm is the troubled breast;
Sorrows no more infest;
Safe in the promised rest—
Bosom of God.

X.

POETRY comes of the heart, not of the training, and in its highest development *is* of the heart and of the human passions and emotions which are common to all men. Learning which could read the secrets of ages is nothing in this region in comparison with the insight which can penetrate and realize the secrets of the soul; and we have as little right to insist that the man whose faculty it is to open up the hearts of other men, and give utterance to their inarticulate agonies, should be trained in all the learning of the Egyptians, as to demand surgical skill from the soldier, or knowledge of the craft of war from the priest. The power of the poet is incommunicable, unteachable. All that we can do in the matter is to find out whether it is genuine, and possesses that divine intuition which is its title-deed and guarantee to the confidence of men. He who throws light to us upon the heart of life—who discloses out of the darkness the thoughts that lie unspoken, the trembling thrills of passion and human sentiment which are to the soul of humanity what air and breath are to its outward frame—who breathes a miraculous breath of revelation over the speechless souls and places in which hitherto no utterance has been—is, whether scholar or collier, a true poet.

The Children's Corner.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

Once in a wide green land, a land of gardens and brooks and flowers, walked a little child. And the heart of the child was glad, for the sunshine was warm and bright in that land, and the roses were beautiful and fragrant and had not many thorns, and the brooks went singing over the stones a song that he could understand, and it was very sweet to him. Other children there were, too, walking in the same way, who shared his plays and loved him and were loved by him. But there were two who loved him more than the children did, who watched him always and smoothed every path for him, who broke away the thorns from every flower he plucked, and delighted to supply all his wants. And these two who loved him so, he called father and mother. It is true, the sky that was so blue above him, was sometimes overcast, and sometimes there was a storm, but the clouds were never very black, and the storms did not last long, and then, when the glorious sun shone out again, how bright and sparkling and merry every thing looked!

Now, the great land was divided into gardens, between which wound a river, and the entrance to each garden was by a bridge and a beautiful gate. And the little child, whether he was studying his tasks, or doing the work given him to do, or playing merrily with his fellows, was still going on and on—ever onward and never backward, and when once he had passed out of a garden, he could never enter it again. But neither he nor his companions ever seemed to think of this, or to feel at all sad when they were leaving one of the gardens, but they all pressed eagerly forward with laughter and shouts of joy over the bridge toward the beautiful gate that led into the next.

Walking beside the child in every pathway, and following closely all his steps, came one whom he did not see, with a form like that of an angel, who was always writing—writing in an open book. Every night he finished a page, and every morning he turned the leaf and showed a new blank page. What he wrote was never blotted out and never rewritten, and he never turned the leaves of the book back-

ward. When the little child was meek and gentle and obedient, the writing in the book was very fair, and the letters shone like silver; and sometimes, when he had given up that which he loved to please his father or his mother or to make his playmates happy, or because the great God in the heaven above had commanded and he wished to obey Him, the page glowed as if it were set with stars, and the smile of the angel-writer was so sweet, it would have made the child happy, for many a day, had he only seen it. But then, alas! there were also very many pages that were blotted and dark, and the face of the angel was too often downcast and grieved.

Sometimes, this unseen one would whisper in the ear of the child, and then, though it seemed to him that the words came up out of his own heart, he would grow thoughtful and earnest, and forget, for a moment, his games and the merry voices of those that sported with him. Once, when the way through which he passed was very lovely, and every bower and tree and gushing fountain was dear to him, he came near to the river that bounded the garden. His companions hurried joyously on, but his spirit was sad within him, and he wandered away from the happy crowd into a lonely path.

"There may be many more gardens through which to walk," thought he, "but this one I shall never see again."

Then the angel touched the eyes of the child, and he looked up and saw him who had before been invisible. And the angel put the open book into his hand, and the child read. On one page was the record of a day of peevishness and waywardness that had so grieved his gentle mother, and on another words and deeds of unkindness to his darling sister. He had forgotten them long ago, but they were every one written down. Then there were the days in which he had neglected to do the duty he should have done, and the opportunity had gone by forever. Some lines there were that sent a throb of gladness to his heart, but they seemed very few. And when the child had closed the book, he said:

"May I not go back and walk through the garden again? For indeed I knew not what I did. Can the book never be rewritten?"

And the angel of the old year answered: "Never."

Then the little child wept long and bitterly.

But the angel said to him: "Weep no more, but be comforted and look over the river toward the beautiful gate of the new year." And the child looked through his tears, and he saw within the gate

another form like the one beside him, but the face was younger and fairer, and radiant with its exceeding loveliness, and an open book was there, but its pages were all unwritten and white and stainless as fresh fallen snow. Then the child asked: "Who is this?"

And his companion answered; "It is the angel of the new year; and thou canst make the record that shall be written in the book whatever thou wilt."

And the child dried his tears, and entered in at the beautiful gate; but his heart was full, not of the gifts that loving hands showered upon him, nor of the kind wishes that were strewn like pearls in his path, but of the angel, and the book, and what should be written therein.

WHO IS LIKE A MOTHER.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

Whose care is like a mother's care?

Whose eye so swift and keen

To note the thousand nameless things

By other eyes unseen?

O, child of all this watchfulness,

To grieve it not, beware,

And thanking God, be sure to thank

Him for a mother's care.

Whose pride is like a mother's pride?

Whose heart so bounds to see

The wreath upon her children's brows,

Entwined with purity?

O, child of this unselfishness,

Do all a child may do

To glad the eyes and cheer the heart

Of one so fondly true.

Whose hope is like a mother's hope,

So eager and so bright,

To paint her children's future years

In tints of glorious light?

O, child of all this hopefulness,

Strive hard to realize

Her dreams of coming good for thee,

And joy that never dies.

Whose love is like a mother's love,
 Embracing each and all,
 Forgetting self, fatigue and pain,
 To list a loved one's call?
 O, child of all this tenderness,
 Be sure thy actions prove
 Thee not ungrateful for the boon,—
 A mother's deathless love.

Whose prayer is like a mother's prayer,
 So earnest and so strong,
 So boundless its petitioning,
 So pleading late and long?
 O, child of all this prayerfulness,
 To slight it never dare,
 And thanking God, be sure to thank
 Him for thy mother's prayer.

San Francisco, Dec. 1862.

Domestic Department.

JELLY.—The following receipt will produce a fine jelly *without cooking*. Can be made of Raspberries, Currents and Strawberries. To one pound of fruit take one and a quarter pounds of sugar. Squeeze the fruit thoroughly, through a cotton cloth, then through flannel. Work the sugar into the syrup with the hand—when *well worked* pour it into glasses—and cover with paper wet in brandy.

BROSSIER CAKE.—Put one cup of milk over the fire to warm—into which put *half of a cup* of butter. Take four cups of flour, and rub one teaspoonful of cream of tartar into it. Take half a spoonful of soda, dissolve it in hot water, and pour it into the milk and butter; have two cups of sugar in a bowl; pour the milk, butter, and soda on to it, then stir into the flour. Stir very hard. *No eggs.*

SWEET POTATO PUDDING FOR CHRISTMAS.—Boil the potatoes, sift through a sieve or mash very fine while warm, then weigh one pound of potatoes, one of butter, one of sugar, ten eggs. Spice as you please. Rub butter and sugar together.

PLUM CAKE.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, *little less* than a pound of butter, eight eggs, two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins, half a pound of citron, two nutmegs, a wine glass of brandy. Cloves and mace at discretion.

Summary of Fashion.

DIRECT FROM PARIS.

CHERE AMIE.—Foulards this season are pre-eminently in favor. The dress of foulard, the peignoir, the burnous, are universally adopted. Very beautiful tissus d'Inde are of gold, mais, dust colors in plain shades, forming dresses more or less elegant, according to the trimming. Skirt of plain foulard is trimmed with two narrow flounces, fluted; veste burnous or saute-en-barque, also with narrow frill, may be worn as the most elegant as well as the more simple toilette. Another style has a large design in sou-tache, forming wreaths; the saute-en-barque, corsage and veste according with the dress. For evening wear, very pretty foulards are with white grounds, covered with small bouquets of colored flowers; these form charming dresses for young ladies, with the ceinture corsage terminating behind by two long floating ends. If ornamented with the usual two small flounces, they are edged by white or colored taffetas; if the body is low, a little fichu of tulle, trimmed with lace or blond, is worn with the ceinture. The present style of fichu does not reach to the waist; it is open, and forms a short pelerine, and the two points terminate in front, always leaving the fichu open; with these white foulards sprigged; when the body is low, a veste of embroidered muslin is worn, trimmed with lace, or ruche of muslin having lace edge.

Robes of foulard, as well as alpaca and cachemire, are ornamented with gimps; foulards are also trimmed with black taffetas. Those of nankeen color have three little frills full of black taffetas, or bands of black taffetas, relieved by a very narrow lace. Those of fawn color, or light chocolate, are similarly trimmed. The foulards of plain colors seem this season to be preferred; cream color, Solferino, strawberry, violet, etc. The Pekins are of maroon and black, violet, brown, blue, green, etc. The fall materials consist of different kinds; for the warm days there is barege and thin materials, for cold or damp weather foulards, which, indeed, suit every season; taffetas d'été of light colors, and various fabrics of mohair, etc., with white jean, nankin, or gray, braided or trimmed with galons.

To vary the trimmings of these negligé dresses is a constant necessity, and requires tact to suit them to the various materials. How, it is often asked, must an alpaca be trimmed? a gauze dress? a taffetas or muslin, without incurring great expense? The reply is, that a dress of alpaca or foulard is trimmed with taffetas, or the same material, placed on in bands of black taffetas or small ruches, sometimes in diagonal bands. Alpaca or fawn, iron gray, or nankin, may have two bands of taffetas of the same color on the front of the skirt en redengot; they are joined by large flat buttons of the same material; the body is similarly trimmed. The prettiest trimming

for a high body is of taffetas, cut on the bias about a quarter of a yard wide, simulating a veste; this band also encircles the bottom of the corsage, in rounded point in front. This trimming is also very pretty with grelots of the same color, or aiguillettes; but the latter are only used when the veste is apart from the waistcoat.

The pagoda sleeve is no longer worn; it is replaced by the Zouave sleeve, the form of which is known, without revers, and open to the elbow, trimmed as the body. For gauze de Chambéry, flounces and bands put on alternately, are used, the bands having ruches, the body square with canneous. White muslin are made with very wide insertions of colored ribbon, covered by embroidered muslin. Another very pretty style for young persons is of white tarlatane over pink or lilac, with tucks, trimmed with narrow lace or guipure. Long ceintures, tying behind, are worn by young persons. Some are of black or red velvet, worn on dresses of tarlatane or tulle; on silk dresses they are of the same color.

At this period of the year there is not much change in the fashionable world, particularly in millinery. The canotier hat seems the only one used, and bonnets continue much the same in style, except that there is a tendency to incline the fronts. At present the straw bonnet is ornamented by tulle bouillonné, with marabout feathers. The paille de riz, with red and black aigrette, and string of the same colors, the edge of the bonnet having a red and black ruche. White straws are ornamented by field poppies and black feathers, or a head of hydrangea, with black ribbon, black being still as fashionable as ever.

The camails, or round cloaks, are ornamented with gimps. One of white cachemire was with bands of guipure, and macarons of black gimp, terminating with chenille fringe; others are with bugles and chenille. But the burnous and the saute-en-barque are almost the only outdoor toilette worn at this moment. Shawls seem a little out of favor, but we think only for the moment. The saute-en-barques, so long as the weather continues warm, will be the same as the dress; later, they will be of black silk, or the same as the dress. Those of black taffetas gros grains, generally trimmed with a thick ruche pinked, but on all round merely serving to ornament or finish different parts.

Yours, truly,

MRS. DAY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BRIDAL ROBE DE CHAMBRE—(*as seen on 1st page.*) To be made of violet merino, or pale buff wool delaine. In either color the trimming should be black braid, and the pattern in engraving is very beautiful. The skirt is open and trimmed down with quilted ruffle of same—the ruffle not braided, but chain-stitched with coarse silk by machine. The trimming is continued on bottom of skirt, cut in shallow scollops. The petticoat should be jaconet or lawn, with ruffle at bottom, same width as on the wrapper; then a cluster of tucks; the first ruffle and cluster of tucks carried all around the skirt, the rest alternately a ruffle and cluster of tucks;

extend up the front breadth only. The sleeve narrow—the same as plain pattern accompanying magazine—without the piece that widens it to a “flow.”

CLOAKS.—A great variety of the latest and most beautiful styles of cloak patterns have just been received by S. O. Brigham & Co., 111 Montgomery street. We were also shown a new style of Garibaldi shirt, and Spanish waist, more tasty and recherche than anything of the kind ever before introduced.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CALL AT ROMAN'S.—The genial *gift season* of Christmas and New Years is at hand, and what is more appropriate than Books for *souvenirs* to our loved ones. An assortment not surpassed, from old Fleet street, London, to the shores of the Pacific, will be found at Roman & Co.'s, 417 and 419, Montgomery street. Several of great merit are lying upon our table, worthy of a quiet and thorough reading, to which we can only give a hasty notice.

BRISÈE.—The scenes of a volume bearing this title, are laid in our own country, and fraught with thrilling incidents, will be read with interest by all. It has an air of romance, and yet is true to life—life with its sombre shades and its heart-sorrows. A work of power, peculiarly terse in style; and in the working out of the narrative, and in the delineation of character, great dramatic power is exhibited.

MIRIAM.—A STORY OF KENTUCKY LIFE, by a highly gifted and popular Author. Both sex and individuality are impressed on every page. It has much of the peculiar grace and power of the *true woman's* hand and heart, accompanied by a fertile and vigorous intellect. The most popular and powerful works of this class that have appeared for several years, have been produced by female authors. There is now a strong reactive force setting upward in favor of woman, and the day is not distant when due merit to the mental capacity for the Arts and Sciences will be awarded to the sex. From the time when the daughter of Dibutades originated the Art of Drawing, from which her father modeled in clay—hence Sculpture—down to Maria Goetana Agnesi, who filled the Professorship of Mathematics in the University at Bologna, to Rosa Bonheur of the present, who in her department rivals all her compeers, this meed has not been granted. The first writer in California, whether in prose or poetry, fiction or philosophy, is a woman, and if her strength of body (for she is an invalid) were equal to her force of mind, few, if any, of the living writers could successfully compete with her. And our Virginia sister, from whose mine of mind, rich, sparkling, flashing thoughts and teachings of deep truths fill the pages of Miriam, occupies an elevated stand-point in the ranks of American authors.

STORIES OF THE WOODS.—This is a book for juveniles, composed of selections from the popular works of our American novelist, J. Fenimore Cooper, and contains a varied, graphic, and intensely interesting series of narratives of frontier life.

THE GORILLA HUNTERS—By B. M. Ballantyne, is filled with thrilling accounts of hair-breadth escapes, wonderful exploits and marvellous events while hunting the tigers, lions and Gorillas in the wilds of Africa. A book for boys.

E. T. S.

NORCROSS.—No. 6 Masonic Temple, Post street—No. 5, Masonic Temple, Montgomery street. We passed an hour and more last evening in this superb establishment, viewing the endless variety of the useful and beautiful just received from Paris and elsewhere. A very superior article in the way of sets of merino and silk under vests and drawers for ladies, woven to fit the form, with high necks and low, long sleeves, and short, attracted our attention. Also a new style of opera hoods, more tasteful and becoming than any before worn. The Camille Sontage, a fresh importation from Paris, has taken the place of the former *sontag* breakfast-shawl, etc., and is a vast improvement both in fabric and design. A new style of jet buttons for ornaments and fastenings for cloaks. Any gentleman wishing to make his wife or friend a Christmas present, cannot do better than to call on Mrs. Norcross and select a French mouchoir case, containing handkerchiefs of exquisite texture and finish. The case is of embroidered satin, and a never-failing perfume is quilted in the lining of the lid of the box. In the regalia rooms on Post street we were dazzled by the imposing array of toys. Drums, guns, wheel-barrows, boxes of blocks for model building, dolls of every size and fashion with furniture for their parlors, bed-rooms and kitchens, farm-houses, forest trees, etc., and last though not least, miniature pianos. One can think of nothing, dream of nothing for the holidays, that may not be found in the Norcross establishment, Masonic Temple.

E. T. S.

NOTICE.—We bespeak the patronage of our friends for Mrs. M. A. Heslep, whose card will be found in our advertising pages. We *know* that Mrs. Heslep *excels* in fitting dresses, and are confident that all who go to her will be more than gratified. Her gentle and lady-like manners are one of the many inducements to prompt one to call upon Mrs. Heslep.

E. T. S.

STEWART'S STOVE.—We have examined with unusual interest the stove described by a lady correspondent in our last number. On receiving her communication, we were, at first, a little incredulous, and inclined to doubt the propriety of publishing her article, but an examination has convinced us that the truth was but half told. That stove is certainly one of the most remarkable inventions of the age, and is destined to supersede all others for culinary purposes. We cannot do our readers a greater kindness than to advise them to call at No. 422, Kearny street, and see for themselves.

J. D. S.

Editor's Table.

WHAT lesson for us have the old and the new year? For what were the evolutions of the heavenly bodies designed? What is the significance of those "lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night?" Why is time measured off and defined into yearly, monthly, and daily epochs by the sun, moon and earth? A general answer to these inquiries may be found in the adaptation of the structure and government of the universe to the nature and wants of its inhabitants. These periodic cycles of time have an intimate connection with the economy of human life, and a direct reference to all our pursuits and interests. Were our nature, and the nature of things to remain unchanged, and they to be abolished, the world would become a wreck, and animal life would cease. Aside from their moral discipline, these divisions of the year are crowned with blessings, bringing, as they do, the seasons in their round, the virgin skies, the balmy breezes and seed-time of spring, the heat and growth of summer, the bracing airs and ripening fruits of autumn, and the wild winds and drifting snows of winter, which wrap nature in a garment of repose, to recruit her exhausted powers and to prepare her for the bursting forth of a new and more vigorous life. They are adapted to the situation and wants of our bodies, and have direct reference to the well-being of animal life.

But in uses spiritual and moral they have the most beautiful significance. It was for these ends that they were especially appointed "to be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years." Suppose, for a moment, that no such divisions of time had been made, but that time had been constituted one continuous flowing on toward eternity, uninterrupted by events, unvaried by periodic changes, and measured only by the succession of our own thoughts; suppose there had been no years, no months, and no days to teach us the finite nature of things, and to point us to the period when these should be no more; what would have been the effect on our character? We should have remained or become a stupid race. We could have formed no fixed plans for life; or, if we had formed them, we could never have discovered the arrival of the moment fixed for their execution. We could have had no weeks and no Sabbath, with the blessings and training it brings us. Nor could we at any time have determined how much of our life had already past, nor when we should probably go down to the grave. With our present disposition to deceive ourselves in regard to the length and true mission of life, even when we had passed the period known as "three-score years and ten," we might possibly have imagined ourselves to be still in the bloom of youth, but just entering on a life of which we could form no definite conception. There had then been but little, if anything, to arrest our thoughts and to fix them on

the object to be secured by living, and still less to spur us on to its attainment. Among the Hawaiian Islanders, and, if we mistake not, among most people who live in the torrid zone, where the seasons are not sharply defined by the progress of the sun in his orbit, but where the vegetation, the scenery and the climate are nearly or quite the same throughout the year, the people have become so insensible to the flight of life, and so regardless of its true interests, that not one in a hundred of them can tell how old he is, or when the most important events in his history took place. Now, if the peoples who have these same divisions of time with ourselves, and the same signs and seasons, but have them less sharply defined, become so thoughtless and stupid under an uninterrupted uniformity of scenery and climate, who can tell what men would be, if these divisions or cycles of duration, now measured by the orbs of heaven, were abolished, and there were no periodic succession of events in our experience? It would certainly have a benumbing, stupifying, deadening influence on our character and life. Under the present order of nature, perhaps the most efficient motive we have to arouse us from inactivity and to impel us to reflect earnestly on the flight of life, is the periodic cycles into which time is divided. As we see the swift years rolling away one by one, who can regard them with indifference? And as the months, the weeks and the days rapidly glide by, never more to return, who is not sometimes made to feel that we are fast nearing the line that bounds the visible and the known? The swift arrival and departure of these periodic changes are adapted to affect deeply every sober-thoughted man. As the rock in the river's bed arrests the rushing waters and causes them to linger in evolutions around itself, so these points in the rush and flight of time arrest our thoughts and compel them to eddy around the great problems of our destiny. Who can regard with indifference the issues of a life which he feels to be gliding swiftly away? Who can contemplate this rapid measuring off of his life, without reflecting on the moment when it shall all be fled?

The very orbs of heaven, then, have an intimate relation to our mental and moral economy, and are constantly uttering and re-uttering in our ears, and forcing on our hearts, the most weighty moral lessons. To-day we again hear their voice calling to us from the close of the old year and from the commencement of the new, reminding us that life is limited, our years numbered, and our weeks and days rapidly dropping off, one by one, and that whatever work in life we have to do, should be done at once and with all our powers. The failures of the old year should serve only to fire our hearts with warmer zeal and more determined energy; and as the rising and setting sun of the new year counts out to us our days, they should be days of activity and of duties promptly done. Then the economy of our life will not be in vain. We shall accomplish our destiny and write our life on the ages.

UNFERMENTED BREAD.

IN some things Californians are a hundred years in advance of the age. Quick to see and understand utilities, and untrammelled by the prejudices and customs of older countries, they cannot but make progress in the arts of living. Probably in no other country in the world are new things so easily comprehended and so quickly adopted. We are prompted to this remark by the rapidity with which Unfermented Bread is becoming an article of diet. For purity, flavor, and wholesomeness it is unrivalled by any other kind of bread. To invalids its invention is as timely a gift as manna was to the suffering Israelites. By our own experience we know that at least one dyspeptic stomach, which had not digested fine flour bread for years with any degree of comfort, now finds this bread a compromise between resolute appetite and rebellious digestion. We believe it ought to take the place of all other kinds; and in spite of the opposition and evil reports made by interested parties, we are sure it will yet be the staple article of food for the million.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN this number we had intended to commence illustrating the *HESPERIAN* with engravings, but the sudden rise in the cost of printing materials, and the consequent increased expense of publishing, leaves us but this one alternative—either to forego this improvement, together with our music, for a month or two, or, following the example of most of our cotemporaries, raise the subscription price of our magazine. We have chosen the former. If all of our subscribers would promptly pay their bills when sent, or assist us in increasing our subscription list, it would enable us to make these improvements at once.

LOST NUMBERS.—A certain number of *HESPERIANS* each month are now regularly lost from the mails. We have been attempting to trace out the matter for months, but as yet without complete success. We have our eye on two Post Offices, however, and hope soon to detect the guilty party. In the meantime those who fail to receive their copies are requested to communicate the fact immediately to our office, and they will be supplied.

CONTRIBUTORS.—In this number we commence the publication of “A Story of California” life, by Mrs. Strong, which will be continued through the year. We regret to announce that the present chapter of Mrs. Clarke’s “Grandmother’s Neighbors,” is the end of the series. Full of thought, and sparkling with gems of wit and fancy, they have added greatly to the interest of the *HESPERIAN*. “The Burial of Jesus,” will be read with deep interest. The little gems from Mr. Dorr’s pen are always of a high order of merit. We wish they were longer and more of them. X. is a new contributor whom our readers will welcome to our pages.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

HERSPERIAN.—The *Hesperian* for December is a good number. The contributions are of very considerable merit, and it is well edited. We are particularly pleased with an article by James A. Daly, entitled "Personal Happiness promoted by Soul-Culture." Mr. Daly is a young student at Oakland College, of fine promise for the future. He has genius.—*Red Bluff Beacon*.

HERSPERIAN.—We are in receipt of the December number of this magazine, now edited by Mrs. E. T. Schenck and Rev. J. D. Strong. The present number is a really good one, containing an excellent variety of reading matter, in the shape of contributions in prose and poetry, editorials and miscellany. The *Hesperian* is well worth the subscription price—\$3 per year.—*Mountain Messenger*.

THE December number of the *Hesperian* has been received. There is a marked improvement in this magazine since it has passed into the hands of Rev. J. D. Strong and Mrs. Schenck. It is purely a California production, and should be patronized by every family in the State. The patterns accompanying each number, are alone worth the price of subscription, which is only three dollars a year. We will gladly receive subscriptions and forward them.—*Alameda County Gazette*.

THE HERSPERIAN.—The Pioneer California Monthly has reached us, for December. A hasty glance at its contents induces us to believe that this number is not inferior to any yet issued. It has a large amount of interesting and instructive original matter, and its selections are excellent. It is well worthy the patronage of California ladies.—*Placerville Daily News*.

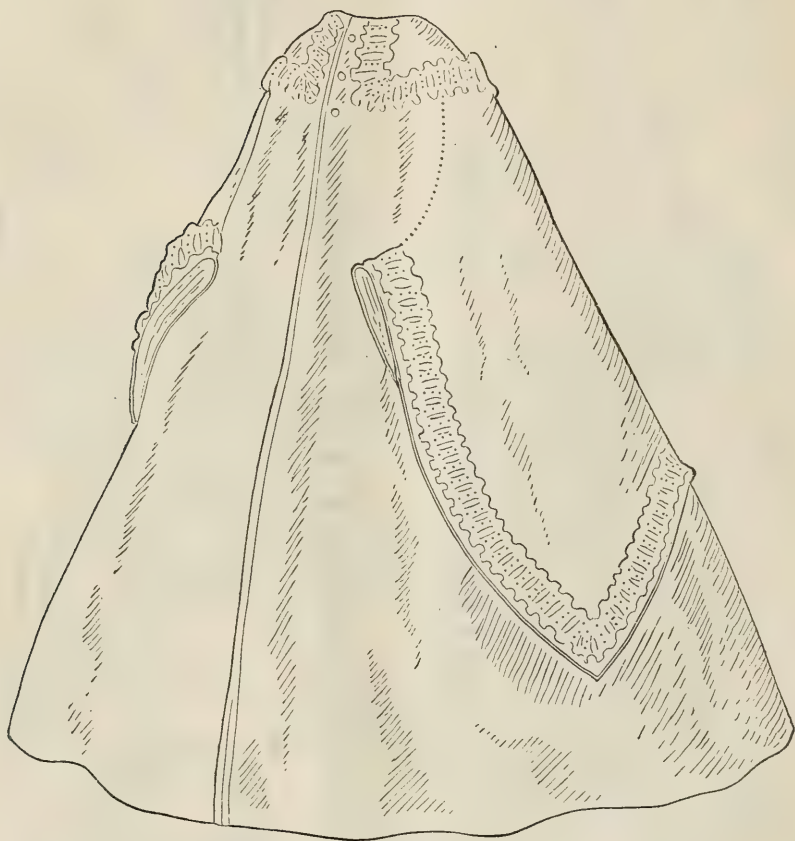
HERSPERIAN.—The *Hesperian* for this month has come to hand, and contains, as usual, patterns and general reading matter. We would advise all families to subscribe for it.—*Knight's Landing News*.

THE *Hesperian* for December comes fully up to its usual standard of excellence. It is peculiarly a ladies' magazine, and contains a vast and valuable amount of information on topics of interest to the fair sex. Each number contains a pattern of some mysterious article of female gear which excites our curiosity but conveys no clear idea of its possible use. We may possibly find out one of these days.—*Union Advocate*.

THE HERSPERIAN.—The December No. is an unusually attractive one. We notice a marked improvement in this Magazine of late. The articles are written with more care, and are of a more general character. The contribution by the associate editor, Rev. J. D. Strong, viz: "Craters of the Hawaiian Islands," will be found highly interesting and instructive. Our friends will do well to subscribe for the *Hesperian* at once, the present number being the second only, of the new volume.—*Pacific*.

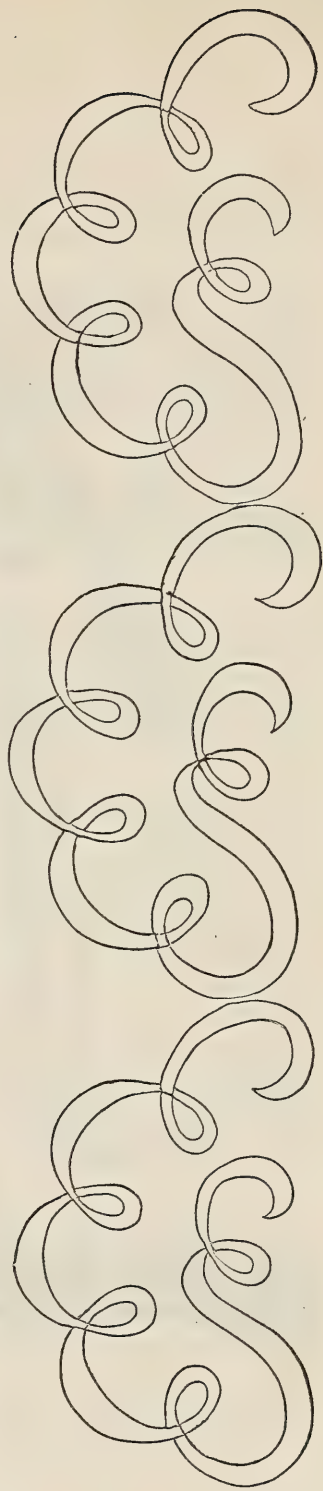
THE *Hesperian* comes to our office regularly. Its general character is improving under the editorial supervision of Rev. Mr. Strong and his associate.—*California Christian Advocate*.

FULL SIZE PATTERN.

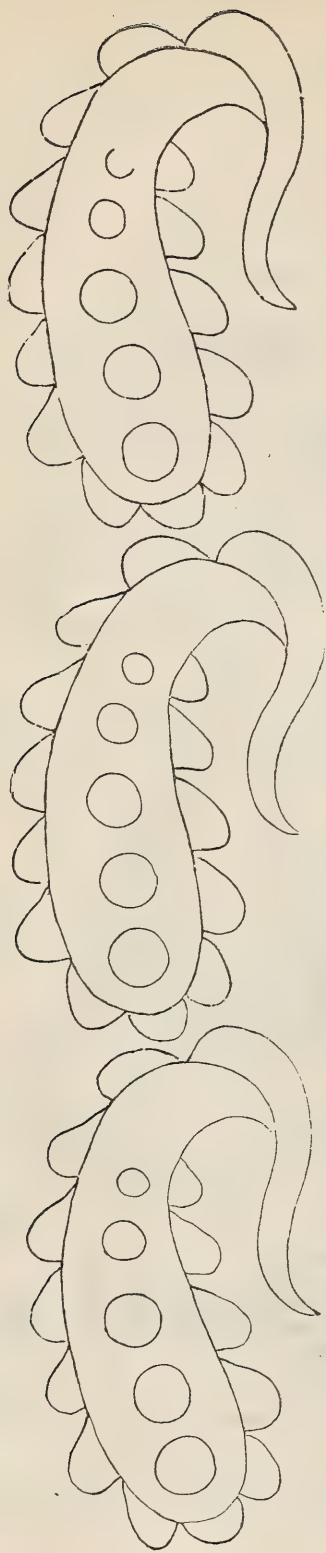


THE PALMYRA

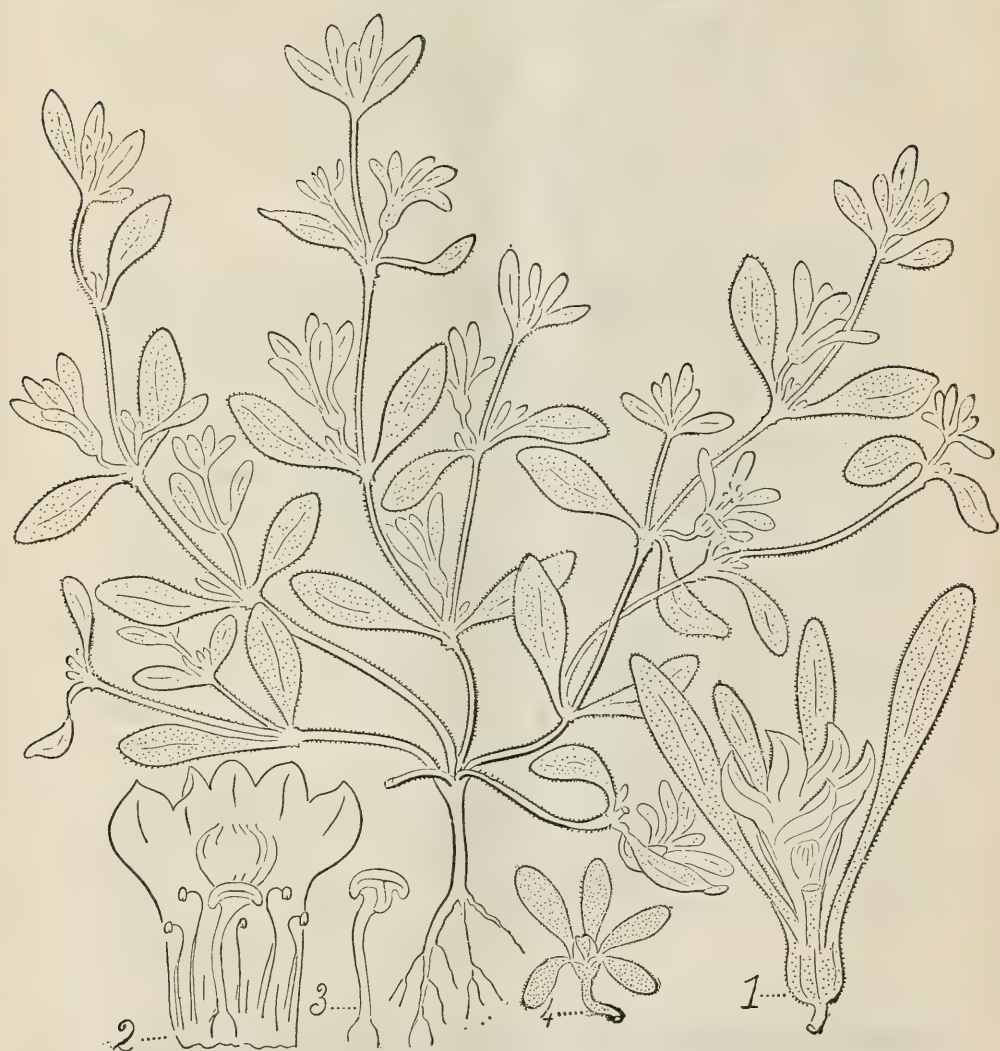
Is one of the latest received styles. To be made of cloth or silk. For patterns and all the required information, call on S. O. BRIGHAM & Co., 111 Montgomery Street, between Bush and Sutter.



BRAIDING FOR A DRESS.



EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT.



TINY PETUNIA.—(*Petunia parviflora*.—Juss.)



PURPLE WEDGE-SPOTTED EVENING PRIMROSE.

(*Oenothera lepidota*.—LINDL.)

THE HESPERIAN.

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ESSAY ON MUSIC.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

THE earth is a great music box, with an endless variety of notes and tunes, suited to every occasion and want of human life. Its Architect has endowed each variety of matter with its own melody, and impressed on the whole the laws of harmony. All substances have their special properties for the production of sound; and each, when struck, vibrates in its own measure, and thus gives out notes of peculiar character. Iron, brass, tin, and the various kinds of wood, each speak in their own language and utter tones peculiar to themselves. No form of matter within our experience, either solid, fluid, or gaseous, is destitute of this sound-producing quality. And most substances give out their voices spontaneously, or at least without the help of any animal or human agency. The tornado howls in terrific numbers. The thunder rolls in solemn grandeur through the heavens, while the hills catch and echo back the sound in softer reverberations. The ocean utters its melody in a deep bass that can never be imitated, while the gentle breeze sighs out its numbers in tones as sweet and low as the voice of angels. Thus the world, and probably the universe, is a grand instrument of music, ever speaking to the heart of man in melodious strains, and evidently fitted up to draw out and develop his more spiritual sensibilities, and to satisfy his deep yearnings for the beautiful and the good.

The soul is responsive to these conditions of music that are impressed on all things. It has a sensibility for every sound and sends back an answering echo of feeling to every note that vibrates in the universe. There is a wonderful adaptation of the structure of our nature to all our surroundings; but in nothing is it more striking than in those laws of harmony which are written on our souls and on all substance, and constantly pervade the inward consciousness and

outward working of every perfected spirit. And the fact that such provision for music has been made in us and in the world we inhabit, proves it was designed to occupy a prominent place among our means of moral and religious culture. There is, indeed, a natural and historic connection between music and that state of the heart which must be right and pleasing in the sight of the Infinite Ruler.

Music subdues the vicious and malevolent passions. By music, however, is not meant the wild screams and boisterous howlings of bacchanalian revelry, but the breathing melody of accordant numbers. That is the voice of our nobler being and has power. It weaves a spell of enchantment around the fiercest natures, and, by chains softer than substance and as ethereal as spirit, holds the stormiest and most malignant passions in subjection. It lulls to rest the rage of anger and revenge. The clamors of appetite, like the low notes of an expiring tempest, die away in its presence. Its influence streams in on the frozen heart, melting away its cold, hard nature, and quickening into life every genial emotion. No unamiable feeling may abide its power. It tames the most barbarous natures, and imbues them with its own meek spirit. It chases from the heart the demons of fear, self-reproach and despair. It has civilized many a savage. The fabled Apollo and Orpheus, who, by their music, are said to have tamed the ferocious Satyrs, and even to have moved trees and stones, are but the testimony of antiquity to the humanizing power of musical numbers. And the experience of the ancients in this respect tallies exactly with that of the moderns. It is, indeed, the experience of every age. By thus breaking the reign of depraved passion over the heart, music prepares the way for nobler impulses and a higher life. By softening, subduing and chastening the emotions, it brings man into the conditions of a moral and more spiritual manhood.

Music also awakens and expresses our deepest and purest feelings. Under the rough discipline of the world our sensibilities become obtuse and constantly need some incitement to activity; and nothing in the whole range of our experience so effectually works our feelings as music. Our spirits are Eolian Harps that sing in unison with the sweet sounds that breathe amid their strings. They are responsive alike to the melodies of nature and of art. Who has stood in the trackless forest and listened to the solemn strains that come up from the deep wild wood, or in the mountain glen, where the dying cadence of the wind amid the trees, the hoarse sounds of falling wa-

ters and the soft tricklings of tiny rills speak to the heart in tones of untutored melody, or on the ocean shore and listened to the wild roar of its stormy waves, without being filled with emotions too ecstatic and sublime for utterance? The heart that remains insensible under such influences is more brutal than human. Seldom is one found with a nature so obtuse as to listen with no delight to this great anthem of the universe. Artificial music has the same power to awaken deep and tender emotion and is, perhaps, the most efficacious of all influences in this world of sense to work our feelings.

Besides, there are emotions, desires and aspirations which no sounds but those moving in musical measures can express, but which burn and consume the heart in concealment. No dull words of prose can utter the deep wail of the penitent heart broken for sin, nor the song of inexpressible joy from a soul conscious of unison with the All-Father. Even in relation to earthly objects we have feelings which no language of words can make audible; but especially in our moral and religious moods do we feel the necessity of some more expressive vehicle of emotion than any found in the ordinary forms of speech. Then the soul must breathe itself out in musical tones and accents, or be crushed by a grief which cannot be communicated.

Music, also, tends to develop taste and to refine it to a correct standard. By taste, however, is not meant the arbitrary affectation which too often passes under that name, but a true love of the beautiful and the good. And by subduing passion and awakening the deeper emotions, music creates a delicate sensibility to all that is lovely. It has a moulding and transforming influence on ideas and character. It refines and in some cases creates the sentiments, habits and tendencies of the heart, and exerts a controlling influence on the life. It renders the whole emotive nature alive to the harmonious, the beautiful and the good. This result may not, indeed, appear conspicuous in every case, for too many hindrances now arise from a badly constructed nature, or from unfavorable circumstances, or from a false education; yet such is the tendency, and in some degree the result is uniform. Thus the heart is prepared to take on the conditions of a diviner life, and is made to aspire to and yearn after the source of all goodness and beauty in the universe, in comparison with which the goodness and beauty of earth are but faint shadows and types.

Thus music is the natural ally of virtue and piety, and deserves a

conspicuous place in every system of moral and religious culture. True, a musical taste is sometimes found in connection with vile depravity, and the most delicate strains of melody are often made to minister to the grossest forms of sensuality. It cannot be denied that music is sometimes leagued with the spirit of evil ; for it incites to deeds of blood ; it rolls onward the murderous tread of legions on the battle field ; it provokes to the halls of merriment and revelry ; it grovels in the sties of debauchery, and lures victims to a doom worse than death. Yet these facts are but illustrations of the general law, that all noble things are liable to perversion and abuse, and may become not only loathsome but destructive. The fact that it does not in every case minister to our higher nature, no more proves that it was not designed to develop man's moral and religious sensibilities than the perversions of appetite prove that it was not intended for our good. Nothing is to be judged by its perversions, but by its uses when fairly applied. Tested in this way, music is proved to be intended for the development of all that is noble in our nature.

It may even be said that music has a historic connection with vital religion. It has always formed a part of religious worship. There is scarcely a sect or nation described to us in history, either ancient or modern, among whose modes of worship instrumental and vocal music was wanting. The use of instruments dates back to the time before the flood, when Jabal invented the harp, and Jubal the organ. By the Jewish ritual music was made a more prominent part of religious service than before—or rather it was more carefully arranged and more scientifically performed. The whole tribe of Levi was set apart for this service. They were divided into choirs of singers and players on instruments, “one answering to another in the deep wail of grief or penitence, the soft response of love, the lively sweep of festive gladness, or all to flow together in choral multitudes of praise that might even shake the rock of Zion itself.” All kinds of musical instruments were introduced into the temple service—the cymbal with its tinkling melody, the harp with its wail of sadness, the psaltery with its solemn numbers, and the cornet with its loud blast of rejoicing. These joined with a thousand voices sent up to the throne of Heaven a strain of grand and triumphant melody the most reverential and imposing.

From the Jewish temple music descended to christian assemblies. Whether at first in these assemblies it was accompanied by instru-

ments or not, we have no means of knowing; yet from the known tastes and habits of the Jews, we have reason to suppose so. At least they were introduced into christian worship as early as the middle of the third century, for they are then incidentally referred to by ecclesiastical historians. Since then they have, to a greater or less extent, had place in christian choirs. They were used during the age of the Reformation. Luther himself is said to have been a skillful player on several kinds of instruments. Their use was not, indeed, very common among the Puritan Fathers, but whether this was due to conscientious scruples or to poverty, we are not informed. The Catholic church in every age has bestowed great culture on this part of religious service, and has depended on it for effect as much as on creed or ritual.

Thus music appears to be one of the best gifts of a bounteous Providence, and it should be carefully cultivated among the masses of every people who would make high attainments in virtue, piety, refinement and civilization. Hitherto it has been too much neglected by Americans, but the dawn of a wiser age begins to appear on these shores, and ere long, we trust, music, as it ought, will form a part of every system of education in every school from the Primary Department to the University.

EPIGRAM.

"God help me!" cried the Poor Man :
 And the Rich Man said "Amen!"
 And the Poor Man died at the Rich Man's door :—
God helped the Poor Man, then !

SAYS a contemporary : An *independent man* is one who blacks his own boots, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water. A *great man* is one who can make his children obey when they are out of his sight. A *good husband*, comes to his home from the business of the day with a *smile* for his wife, *instead of a scowl*, and *kind words*, instead of grumbling ; he feels that she has had brain-wearying cares and perplexities as much as he has, and that the duty of putting on a cheerful countenance, is as incumbent upon *him*, as it is upon her.

THE ANGELS.

BY DUGANNE.

ANGEL OF HOPE.

I HEAR thy wings, my sister,
Though the night is dark around thee—
Oh, those wings are drooping heavily,
As if the tempest bound thee.
Tell me sister—whither now ?
Whence and wherefore journeyest thou ?

ANGEL OF SUFFERING.

I come—oh, I come,
From the hapless realms,
Where souls are dumb,
Where wrong o'erwhelms ;
From the land where the Famine hath been—
Hath been, and will be again,
And wring the hearts of desperate men
With slow, consuming pain—
Till souls that once were free from sin
Are black as the soul of CAIN !
Famishing mothers, and famishing sires,
And sons with hearts of hate ;
Lighting their terrible signal-fires,
Piling their hovels in funeral pyres—
Lying in wait,
With hearts of hate,
At the cruel tyrant's gate !
Earth is mighty, and earth hath room
For millions of souls unborn ;
Harvests smile and orchards bloom,
And fields are heavy with corn ;
And yet there cometh the Famine's doom,
And the livid Plague's despairing gloom,
O'er Erin's land forlorn !

ANGEL OF HOPE.

Heaven helpeth—Heaven helpeth—
Though the clouds may darkly frown ;

The Angels.

Heaven lifts the poor and wretched—
Heaven brings the haughty down !
Trust in heaven, suffering Angel :—
Sorrow seals the true Evangel !

ANGEL OF SUFFERING.

I have been to the darksome mine,
Where ALBION'S INFANT SLAVES
In wretchedness toil—in hopelessness pine,
From birth to earth ;—
Nor joy nor mirth
From cradles unto graves !
Children with *withered hearts*,
And maidens with never a maiden's shame,—
Toiling and toiling till life departs,
Living and dying without a name ;
Living forever to labor and labor,
Cursing their lords,
With horrible words,—
Wrestling with brother, and struggling with neighbor.

ANGEL OF HOPE.

Heaven is mighty ! and God is good !
Little of love is understood !
Yet cometh the hour
Of Beauty and Power—
Cometh the glorious day—
When RIGHT shall be MIGHT,
And Darkness Light,
And Wrong be swept away.

MANNERS.—Among the most valuable distinctions of manners are quietness and decorum. Earnestness and decision should be avoided, especially by the young ; anything like vehemence of assertion or pressure of opinion indicates an intolerance of the independent sentiments of your companion, and goes to disturb that entire ease and freedom, of which your society should in no wise deprive him. Composure and ease should be most diligently sought by every one who would acquire the character and impress of condition. Easy manners are not only a mark of good breeding, but the effect is to make others feel easy, and consequently happy in your society. The most rational manners are those which render people most comfortable and make the conduct of intercourse the least arduous.

ON THE RISING OF SPRINGS AND STREAMS IN CALIFORNIA, BEFORE THE WINTER RAINS.

BY H. GIBBONS, M. D.

It is a subject of popular remark in this country that the springs and small streams begin to rise a long time before the setting in of the rainy season, and before a drop of rain has fallen. The common notion is that the rise of the springs has some relation to the near approach of the rainy season. Although I have had no doubt of the fact for several years, yet the demonstration of it did not occur to me until the autumn of 1858.

Two or three miles east of the Bay of San Francisco, and running parallel with the Bay, is a range of hills about one thousand feet in high, the summits of which are naked, or sparsely occupied by oaks and redwoods. The springs and small streams which abound on these hills in the winter and spring, mostly dry up in the course of the summer, though springs and swampy spots may be found here and there, almost on the very summits, through the whole course of the dryest seasons. During the year 1858, I frequently traversed the hills by a road running in the trough of a crooked ravine, skirted by a pleasant little stream which started from a spring within two hundred yards of the summit and increased considerably in its descent. The dry season commenced rather earlier than common, not enough rain to lay the dust falling after the first week in April. My little rivulet continued to murmur refreshingly by the road-side until July, when it disappeared in places; and by the beginning of August it formed a chain of swampy spots and pools. At the end of August, when I expected to find it almost desiccated, judge of my surprise on encountering a brisk streamlet about a mile from the top of the hill, at a spot which had been perfectly dry. From that time it steadily increased, the pools being connected for the greater part by a continuous stream on the 10th of October, though no rain had fallen.

Another instance, still more striking, has fallen under my notice. One mile from the foot of the hills, towards the Bay, the county road is crossed by a small winter stream never more than six feet wide, which became perfectly dry early in August. The channel of the

stream is not more than two feet in depth. In the latter part of August I was surprised to find in it a small pool of water, at the side of the road. On the fourth of September the wet space extended some fifty feet. On the ninth of October it had become a continuous, running stream, discharging five or six gallons per minute, and this without a drop of rain.

There is no great difficulty, I apprehend, in solving the phenomenon. The water which falls in the winter and spring penetrates the earth, and finds an impervious bed not far beneath the surface. This bed being more or less inclined, the water, of course, gravitates laterally, till it finds vent in the form of a spring. In the long days of summer, when the sun is fifteen hours above the horizon, and almost vertical, and when the atmosphere is very arid, evaporation is so rapid as to exhaust the supply at the springs and cause them to disappear; or at least to diminish the supply and carry off entirely the water from the bed of the stream in the intervals of the springs. As the season advances, the days become shorter and the power of the sun also diminishes. Evaporation becomes proportionally slower, and at length is so retarded as not to carry off the percolations of the springs; and the springs first reappear, and then the streams.

The diminishing evaporation after the summer solstice, may be forcibly represented by figures. Thus, the time occupied by the process of evaporation, in proportion to that of influx or replenishment, or in other words, the number of hours of sunshine and of night, in this latitude, is nearly as follows:

June 20, sun 15 h., night 9 h., or as 10 to 6
July 20, sun 14 h., night 10 h., or as 10 to 7.14
Aug. 20, sun 13 h., night 11 h., or as 10 to 8.45
Sept. 20, sun 12 h., night 12 h., or as 10 to 10
Oct. 20, sun 11 h., night 13 h., or as 10 to 11.82
Nov. 20, sun 10 h., night 14 h., or as 10 to 14

But this exhibits only the space of time occupied by the evaporating process. The greatly diminished power of the sun's rays in the autumn months, enhances the effect very materially. Besides it is quite possible that, in the longest days, when the soil is most heated, a portion of the water in the strata supplying the springs is drawn directly upward by capillary attraction. This would be an additional source of exhaustion, which would cease or diminish with the advance of the season.

I am informed by a friend, J. W. Osborne, Esq., of Napa, that it

is very common for the springs and streams, after rising in the autumn, to disappear again before the rains set in. Though this fact has not come under my own observation, yet I can scarcely doubt it, the cause is so obvious. We very seldom have rain sufficient to penetrate a foot into the soil before December. And though the evaporation may be almost completely suspended, yet the supply in the strata furnishing the springs must in time be exhausted, and in that case the springs would again disappear.

It is worthy of remark that, in sinking wells, water is found near the surface, in most of the plains and valleys of California. Impervious beds of clay or rock appear very generally to underlie the superficial strata. If it were otherwise, the phenomenon to which this paper refers might not be so conspicuous. There is a prominent feature of the scenery of our plains dependent on the same cause. In the autumn, after traveling five or ten miles without meeting with a drop of water or any growing vegetation, you observe a clump of green willows in the bed of what appears to be a "dry creek." You find there a pool of water, and perhaps in the course of the bed, other pools will be found, where a good supply of water is always on hand in the dryest seasons.

SONNET.

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."—*Longfellow.*

The gloomy hours and darksome days,
Of chill adversity are mine;
A wanderer lone along strange ways—
For the old paths I pant and pine,—
But all in vain, in dreams alone
I greet the loving friends of youth,
And hear the church-bell's sacred tone
Soft chiming with their words of truth;—
What need of more? the world is wide,
And He hath made it wondrous fair;
'Tis foolish grief alone would hide
In the lorn halls of dark despair:

Man may be just and fail success; be brave and not achieve;
Yet standing firm in dire distress, will victory's chaplet weave.

T. H. H.

THE WIFE

A STORY OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

CHAPTER III.

TIME did not loiter with the inmates of the old square house. Arthur was to sail by the first of December, and Ruth's heart and hands were full. She dared not often trust herself to think of the separation that was so near; it seemed as if she could not make her hope and courage reach out to grasp aught beyond it. Yet, though already feeling the gloom of the dark shadow that hourly crept nearer, Ruth was happy. It is so sweet to labor and care in any way for one beloved, and little, indeed, of such sweetness had hitherto fallen to Ruth's lot in her lonely life. Her father she had never known; her mother died just when she was old enough to begin to understand and respond to the tenderness of that mother's love. Brother or sister she had not, and she often felt that her mother's death had sealed up treasures in her heart, that might have made her childhood glad and the dawn of her womanhood beautiful. But as it was, very few ever noticed the bashful, plain-faced child. Aunt Mary, to whose care she had been left, was kind; she meant to do her best for the orphan, but she could not understand Ruth, and did not dream of the latent springs that were as yet unstirred in the child's nature. Then poor Aunt Mary was so bowed down with her own life sorrow that she had no time nor heart to care for Ruth, as she might have done under happier circumstances. Her husband was a drunkard, and it required all her own and Ruth's exertions to keep absolute want from their fire-side and from the two pale and puny children who sat there. Neither could Aunt Mary at all appreciate the mental hunger that was ever present with Ruth and induced her to grasp at everything that seemed to promise it satisfaction. Nevertheless, by dint of much self-denial, she allowed Ruth an opportunity to glean what she could in the common school of the neighborhood—that storehouse which stands open to the child of every American without money and without price; but when Ruth had exhausted this resource, and the craving appetite was only whetted thereby, she seemed

doomed to perpetual want, for it was only now and then that a crumb from the banquet of books fell in her way.

There was one, however, who often noticed the intelligent face in church and in the Sabbath school, and occasionally in his week day rounds, and who discerned in its possessor a mind of the first order, and that one was the minister of the village church. By judicious encouragement, now and then, and the occasional loan of a book, he often gave a helping hand to the intellect that was painfully struggling up under the pressure of an untoward fate. As the years went by, and Ruth grew to womanhood, it was his influence and recommendation that first obtained for her a situation as teacher in an out of the way district in his parish, thus opening up to her hampered and prisoned spirit a new outlook upon life, and, as it seemed to her, an almost boundless field for usefulness and self-improvement. Ruth was a successful teacher, for the employment was congenial, and she brought all her energies to bear upon it. So, after a time, it came to be forgotten that she was the niece of her uncle—the friendless waif whom nobody knew, and for whom nobody cared, and her services were commended and sought after both in her own and other towns. But it was not so easy as Ruth had at first imagined to carry out her plans for self-culture. Aunt Mary’s feebleness and destitution were a constant demand upon her leisure and her scanty earnings, and after a time, the first freshness of her hope died out, and though her intense thirst for knowledge and the strength of her life purpose remained the same, there were times when the heart sickness of homelessness and isolation would almost paralyze her energies.

It was in one of these seasons that Arthur Edwards had sought her and proffered first friendship and afterward love. What wonder, then, that Ruth’s whole being thrilled to its core with the new and ravishing emotion. What wonder that at the altar of this new homage, every power of her intellect and every purpose in her life plan bowed itself. Was it possible that there was one in the wide world with whose life stream blent hourly thoughts of her—one for whom she made all of joy in the present, and who centered in her all hope for the future? She had scarcely had time as yet in her brief widowhood to realize how this could be, and she rested in the consciousness of present bliss, almost fearing that when Arthur went, she should wake and find it all a dream.

Ruth had thought so constantly of Arthur—of Arthur's wants on the voyage and in the new home he sought, that she had hardly given a thought either to her father or mother-in-law. In Mr. Edwards' open face his straight-forward goodness of heart always showed itself, and it was easy to see, under all his efforts to be cheerful, how sincerely he sorrowed at this separation from his only child. But Mrs. Edwards was not so readable. She was always sad—severely and unremittingly sad—and went about the house with a most martyr-like air. And, indeed, it was no feigned sadness, for she loved her handsome boy with all the devotion that was in her nature. He was her pet, her pride; she had always considered him a new edition of herself revised and improved, and to him she had constantly looked as the future restorer of the departed glory of the Blackington family. She had also a certain fear of him dating back to his very babyhood, which made her loth to show anything like dislike or disrespect in his presence towards the wife of his choice. So she nursed her anger and her bitter disappointment in silence, biding her time.

One after another fled the short, dreary November days. Last things had been done, trunks packed, and last articles stowed carefully in them, and on the morrow Arthur was to leave for New York. It had been decided that Ruth was not to accompany him to the steamer.

"It is much better for you to say good-bye here," said Arthur, "it would be just as hard to say it in New York, and you would be obliged to come back alone. I shall feel better about you to leave you here," and Ruth acquiesced submissively in his decision.

Sitting there before the fire alone with her husband, while the snow-filled gusts beat against the creaking window blinds without, Ruth held his hand closer between her own and felt that the thing she had so dreaded had, indeed, come upon her, and the great merciless ocean would soon roll between her and that hand she would fain clasp forever.

"Now Ruth," said Arthur, drawing her head down on his shoulder, "don't go to making yourself miserable after I am gone. You know it won't be long; I shall certainly send for you some time during the summer."

"If all goes well, I know," said Ruth, "but that little word *if* is such a terrible omnipresent ghost in this uncertain world of ours."

"All will go well of course. Don't go to borrowing trouble."

"Oh, Arthur," said Ruth, lifting up her head to look into his dark-handsome eyes, "you don't know anything what it is to live as I have lived, to feel yourself such a pauper in all human regard, and now this treasure of your love seems so priceless to me ; I have given in exchange for it all I had to give in this world, and what would become of me if anything should happen to you—if you should ever change to me?"

"If I should ever change to you, Ruth! what do you mean?"

"Nothing, Arthur," and Ruth laid her head again in the old resting place, "only I am so sad to-night that I am selfishly making you sad, but I cannot help it. I had such a strange dream last night, it has haunted me all day."

"Why, Ruth, who would have thought you were superstitious enough to be troubled by a dream! What was it?"

"It was of you ; and it is strange, too, that all my dreams of you ever since I first knew you, have been troubled and unhappy. There has scarcely been a night when I have not dreamed of you, and always I am in trouble. Either I am expecting you and you do not come, or you have gone away and do not write me and I do not know where to write to you, or I have sought you a long time, and when I find you, you do not seem to recognize me. Last night I thought I was in a strange country, like no place I ever saw in my waking hours. It seemed to be a rich valley with green hills, without either forests or streams, and the ocean was very near, and the wild flowers were so abundant and so splendid, they were like clouds of bright colors amid the green. And I thought you were there too, and I wanted to find you. It seemed as if there was some terrible evil coming upon you, and I wanted to warn you and save you. Now and then I could see you, but I could never get near enough to speak. Whenever I had almost overtaken you and was about to call your name, a woman's face would come between us, and I could not see you. It was unlike any face I know, very beautiful, proud and queenly, but when it turned to me, it had an evil, scornful smile that made me shudder."

"Oh, Ruth, what a foolish child you are to let such a thing trouble you. Don't go to being jealous, now, of the lady of your dream," and Arthur laughed and patted the round cheek that nestled so near his own, secretly pleased at this shadow of something akin to jealousy in his wife's heart. "Never you fear, Ruth ; I'm going to

California to make money, not acquaintances of either sex. I don't think my loyalty to you will be in any danger."

Ruth laughed too, and then she said seriously, "But it seems so strange to me that I should ever have won a love like yours, that I often think, what if I should not be able to retain it. Your mother said to me, the other day, that as our acquaintance and engagement had been rather short, she regretted exceedingly that you were going away where you would probably see much of other ladies, so soon after your marriage. She said such things often resulted most unhappily."

"Did my mother say that?" said Arthur quickly, his face flushing, "I am glad you told me."

He was silent a moment, and then the flush faded out, and he added quietly, "But you know I told you you mustn't mind mother. She does say strange things, sometimes, but then she really don't mean anything; you must humor her whims a little. But one thing, Ruth, don't you go to putting into practice any of your independent self-reliant ideas; don't you let anything induce you to teach after I am gone. It would vex me exceedingly, if you should. I leave you here, and I expect you to remain here till I send for you. You are the daughter of the house, and must consider yourself so, and that you have the same right and are just as welcome here as I am. My father you will find always the same, and I hope you will take good care of him, for he will miss me sadly."

"Indeed, I will do my best to take a daughter's place for your sake, Arthur."

"And, Ruth, mind you do not go to your aunt, at least for anything more than the briefest possible visit. It is no place for you. You and I begin a new life from the hour I land in California, and I wish you removed entirely from all your early surroundings. You are going to take the place that belongs to you in society for the future."

Arthur's fine face was all aglow, and Ruth could not avoid partaking somewhat of his enthusiasm. She was not naturally sanguine, and her life experiences had not been such as contributed to foster that trait in her character, but she listened to Arthur's confident words and exultant plans, while the clock told hour after hour far on into the night, till unconsciously the dreary interval before her seemed shorter and less gloomy in the distance, and she could look more hopefully away beyond it.

Still she was anxious and unsatisfied, and a sense of poverty in life and life's best gifts smote upon her heart as it had never done before. Longings, of which she had always been dimly conscious, awoke in her soul—pleadings of the immortal in her nature for a good over which the twin tyrants Change and Death, stalking hand in hand with desolating tread through all the green earth, should have no power. That there was in mortal life a certain God-given loyalty and faith whose reward was light which could illumine the darkest paths, and peace whose foundations laid hold upon the throne of God himself, she never doubted, but she had it not.

And so, between farewell words and rest which was no rest, save for the loving clasp of hands so soon to be severed, the precious moments of that winter night dropped, one by one, away, and the unwelcome dawn stole up in the cold gray sky.

A fit of hysterical weeping and a nervous headache had rendered Mrs. Edwards unable to rise, and Arthur, when the form of breakfast was over, had taken leave of Ruth in their own room and gone down stairs to seek his father. Ruth looked out. The great double sleigh, with one or two passengers well wrapped in buffalo robes, which was going to the nearest railway station, stood at the gate, and a man was carrying out Arthur's trunks. She might see him, just for one little moment, again. She stole down stairs. The heavy hall door was ajar, and she laid her hand on the clumsy, old-fashioned latch, as if she feared Arthur might pass out without seeing her. She did not feel the sharp wind that swept in, nor the biting cold of the frost covered iron, to which her fingers adhered. She heard the door of the sitting room shut and her husband's quick step coming into the hall.

“Ruth!”

She did not speak, but laid her white, tearless cheek so wearily upon his breast, that even Arthur's courage and resolution almost failed him. One strong clasp of his arms—one kiss, the memory of which must feed the love-light in her heart so long, and he was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

In the days of her youth, Mrs. Edwards had been a beauty and a belle. Even at fifty, her eyes had not lost all their brightness, and signs of age were only beginning to show themselves in her plentiful black hair. Her father was the great man of the town, having been

rich in village lots, and mountain farms, and flocks of sheep, and the owner of woolen mills and grist mills on the Hoosac. To his daughters he gave what were considered in those days very superior advantages. Mrs. Edwards and her sister were sent, for a whole year, to a boarding school in Troy to finish their education and acquire some accomplishments, and on their return, their embroidery, their piano, and the "fruit pieces" they had painted on velvet, were the wonder of the village. One of these "fruit pieces" still hung in Mrs. Edwards' best parlor, representing a plate, upon which were some queer looking grapes, a round object of a color between a reddish potato and a peach, something else evidently intended for a bunch of cherries, and some extraordinary looking melons. Mrs. Edwards' eyes always rested on this with peculiar satisfaction, and who shall say what golden memories of by-gone days clustered around it!

The piano, also, she still retained, standing in a corner of the same parlor. Like its mistress, it had passed its prime, and its tones, like her voice, were shrill and sadly out of tune. But time and familiarity had rendered Mrs. Edwards insensible to these defects, and she still continued to play over occasionally her youthful "marches" and songs, "that she might not get out of practice," she said. At such times, Mr. Edwards, who had an unusually nice sense of harmony, though his wife declared "he hadn't the least taste for music," always took himself as far as possible away, and even the sleek, demure Maltese pussy by the kitchen hearth sometimes darted out of doors, with back up and bristling tail, on a reconnoissance to find out what impudent specimen of the feline race was insulting her, on her own premises.

At the death of her father, soon after Arthur's birth, Mrs. Edwards became possessor of the old homestead, the bulk of the property also reverting to her. But Mr. Edwards had never been successful in business. His wife said "he hadn't any faculty;" other people said "he was too free-hearted and good-natured." He was neither an indolent man nor a spendthrift, yet losses and reverses had poured in upon him, till nearly all his wife's fortune was swept away. Mrs. Edwards wept and bemoaned herself and reproached her husband, as the years came and went, finding them poor and leaving them poorer; but she was an excellent manager, for her mother had been preëminent in all housekeeping lore, and her domestic education had not been neglected, though she was "accom-

plished ;” so she conformed herself, though with a very bad grace, to her altered circumstances. Dismissing her “help,” she performed the labor of the household herself, partly as a matter of economy, and partly that no meddling gossips might, by any possibility, obtain a clue to the internal arrangements of her home. Thus, by dint of close calculation, the great house was retained and most of its rich, old-fashioned furnishings, and Mrs. Edwards still continued to dress genteelly, often elegantly, though to do this she was obliged to practice a grinding economy at her table. This last result of their reverses was felt as keenly, perhaps, as any other by Mr. Edwards. He could bear with easy good-nature his wife’s hard speeches and unkind reflections, but a love of good dinners was a weakness deeply rooted in his character.

In all her adversity, however, Mrs. Edwards never quite despaired. Arthur was left to her yet, and in Arthur’s coming manhood were garnered all her hopes and all her ambition. Arthur was “a real Blackington,” she said, and if he only made a right beginning in the world, she saw no reason why he should not redeem their fallen fortunes and reproduce the aristocratic splendors of her early life. This right beginning she confidently expected would be a wealthy and every way advantageous marriage. The possibility of any other marriage connection for her son had never occurred to her, and when, in the course of events, a pitiless reality dispelled all these beautiful visions, no one but herself knew how keenly and bitterly she felt the disappointment. With such plans crushed, and such feelings rankling in her heart, she was not likely to look upon Ruth or Ruth’s doings through any rose colored medium.

“I suppose you play,” said Mrs. Edwards to Ruth, one afternoon, as she opened her piano for the first time since Arthur’s departure.

The best parlor had been opened and warmed for expected guests, and Ruth stood listlessly by the window examining a book but thinking, meanwhile, of a dark morning and a great double sleigh and the form she had seen last in it, as it whirled out of sight. “No, I do not,” said she looking up, “I wish I did.”

“Possible !” said Mrs. Edwards, raising both her hands. “Why, I thought you were educated for a teacher.”

“I never had any opportunity to learn music. Indeed, I have been obliged to pick up what I have acquired, by little and little, just as I could.”

"I'm so sorry!" said Mrs. Edwards, taking out her pocket handkerchief and passing it lightly over the keys of the instrument, lest, perchance, there might linger a stray speck of dust on them. "Poor Arthur is so very fond of music, I don't know how he can be satisfied with a wife that knows nothing about it."

"I sing a little," said Ruth, "and I think I could soon learn something of instrumental music. Arthur intends I shall take lessons in California."

"I don't think it would be of any use. You wouldn't be likely to learn much at your age, and after marriage, too, unless you had a natural gift for it, which I should judge you haven't. Besides, I guess Arthur'll find he'd have to pay for music lessons in California."

The blood burned in Ruth's face, but she sat down and listened deferentially to Mrs. Edwards' performing. It was the first time she had ever heard it, and presently a sense of the ludicrous almost obliterated the sting of the words that had been spoken. But Mrs. Edwards kept on, entirely unconscious that there was any lack of harmony either in her voice or in her accompaniment, and after a time, as she seemed wholly absorbed in her playing, Ruth quietly left the room. In the kitchen she encountered Mr. Edwards.

"What was that Miss Edwards was a sayin' to you in the parlor just now?" asked he.

"She asked me if I played, and when I answered that I did not, she said she was sorry, because Arthur is fond of music."

"Well, I'm dreadful glad you don't," said he, with a knowing wink and a glance in the direction of the parlor, that made it hard for Ruth to keep her countenance. "I've got pretty well broke in to Miss Edwards' playin', but if you should play, too, I don't think I could stand it."

We make heroic resolutions when we first descry trouble or difficulty in the distance, and yet, when it really presses upon us, how timid and easily discouraged we often are. So thought Ruth, the next morning, as she stood a moment irresolutely at the door of her room—Arthur's room that had been—before going down stairs. She had begun to shrink, already, from the chilling black eyes that seemed determined to see no good in her.

"But Arthur said I mustn't mind her," she half whispered, "and I will see now if steady forbearance and a sincere purpose to serve her in every way possible will not melt her prejudices."

Ruth had had almost as little opportunity to acquire skill and knowledge in domestic affairs as for mental culture. While under Aunt Mary's roof, the necessity of constant confinement to needle-work, because in that she was quick and skillful, had fostered her naturally dreamy, unobserving habits of mind, and contributed to render her somewhat unpractical and ignorant of many common things daily passing in her presence. Afterward, her steady occupation in teaching had precluded the possibility of much improvement in this respect; yet she trusted that willing hands and a warm heart would work wonders for her. She was quick to see Mrs. Edwards' superiority in all domesticities, and a little fearful of exposing any ignorance before her practiced eyes. However, there were many minor matters easily learned, and safe ground to commence upon, and Mrs. Edwards seemed disposed to keep her kitchen and her pantry under her own vigilant supervision.

"I've a bad headache," said Mrs. Edwards, one morning. "I believe I'll go up stairs and lie down. You can just get a little lunch for yourself, and Mr. Edwards can take a bite in the pantry. I'll be down before time for tea."

"Oh," said Ruth, smiling, "I think I could cook a dinner for once."

"Oh, no," rejoined Mrs. Edwards earnestly, "you'd better not, I don't want anything myself, and there's no use making any trouble about it;" and she left the room, while Ruth went on with her sewing, querying in her mind whether her mother-in-law really wished to spare her trouble, or was unwilling she should meddle with the kitchen department.

Toward noon, Mr. Edwards came into the sitting room. He had been up to see his wife, and Ruth thought he looked particularly elated.

"Miss Edwards has got one of her dreadful headaches," said he, "she's gone to bed and says she can't come down no more to-day. So I'll just step out and get something for dinner, and I guess you and I can manage to get along, can't we?"

"Certainly," said Ruth, laughingly folding up her work, "we'll try, at least."

She went into the kitchen, and by the time she had lit a fire she saw Mr. Edwards coming cautiously through the back yard with a covered basket on his arm. Setting it on the kitchen table, he open-

ed it, glancing around now and then with a half suspicious air, and displayed a small keg of oysters and some accompanying luxuries, such as Ruth had not seen since her advent there.

"Miss Edwards don't like oysters," said he deprecatingly, "she's never willin' to cook 'em; so I thought seein' you and I are alone, 'twould be a good time to have some. I reckoned you'd like 'em, and if you don't know how to cook 'em, I do."

"But mind ye," added he, proceeding to open the keg, "don't you say a word to Miss Edwards about it. 'Twouldn't be best at all. She wouldn't eat any, and she never wants to be bothered when she has the headache. I'll take her up a cup of tea presently."

And he did, while Ruth prepared the oysters and spread the old round table with such a dinner as it had not held for a long time. Mr. Edwards laughed and told stories and lingered over his oysters, prophesying great things for Ruth's future, till he beguiled her into enjoying the meal almost as much as he did.

Mrs. Edwards did not come down stairs the next day. She had taken a severe cold and was obliged to keep her room for two or three days. But thanks to Ruth's careful nursing, the indisposition passed away without serious results.

"I suppose there is no bread in the house by this time," said Mrs. Edwards, when she was again able to sit up before the fire in her own room.

"Oh yes, there is plenty," said Ruth looking up from the rug where she knelt brushing back the ashes on the hearth-stone, "I have baked some."

"Oh, you have; well, I should like a slice of toast, if you please."

There was an ungracious intonation in Mrs. Edwards' voice, and Ruth felt a little uneasy as she went down stairs, though Mr. Edwards had praised her bread making immoderately. However, she did her best, and having spread the little tea tray with a snowy napkin, took it up stairs. Mrs. Edwards tasted a little and then pushed it from her in disgust.

"Is it possible," said she snappishly, "that you don't know how to make bread? I thought, considering your relations, that you'd been brought up to work, if nothing else. I wonder what you do know!"

Ruth's self-respect surged up in one indignant throb, and she turned quickly and left the room. But in the hall she stopped.

"She is Arthur's mother—remember Arthur," plead her heart, and with a strong effort she put down her resentment and went back.

"I am very sorry," said she gently, "but I must confess, I am a novice in these things. I hope to do better by and by. Shall I bring you up some crackers?" and without waiting for an answer she took up the rejected tray and went down stairs.

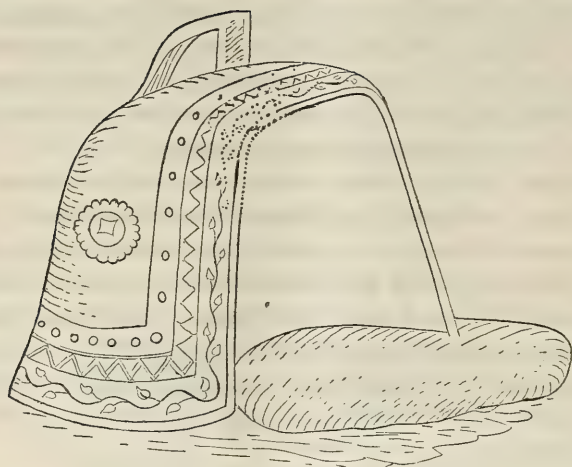
That night on her solitary pillow Ruth reviewed the day, and tried to reason and shame herself out of her sensitiveness. "Cannot I bear these little troubles cheerfully for Arthur's sake? It is very foolish and very selfish in me to feel these things so keenly, when I know it is her way, and when Mr. Edwards is so kind. Now, I am sure I will never allow myself to feel so again."

Nevertheless, she cried herself to sleep.

L I N E S .

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF VIOLETS AND CEDAR, BOUND WITH "RED, WHITE AND BLUE," FROM THE HAND OF A LADY.

Sweet, glorious emblem of our native land,
 Perennial cedar, bound by woman's hand,
 With purest violet, whose ethereal dye,
 First caught its beauty from the vaulted sky,
 Clasped each to each with freedom's triple tie,
 Those matchless colors for which heroes die.
 Fadeless forever as this verdant spray,
 Fair as these blossoms, in thy upward way,
 Bound by that banner floating on the breeze,
 With ties unchanging as the God's decrees.
 Press on my country, 'tis thy rightful place,
 For nobler mothers never bore a race.
 Yes, noble woman, in this awful hour,
 When danger threatens with portentous power,
 We turn to thee, for in thy gentle hand
 Hangs yet the future of our father-land.
 'Tis thou must teach in childhood's pliant stage
 The earnest duties of our riper age.
 Bind then, ye mothers, on the sunny brow
 Of each fair child, this signet and this vow :—
 I own no master, for God made me free,
 I *live* my country or I *die* for thee.



THE CURFEW BELL.

IN conversation a few days since with a friend from Lóndon, (Francis Hobler, Esq.) respecting some of the ancient usages and customs of our ancestors, the curfew bell was mentioned, and expressing a desire to know of its origin, he handed us the following. It may be interesting to some of the readers of the *Hesperian*. A representation of the Curfew, electrotyped by our highly valued contributor, Dr. A. Kellogg, accompanies this sketch.

The old curfew bell which was anciently rung in the town of Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, for the extinction and relighting of *all fires and candle light*, still exists, and has from time immemorial been regularly rung on the morning of Shrove Tuesday at 4 o'clock, after which hour the inhabitants are at liberty to make and eat pancakes until the bell rings again at 8 o'clock at night. This custom is observed so closely that after that hour not a pancake remains in the town. Milton says :

“ I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar.”

Gray, in his beautiful elegy in a country church-yard, begins :

“ The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

It is generally supposed (erroneously) that the curfew bell came

into England with William the Conqueror. This opinion is founded upon one of his laws, by which he ordered the people to put out their fires and lights and go to bed at the eight o'clock curfew bell ; but Henry, in his "History of Great Britain," says that there is sufficient evidence of the curfew having prevailed in different parts of Europe at that period as a precaution against fires which were frequent and fatal when so many houses were built of wood. In Peshall's "History of Oxford" it is related that Alfred the Great ordered the inhabitants of that city to cover their fires on the ringing of the bell at curfew every night at 8 o'clock, which custom is observed to this day, and the bell as constantly rings at 8 as Great Tom tolls at 9. Wherever the curfew is now rung in England is usually at 4 in the morning and 8 in the evening, as at Hoddesdon on Shrove Tuesday ; also at Haverill in Suffolk all the year round, as I have heard for many years.

Concerning the curfew, or the instrument used to cover the fire, there is a communication from the late Mr. Francis Grose, the well remembered antiquary, in the "Antiquarian Repertory," vol. I, published by Mr. Ed. Jeffery. Mr. Grose inclosed a letter from the Rev. F. Gortling, author of the "Walk through Canterbury," with a drawing of the utensil from which an engraving is made in that work. No other representation of the curfew exists.

This utensil, says the "Antiquarian Repertory," is called a curfew, or *couvre fue*, from its use, which is that of suddenly putting out a fire. The method of applying it was this :—the wood and embers were raked as close as possible to the back of the hearth and then the curfew was put over them, the open part placed close to the back of the chimney. By this contrivance, the air being almost totally excluded, the fire was of course extinguished. This curfew is of copper, riveted together, as solder would have been liable to melt with the heat. It is ten inches high, sixteen inches wide, and nine inches deep. The Rev. Mr. Gortling, to whom it belongs, says it has been in his family from time immemorial and was always called the curfew. Some others of this kind are still remaining in Kent and Sussex.

T. Row, in the "Gentleman's magazine,"—"because no mention is made of any particular implement for extinguishing the fire, in any writer"—is inclined to think *there never was any such*. Fosbrooke, in his "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," says : "An instrument of copper presumed to have been made for covering the ashes, but of uncertain use" is engraved.—It is one of his plates.

In Johnson's Dictionary the curfew is explained as "a cover for a fire, a fire-plate.—Bacon." So that if Johnson is credible—and his citation of authorities is unquestionable—Bacon, no very modern writer, is authority for the fact that there was such an implement as the curfew.

W O R S H I P .

BY H. C. DORR.

Mock not, mock not our holy God,
 In churches built by hands,
 With empty forms and empty sounds,
 That rise from many lands.

We build up shrines of precious woods,
 Altars of burnished gold,
 With lips attuned to holy words,
 Clasped hands there upward fold.

Yet it is all but mockery,
 To heaven and our Lord,
 To breathe mere words on bended knee,
 Unless our lives accord.

If in the heart no thought is there,
 That to the act responds,
 Then is all worship empty air,
 Religion, priestly bonds.

Can He all wise be thus deceived,
 By our poor human arts,
 Our sounding words by him believed,
 Who reads all mortal hearts ?

If from His house we turn aside,
 To give some heart new pain,
 No creed or form shall ever hide,
 God's time thus spent in vain.

His fitting temple is a heart,
 Whence loving deeds shall flow,
 Where justly we shall act our part,
 To other hearts below.

TINY PETUNIA. (*Petunia parviflora*. [JUSS.])

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE Petunias and Nierembergias are in general highly appreciated and commonly cultivated plants.

The native species of *Petunia* here figured is found along the margins of the Bay at Oakland, and probably elsewhere. As regards the mere beauty of the plant, the very minute purple flowers would scarcely be noticed by the casual observer. Yet this plant has much interest to many here, and more abroad. We owe the world something in return for the spread of their own local knowledge—oft-times of increasing interest as it reverberates upon a distant shore. The commonest objects to us, are rare somewhere; the most trifling incidents from our heart's love, are as the fragrant flowers along our path.

At one period we questioned if this could be a *Petunia* or a *Nierembergia*—next *Salpiglossis prostrata*—then *Leptophragma prostrata*, and finally as above. It has cost us much time and a good deal of perplexity, the best authorities differing. We are right glad to find the plant has any name at all. There has even been expressed some doubt whether the plant was *prostrate*. We can assure those abroad that the plant lies flat enough here and throws down radicles at the joints like a common creeper. It often forms large, dense mats. The sparkling, dewy glands and rich green foliage we think would render it a pretty pendent pot plant.

PURPLE WEDGE-SPOTTED EVENING PRIMROSE.

(*Enothera lepidota*. [LINDL.])

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THIS is one of our beautiful autumnal plants, very common upon the rolling lands of California. The flowers are pale purple with a deep purple wedge-shaped spot at the summit of each petal. The stem is rigidly erect and somewhat woody; rarely branching in its native habit, as represented in the sketch, which we took from a remarka-

bly fine specimen from Goat Island in the Bay of San Francisco. The plant abounds on the Mission hills, and indeed is very common along the coast of California; but we usually find it strictly wand-shaped with a tuft or ball of crowded leaves and flowers on the top—the lower portion becoming naked as soon as the flowers appear. The leaves in arid soils often assume the varied hues of autumn—bright purple or brilliant red, chiefly on the borders and tips.

Our plant has been much admired and long cultivated by foreign florists.

It is thought to be allied to *Æ. purpurea* and *Æ. decumbens*, so nearly, indeed, as to be hardly worthy of a separate name. To us it appears so distinct in its habit, we find it difficult to entertain a momentary doubt on the subject.

T H E D E A D .

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

Stern winter's fell and frosty breath
 Hath stripped the leafy bowers,
 And torn the green May drapery
 From off the gentle flowers;—
 The flowerets blue and white and red,
 Are numbered with the faded dead.

These tender germs, whose blighted bloom
 Brings grief and tears to me,
 A true and thoughtful lesson teach,
 Of our mortality;—
 The beautiful, the good, the brave,
 Must slumber in the silent grave.

Yet when our earth-form here shall die,
 And dust return to dust,
 Our living self, its bonds unclasp'd,
 Will rise in holy trust,
 And, a pure spirit, wing its way,
 From star to star through endless day.

It happens to a man of science as to a blade of corn; it shoots high and carries itself erect while the ear is empty, but when matured and full of grain, it bows down and is humble.

THE YOUNG ARCHITECT.

BY FANNY GREEN MCDUGAL.

THE following story is given as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator.

It was about eleven o'clock on New Year's Day, 1840, and I was sauntering up Broadway in the direction of Bond street. You may be assured I was quite a different figure then from what you now see me. You would scarce believe the truth that the delicate hands so delicately gloved, could ever have become calloused, dark and brawny as these. I was, in fact, conspicuously fashionable; and the elaborately ornate style of my dress would have shown at a single glance that my tailor, seamstress, and even my laundress and shoe-black, were all, in their several professions, artists. It seems strange to me when I think of it, that it could have been so—yet so it was. I might have been styled the Prince of Broadway—a primate among dandies; nor can I regret that it was so; for I now know from experience how much purer happiness, how much truer dignity, there is even in the poorest and meanest work that is useful, than in a life of utter uselessness.

But to return. I was revolving in my mind certain delicate points in relation to the calls I was to make, and the propriety of giving to certain families and acquaintances a social lease of my most precious company for the ensuing year, and of withdrawing the faultless shadow of my garments from other circles, during the same length of time; for though a Yankee, you must know that acquaintances in New York are either made or unmade on New Year's day. I was growing tired of the deliberation; for at that time any exercise of thought was painful to my undisciplined mind; and so, like many other vain and impatient young men—for then I *was* young—I was wishing I might add a feather to the wing of Time, or do something, at least to hurry him along, when my attention was attracted by a light tap on the door of a house near by.

There are certain sounds which, without any external circumstance to mark them as peculiar, yet arrest the attention, and address themselves to the heart, with a force and power apparently not their own. They pre-echo the Future; and, as we listen to them, we

know they have some mysterious connection with our future destiny. They are probably to be explained only on an electrical principle, by which the spirit, with the finer perceptions of its nature, recognizes the affinities which are hereafter to be developed, and wrought with the tissue of our affections—our hopes—our whole being.

Such impressions, and such a train of thought passed through my mind, awakened by the little sound to which I have referred; though the process was far more rapid than that of repeating it has been.

I looked up; and a boy of some fourteen years was standing before one of our finest mansions, beating the door with such force that I became seriously alarmed for his knuckles.

I wish I could set before your eyes the figure which just then filled mine, and, for the moment, drove Belles and Graces completely from my thoughts. My first impulse was to laugh; for then I was inclined to be thoughtless—or more definitely speaking, to that common disease of the juvenile brain which is described by the prefix of *rattle*. But there was something about the child that instantly awoke a stronger interest, and a deeper feeling. He was dressed from head to foot in a homespun suit of the true butternut dye of the Green Mountains. The fashion of his broad-skirted coat, with shining new gilt buttons, would have done honor to the gravity of a patriarch; while cap, pantaloons, vest, and even leggins, were all of the same unchanging color. Add to the effect of this that they were, unquestionably, made to grow to—for they literally hung in folds—and you may have something of an idea; and yet, after all, not the full, nor exactly the true one. I verily believe that Brummel would have fainted away at the sight of those garments; and if any of his Broadway brethren had a glimpse of them, there is no doubt they must have had recourse to their salts, notwithstanding the mercury was several degrees below zero. The great wonder is how I bore it so well.

But evidently there was something about the child one does not meet every day; and as I gazed at him, all that bag-work of ugly coarse cloth, of the ugliest possible color, disappeared from my view, and the mind seemed to come out and envelope the whole being. It was like the butterfly emerging from his chrysalis—a kind of transfiguration. His face, in spite of the hideous cap, whose great heavy leathern visor projected over it so unseemingly, was of the finest type

of genius. The awkward country boy had vanished from my sight. A young Apollo stood there, and I addressed him as such.

"Ring the bell," I said, involuntarily touching my hat as I spoke, so sudden, and so real was the respect with which he had inspired me.

"What sir?" he asked, looking down curiously, and not ungratefully; for doubtless I had expressed the strange interest I felt, in the voice, if not in the expression of my face. As he turned those large, dark, gray eyes, with their long lashes, and finely arched brow full upon me, I felt that his conquest was complete.

"Pull that," I replied, glad to have an apology for coming beside him, he had attracted me so strongly; and I pointed to the knob.

As he did so, his face assumed an expression that told a whole volume of his character in a single glance. He was a mechanic, and had just discovered what was to him a new application of mechanical force. He would be a designer—an inventor—I saw it all in that one look.

By this time the door was open.

"Is Mr. G. at home?" asked the boy.

"No, he is not—*of course* not to-day," replied the man, with that superciliousness of manner which pampered ignorance is wont to assume, in addressing one of a supposed inferior station. "If you've brought anything, you can leave it though," added the servant, with an air which he intended to show off as wonderfully gracious and patronizing, for, with the tact of his caste, he had perceived the interest I took in the matter. Still the boy hesitated. That "of course" was evidently a poser; but still he seemed revolving something else in his mind.

"I don't know but I may as well go in and wait, for I have no where else to wait;" he said at length, looking up timidly at the servant.

This was a point too much for the ideas of exclusiveness which had taken possession of that functionary; and he roared out a tremendous laugh. "There are two words to that bargain, Mr. Snuff-color!" he said at length, trying to be pompous—a state which it is extremely difficult to accommodate with a broad grin; and again he did homage to his own wit by another roar. The boy was perplexed and distressed; for he had all the sensibility of a finely organized nature, which lightened to an intolerable degree the diffidence one

feels in a wholly new position, and that too, on a higher plane of exterior position than he has been accustomed to.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'd better go along, then."

"Well, I rather guess you had!" was the response, in a mimicking tone; "and be so kind as to make quick work of it—Out of the way, vagabond! and let the gentlemen pass!" added the servant, as several gallants appeared at the door; and the poor little fellow, with tears in his beautiful dark eyes, turned to obey.

I shall never forget the look he gave me. It is strange; but I am haunted by it forever. The expression of contempt—scorn—which was the first impulse, passed quickly away; and then awoke a glorious self-reliance, that stood back on its own strength—its own dignity—with a feeling that *that* was invulnerable. I never until that time had much idea of human fraternity; but I felt at the moment as if I could have clasped that poor boy to my breast, and called him brother. Ah, why did I not? How much anguish such a step would have saved me. But I am getting away from my subject.

The boy looked first up street and then down, and then into various cross-ways, which, by this time, for it was yet early in the day, had begun to be filled with carriages and foot passengers.

"Where are you going, young man?" I asked.

"Well, I guess—I don't know—" he answered, hesitatingly and sadly. What a contrast did that simple answer make to the bustling forms and eager, happy faces that were all pressing forward to some scene of social joys! What a depth of shadow the "populous solitude" of the great, unknown city must have cast on that young and simple heart! The poor fellow tried to whistle, as if for company; but his notes were all quavers, and in spite of his efforts, the tears came.

"You seem to be a stranger," I said; for the attraction was so strong I could not leave him. "May I ask why you have come here, and whether you are alone?"

"I have come to see Mr. G.; and I am alone, because there was no one to come with me."

At the last clause his voice fell into a tone of pathos which was most tender—most touching. It revealed a great deal to me of loneliness, self-dependence—orphanage.

"And why are you seeking Mr. G.?" I asked again.

"To study with him, if he will take me, and I expect he will.

Do you not know he is a great architect? And I, too, shall be an architect!" Again that same glorious expression broke forth, irradiating his whole countenance — nay, his whole person. "I have come to seek my fortune," he added, "and I am pretty sure I shall find it."

"Ah, my boy, it is a hazardous quest in this great and selfish city!"

"I know it," he said, "but I am never scared at trifles. Look here," he added, carefully unfolding the envelopes of a small package he carried under his arm, and taking out a model of a cottage.

I took the little structure, which was delicate and graceful enough for a fairy palace, and examined it with a critical eye; for there was in me, too, a great taste for the arts, and for this one in particular. The style was wholly new, or rather it was a combination of whatever was most appropriate in several styles, yet modified and adapted with a completely original effect. And there was a philosophy and good sense in all its appointments, which indicated not only maturity, but depth of thought.

"And who is the author of this beautiful—this wonderful work?" I asked.

He blushed with a sweet modesty that tempered and beautified his proud look, as he replied, "I made it, sir."

"But this," I persisted, "gives evidence, not only of great genius and mathematical knowledge, but of an intelligent study of the finest models in art, which—" I hesitated to suggest anything which might seem a disparagement to his appearance, and then added, "in the country where you have lived, I should hardly think you could find these."

"As to mathematics," he responded, "I have the good fortune to be considered a pretty tolerable scholar in that study. Our minister has taught me that, and a great deal more; but he doesn't know much about architecture, either as an art or science. I believe I took that out of my own head, and what few books on mechanics I have read."

Was it possible that I heard aright—that I was really listening to this raw youth of the Green Mountains, speaking of these recondite subjects in such a truly artistic and manly style.

"Tell me something of yourself," I continued. "I already feel a great interest in you. What do you know of Mr. G.? Have you parents?"

“Mr. G.” he replied, “was a friend of my father. I am of English parentage. My father was lost by shipwreck on his passage to this country, before I was born ; but my mother was rescued from the wreck and carried into Boston. She survived only a few weeks, and died in giving life to me. I was then taken care of by a gentleman to whose house my poor mother had been carried, and treated with much kindness. But in my fifth year my protector failed in business, at which he became heart-broken and died. I was then cast on the world—or rather on the town ; for we had removed to the north-western part of Massachusetts. I did not long remain at the poor-house. A good widow, who had just lost an only child, adopted me ; and though she was very poor, and earned her living by daily labor, she had a mind far above her condition. She was to me the kindest and best of mothers ; and if ever I *am* anything, I am sure I shall owe it to her. As soon as I was able to do anything worth while, I used to work on the neighboring farms, summers. Winters I went to the village school ; and I also got Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, under the care of our minister, who was always very good to me. I used to study and recite my lessons to him evenings. But my adopted mother died a few months ago, and now I am all alone in the world, and have got to look out for myself.”

He saw how much I was affected by this simple narrative, and coming close to me, he took my hand, and looking up with an expression of innocent confidence, he said : “you have spoken to me very kindly, sir, and you look very encouragingly—you cannot think how happy it has made me. You understand me ; but nobody else has treated me, or looked at me, as if they believed me a human being, since I came here.”

I was just going to hand him my card, and enjoin it upon him to call on me—nay, to come and stay with me, until I could find better protection for him, when I was accosted by two friends, who had come to take me in their carriage through the tour of calls which ceremony had made the paramount duty of the day.

“Come,” said one of them, “we have been seeking you this half hour. We are already late. I am afraid we shall not rejoice to-day in the first bright smiles of our favorite, Miss S. Others will be on the ground before us. Why, it is already past eleven,” he added, taking out his watch. “See ! here is the carriage. Let us make up for lost time.”

Strange and incomprehensible weakness of human nature ! Could I have been ashamed to say to those men, because they were rich and fashionable, that I felt an interest in that poor boy—that I did not care for Miss S. or any other belle—that the highest and deepest interest of my heart, for the present, centered in him. I blush to think that this was partially true. I suffered myself to be hurried away ; and that without learning either the name, residence, or present stopping-place of that poor, friendless, but noble and generous boy—without having taken any steps which could secure his safety. I did not even bid him adieu. But I threw out my card to him ; and as if to punish me for my vanity, and unpardonable neglect, I saw it crushed into the snow, under one of the horses' feet. I would have stopped the carriage, for the purpose of making good the loss and giving explicit directions, but at the moment our vehicle locked wheels with another ; and the whole street was but one close network of struggling and flying wheels. Before we got fairly out of the mesh, we were far up town. Why did I not stop then, and insist on going back, as my heart was loudly admonishing me to do ? Why, but because we sometimes suffer our most important actions to be swayed by the most trifling circumstances. But the penalty has been a heavy and a bitter one. Amid all the festivities of the day an image of that poor, forlorn stranger was continually present. It haunted me like a spectre. I was dragged through the formalities incumbent upon me in perfect misery.

Early the following morning I called on Mr. G., but learned that he was absent from the city, having left on express business the evening before—and that he would not return in several weeks. No lover ever hung round the dwelling of his mistress more fondly than I around that house, during the whole absence of Mr. G., still hoping to catch a glimpse of my young *protege*, and making almost daily calls to inquire when the gentleman would be home again. At length he came, and having obtained the earliest possible audience, I laid the matter before him.

" Good heavens ! " he exclaimed, " that must be the son of my old friend, George Bennett ! The circumstances all agree ; and, moreover, I have heard that he was coming to me ! "

If a thunderbolt had fallen on me I could not have received a greater shock. I staggered back and nearly fell.

" Pray, what is the matter with you ? Are you ill ? " inquired Mr. G.

"He is my brother!" was all that I could utter. "He is my brother, and I have forsaken him!"

The effect on a highly nervous and excitable temperament was powerful. A brain fever was the result; and in the periods of madness they said I continually raved for my brother, sometimes stretching out my arms to embrace him, and again deploring his loss in the most passionate expressions of grief; while in the lucid intervals I enjoined search—instant search—and advertising, on all who came near me.

My parents, nearly fifteen years before, had left England with the intention of settling in this country; but my grandmother persuaded them to leave me with her, as it was her intention to follow, as soon as she could make arrangements in regard to some property she had to dispose of. The vessel was lost, and I never heard before of my mother's rescue from the wreck. There could be no possible mistake. The name, and all the circumstances which he related of his parents corresponded with mine; and the concurring evidence of Mr. G. came in to strengthen the testimony. That gentleman had known my father well; though I had never before been apprised of the fact, or I should have made his acquaintance. He had heard, too, that his widow left a son—and that the child was a very remarkable boy—corresponding exactly in character and attainments with my young friend. But the persons who had given him these accounts were then absent from the country, and he knew not their address; neither had he ever learned anything of the protectors or place of residence of the little hero; or if he had, they seemed irrecoverably forgotten.

It was, doubtless, the striking resemblance of the boy to both our parents, but especially our mother, that first attracted me. I had yearned continually after my lost kindred, and it would seem as if it were a premonition that some fragment was yet left that had drawn me hither, with the first moment at which I could take possession of the liberal fortune I inherited from a maternal relative. I had longed so for these dear family ties. And when I had found a brother, in the glorious young spirit I have described, that the blessing should be dashed from my heart before I could have once embraced it—nay, that my own accursed folly and vanity had thrust the treasure from my arms, was too bitter. The thought was a continual torture—a lasting madness.

No exertion was spared. As soon as I was able to stir, I recommenced my search. Artists' rooms, but especially those of architects, were visited again and again, and a description of the boy left with all. He was advertised in every quarter. There was no boarding or lodging-house, but I haunted for years. I have continued—and still continue my quest, though it is well nigh hopeless. And I am rich, while he was very poor. I loathed every luxury in which I once reveled. I directly established myself in plain lodgings, fed on the coarsest viands, and slept on straw; for how should he have better than these? With every return of the holidays I keep solemn fast, and mourn for my great, my irremediable loss. Ah, my brother! why was there not some kind spirit near, to whisper thy name and claims more intelligibly to my heart? But something still assures me that thou art living. I see thee often in my dreams, virtuous and honorable; and I rest my weary head on thy noble and fraternal heart. Waking, I stretch out my arms to thee, into the great void which thy presence would make so beautiful.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

The parents of Mrs. E. A. SIMONTON PAGE,—one of our contributors, who has written some of the best poetry ever produced in California,—recently celebrated this beautiful custom, unintentionally, in Portland, Maine. The party was an entire surprise to the venerable pair. Without the slightest warning, relatives and friends came thronging in upon them with greetings and gifts. In the meantime a supper table had been laid with the choicest viands, and to that in due season the guests repaired. As the Bride and Groom took their places at the head of the table, their eyes rested on a cup containing one hundred gold dollars, fifty for each,—the gift of two daughters now in San Francisco,—accompanying which was this verse:

The care and love of our parents dear
 We never can repay;
 But a golden kiss for every year
 We send—since their wedding day.

After supper, the following poems,—one by Mrs. Page, and the other by her sister,—were read:

O D E .

Inscribed to my Parents on the occasion of their "Golden Wedding."

BY MRS. E. A. SIMONTON PAGE.

I.

Hail to this Golden Wedding night !
God's benediction with each guest abide.
His blessing be upon the time,
On Bridegroom and on Bride !
The marriage-rite
Which God hath hallowed and true love hath blest,
Changeless, unbroken, strong through time's unrest,
Five decades make sublime.

II.

Bridegroom and Bride of fifty years—
Back from this Golden Wedding day,
One half a century of hopes and fears,
Of blossoming joys and dusky vales of tears,
Stretches into the solemn past away.
Yet time hath touched them with rare gentleness,
As if an angel had but passed, to bless !
Keeping the "memory green,"
The step elastic, brow serene,
The heart through trials trustful, warm and gay,
As if youth vanished only yesterday.

III.

Through varying paths their feet have trod,
This Bridegroom and this Bride—
And buds have blossomed at their side ;
Some are transplanted far and wide,
Some rest with God.
They have beheld time's silver snow
Falling on many an honored brow,
Like messenger of winter, heralding
The eternal spring.
In light and shade life's sands have run,
Ofttimes like diamonds dropping in the sun—
And in death-shadowed years
Darkly, like tears.

IV.

The old home rings no more with childish glee.
Outled by irresistible fate,

Our paths are severed wide—
 Far as Pacific's restless tide
 Showering its pearls within the Golden Gate,
 From where fair Casco Bay with murmurous pride
 Sweeps out to greet the sea ;—
 Far as the great commercial mart
 That throbs with traffic like the nation's heart,
 From prairies green—
 Enriching summer with their billowy sheen ;—
 Far as the earth, with all its sorrow, lies
 From Paradise !

V.

And yet we all are here in heart !
 Absent, divided, or unseen,
 With distance, time or death between,
 The loving what shall part ?
 The Father's eye
 Beholds one grand immensity—
 No space, no time,
 Dividing world from world, and clime from clime ;
 No closely barred celestial doors,
 Shutting from mortal sight Heaven's pearly floors ;
 And since true love keeps true hearts near,
 We all are here !

VI.

Since these were wed,
 How science on its marvelous course hath sped !
 Earth, air and sky, and seas
 Have yielded up to man the golden keys
 Of their long-sealéd mysteries.
 In ether's purple night
 His prescient eye discerns new worlds of light,
 Dropping like jewels from the hand of God.
 The crystal flood
 Like an imprisoned Titan writhes and toils,
 With vaporous breath and thunderous turmoils,
 Fulfilling his behest on sea and land.
 Man's will and power coerce
 The electric forces of the universe,
 That, like invisible couriers, bear
 His secrets through the palpitating air—
 O'er wastes, and mounts, and moors,

Through ocean's emerald corridors,
Soundless and grand !
The sun, with quenchless splendors fraught,
Centre of worlds, his patient limner stands,
Sketching with matchless grace
The human form and face,
And scenic majesty of unseen lands.
Ah ! nameless miracles hath science wrought,
Since they were one in name, and life and thought.

VII.

When they were wed, hand joinéd hand
To shield from foreign foes our native land.
Northmen and Southrons vied
To guard the country claimed with loyal pride ;
And *now* they stand arrayed,
Wielding the keen-edged battle-blade,
Brothers and foes !
God grant them life to see
The ensanguined conflict close,
Triumphantly !

VIII.

Blessings on Bridegroom and on Bride !
Children and children's children far away,
With sacred gladness celebrate this day.
Here, children and their children bring
Their gifts, a grateful offering,
With filial love and pride.
Henceforth, for them, may every lingering year
Be golden time !
God's love enfold them like an atmosphere—
His smile enrich life's close
With opulent sunset, leading to repose
Eternal and sublime.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 20, 1862.

A goodly pair, in green old age ;
Long may they live !

Peace, plenty crown their latest stage ;
Long may they live !

A rare good sight, still side by side !
With joyous tears
We greet you now, Bridegroom and Bride
Of fifty years !

Let love and joy sweet youth renew,
And hold all sway ;
While eighteen twelve and sixty-two
Clasp hands to-day.

The present looks back on the past
Through years well tried,
And sees in one two fortunes cast,
The love-knot tied.

“For better” proved, no doubting more—
All fears disperse ;
You ’ve nought to do but bless your stars
’T was not “for worse” !

We gather here, with willing feet,
Around this board,
And wish you joy—of things to eat,
And things to hoard.

Dame Fortune pays her best respects
With smiles of gold ;
And, kindly grown, new scores expects
Shall cancel old.

Your children, scattered far and long
With joy unite
To make with gifts, and feast and song,
A gala night.

The absent send their thoughts through space
To meet with ours ;
We’ll hold them in love’s close embrace,
These passing hours.

And some that wear Heaven’s glory-crown
With us rejoice,
And bear its richest blessings down
With “still, small voice.”

Let cheerful hearts, then, youth renew,
Though locks grow gray ;
Children, and children's children too,
Shall bless this day.

Your love, their choicest heritage.
This toast we give—
A goodly pair, in green old age ;
Long may they live !

A H O M E S T E A D .

BY S. W. JEWETT.

THE Congressional Act of the 20th of May last, allowing one hundred and sixty acres of land to actual settlers, is now in full force. That, or a less amount of surveyed land can be secured by paying the nominal sum of ten dollars. I have seen no country embracing good soil and water, and a healthy, congenial climate, equal to many interior localities in southern California. There the herding and raising of stock must be a good business, as well as the cultivation of the soil.

The agriculturist may sit under his own fig tree, and eat the fruits of both the tropical and temperate zones, grown in abundance and at little expense by himself. Among the productions of that region are pears, peaches, figs, olives, raspberries, etc., also wheat, barley, potatoes, melons, etc. Orchards and vineyards are being planted, also tobacco, and the mulberry for silk. The inexhaustible mining districts newly opened, will take all of the surplus productions, including honey, butter, eggs and poultry. There are many valleys yet lying in a state of nature, picturesque and beautiful, studded in their surroundings with verdant foot-hills, and further in the back-ground, mountain peaks rising in stately grandeur, adding to the enchantment and sublimity of the scene. These hills often enclose valleys of several miles in extent, abounding in fine water, mineral springs, and the usual mountain game, and fish that float in the cool snow waters as they rush down from the white capped mountains in the distance. Here communities or families who are tired of the discordant scenes of life can establish peaceful homes in some quiet dell

protected from the sweep of winds, where cool breezes are wafted over the shaded plain, to fan them in labor or repose. Here they can find rest from toil ; here the productive soil can be made to teem with all the beauties, bounties, and common necessities of life.

A FROSTY MORNING.

BY PIP. PEPPERPOD.

I.

The sullen sky is brooding o'er the sea,
A cold, white line of foam doth seem to break
Into an angry growl along the lea,
And toss in wild commotion foam and flake.
The sea-birds shiver on the slimy rocks ;
Far out upon the waves so sharp and free,
The twinkling sails that toss in snowy flocks,
Seem phantom plumes of armies in the sea.
Thin clips of cloud are chilly in the sky,
And frosty sands are flashing on the shore.
Lo ! sunbeams now are creeping out, as shy
As maids ; and dancing up the dells, and o'er
The cliff that towers in majesty by me,
They pour their beauty in the frozen sea.

II.

I lingered in the shadows like a bat,
With feathers chilled and clodded in the gloom.
Unheeding in my sorrow this or that,
I felt the dampness folding like a doom
About me, and to heaven with tearful eyes
I pleading turned. Lo ! all the steel-gray clouds
Were nursed in blooming blushes, and the skies
Lay warmly o'er the waves, yet in their shrouds
Of flaming whiteness. Once again I turned.
The sunlight lingered all along the land ;
The sea, as paved with jewels, brightly burned
In brilliant splendors ; and the flashing sand
Sounded glad anthems to the God of light,
Who banished all their sorrows with the night.

III.

Now soberly—if boys may moralize,
(And Pip's a boy as yet,) methinks I'll wed
To life these trifling songs of mine, where lies
So little of that solid sense that's said
To glow like luminous pearls from out the sea
Of worthless wordings cast from lesser minds.
I'll say my little life has been to me
(And so have other's doubtless. One oft' finds
A thousand echoes in the hearts of friends
Voiceless, till chance doth bring you hand to hand.)
O'er full of frosty mornings, and my ends,
Else fair and glorious, seemed with sorrow spanned,
Until at last morn busts my sorrow bubbles,
And calms the frettings of my "sea of troubles."

LASTING HONOR.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

NOTHING can be more amusing or more sad to the thoughtful than the scramble daily going on among the little souls around us for fame and place. Were hopes of success based only on merit, or were mere pretenders doomed to immediate disappointment, the scene would be invested with a deeper interest; but under our present social system the weakest and meanest often seem to be the most successful. Yet permanent success is the reward of merit alone. Only the true servants of the world are eventually rewarded with its praise. Lasting renown is never the gift of accident. The connection of effect with its cause is as unvarying in the sequences of human conduct as in the sequences of nature; and if any one lesson of history be more emphatic than another, it is the folly of those who dream of greatness while droning life away. The soul that lives as though its only mission in society is to eat, sleep and breathe, might as reasonably expect to travel to the stars as to secure the lasting admiration of men.

Much less may the pampered, luxurious, bloated worldling, who steels his heart to the voice of humanity, and feeds on the tears and groans and breaking hearts of the poor and weak, expect from pos-

terity anything save hatred and contempt while living and a well earned ignominy when dead. No Nero or Alexander VI. ever lives, except in the detestation felt for his crimes. Could many a modern Dionysius but hear the smothered curses of his victims, and then concentrate in his great "ear" all the indignant voices of the future, his heart must recoil with horror from the ever blackening heritage of infamy. Could the modern Croesus appreciate the feelings of the wretches reduced to beggary by his avarice, every shining piece in his coffers would become a scorpion's sting to his pampered soul. There is something terrible in these retributions which humanity deals out to its abusers. And such vampires on the life of the race are justly doomed to a notoriety, in comparison with which oblivion would be mercy. There is a meanness—an unutterable meanness, in the spirit of those who live by preying on the rights and interests of others, without adding their own contribution to the general welfare; and however complacently they may regard their own fancied superiority to the vulgar populace, they are justly hated by their victims and abhorred by an indignant world as plague-spots on our common humanity. Who can retire within the narrow circle of his own selfishness and, in unfeeling disregard of the wants and woes of others, squander on his lusts the means of usefulness which a bounteous providence has given him, or who can enrich himself at the expense of the public morals and welfare, without being justly deemed an unsightly and injurious excrescence on society? What learned man can spurn the ignorant, as did Diogenes, without deserving to be called a "snarling cynic?" Who can have it in his power to benefit and bless men, yet corrupt their life and rob them of their liberties, and not justly incur from cotemporaries and from posterity a burning and unextinguishable hatred? Our instincts refuse to accord such persons respect. We loathe them, and in their reflective moments their own better nature sanctions this verdict of infamy.

Equally contemptible are those who seek undeserved renown. The mountebank who by arts and trickery courts a reputation, or the fashion-monger who by a dazzling display of dress and equipage seeks to attract the gaping wonder of the crowd, or the moral coward who by the display of mere brute courage aims to secure applause, is as truly a swindler as the rogue who gets unlawful possession of another's property. No pretender has a right to fame or honor. None are entitled to admiration except as the reward of merit, and whoever

succeeds in acquiring applause on any other terms is no better than a thief or a robber. The hero is worthy of renown, yet whoever seeks renown by sacrificing principle, or at the expense of the widow's tears, the orphan's shrieks, and the blood and groans of expiring men, as did Alexander, Cæsar and Attila, deserves, instead of honor, to have his name inscribed in ignominy and uttered with contempt by every tongue on the globe in all periods of the world's history. Only those who do good instead of evil, and elevate and bless instead of injuring and debasing men, deserve to live in the affectionate remembrance of the race; and in the long run none other need expect either love or admiration.

It is, indeed, proverbial that "success makes the hero," yet the proverb is never more than half true, and in the end invariably false. Unless based on solid worth the most brilliant heroism is short lived. The remark of Bacon, that "The human understanding is most excited by that which strikes and enters the mind at once and suddenly, and by which the imagination is immediately filled and inflated," may be substantially correct; yet first impressions, when wrong, invariably yield to matured judgments, and when based on ignorance or deception are followed by violent revulsion. As the same philosopher observes, "The weakness and credulity of men is such, that they will often prefer a mountebank or a witch before a learned physician," yet time corrects the error. It strips from the mountebank and the witch the lion's skin, and rewards their impudence with the treadmill and the halter. It weighs the claims of all impartially, and those found wanting it consigns to ignominy or oblivion. Time is fatal to the hopes of the ill-deserving. It withers the greenest laurels on the brow of the pretender. It consigns to speedy dissolution his butterfly robes of ephemeral renown. It invariably rectifies hasty or erroneous conclusions, and deals out to all justice to the letter. It surveys with impartiality men and things, lifting modest worth from obscurity and hurling pretending arrogance to ignominy or oblivion. In view of this fact, Matthew Hale called time "the wisest thing under heaven," and Lamartine defined it as "one of the elements of truth itself." It was in view of this same fact that the first Napoleon feared that his fame might yet fill but a page in the world's memory. Retribution often overtakes the ill-deserving even in his own life time, and the unprincipled aspirant for public honor, though like Cardinal Wolsey he may have attained universal fame, is hurled

from his lofty position to the lowest depths of humiliation, and there, as loathsome as a dead brute, remains forever. The true servant of the world alone lives in the world's regards. His name only goes down the ages with honor.

THE SEA OF LIFE.

BY H. C. DORR.

Life hath a semblance to some mighty sea,
Where storms and tides and calms that quick succeed,
Bring change on change upon the roiling waves ;
Our hearts like ships put forth upon this sea,
Laden perchance with strange and richest gifts.
Youth, manhood and old age, are distant ports,
To which our varied destinies are bound,
Hope takes the helm a pilot, while strong will,
To rule as master showeth forth his skill,
Thus lays a course to seek the unknown rest
Where winds like destiny may waft us there.
The haven gained, Time bids us haste away
Where other ventures ever must be sought,
'Mid storms and calms, where temporary rest
Brings short tranquility—too soon mayhap
The tempest comes, that leaves a useless wreck
To float awhile, then on Life's hidden shore
Beneath the sands of time, 'tis seen no more.

HOPE ON.

HOPE on !

Even when thy heaven is clouded,
See'st thou not,
When the dark night is shrouded,
Stars look out ?
Though they are *hidden*, still they shine—
Soon shalt thou see their light divine !

HOPE on !

Often the dark shadow falleth
Over thy soul :
O'er thee the storm that appalleth
Often must roll ;
Yet but remember, *light* must be,
Else were the *shadow* unseen by thee ! DUGANNE.

Domestic Department.

UNFERMENTED BREAD AND WHEAT MEAL.

[Continued.]

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

IN the former introductory article upon this subject, our main purpose was to set forth certain known facts of science, and their historic relation to the present state of this department of knowledge.

The mechanical and practical details may vary according to circumstances or new and less complicated inventions, but not so the principles upon which our judgment is based.

In new communities like our own, sanitary committees are seldom if ever heard of; indeed, they would be most likely to be hooted at and hunted down by ridicule. We know personally many an honest baker who would rejoice to learn that his trade was under the beneficent supervision of municipal authority. I believe it is generally conceded that only rogues dread the wisest and best laws. Perhaps one of the chief reasons why so little interest is taken in topics of this description is, that the immediate paramount pursuit is lucre hunting.

There are many popular errors upon this subject to which we first invite attention. It is the general opinion that bread made of extra fine flour is the best, or at least the most nourishing; and that the whiteness is the proof of this quality—great errors, as we shall see in the sequel; that the bran and its approximate grades are the least nutritious—the very waste and refuse of the wheat; whereas the bran contains the nitrogenous *gluten*, the most concentrated of its nutrient constituents, occupying the two outer layers of cells, the remaining central portions being almost entirely starch. It would astonish some people to know—what is well known to science, and to many sagacious millers, and not a few observing keepers of domestic animals—that the bran is the *cream of the wheat*, and that the poor rich folks were living in real skim-milk style. Perhaps their surprise would be greater still to know that common white bread made of the most approved flour will not sustain life. This has been satisfactorily proved by feeding convicts upon it. Yet the

entire meal, of which the genuine brown bread is made, will sustain both life and health. The whitest bread, besides being the least nourishing in the truest sense, is often the most difficult of digestion. This fact may be easily verified by inquiry of any invalid, by the aged, or the enfeebled. Our grandmother's notion is, that nearly half of all our diseases could be cured by a discreet use of bran and water, and the other half prevented by brown bread ; but for fear of alarming our Esculapian brotherhood we wouldn't have it whispered for the world. You have our permission, however, to refer them to their standard author, Dr. Prout, " On diseases of the stomach, etc.," page 300. " Bread made with flour not bolted, or even with an extra quantity of bran, is the best form in which farinaceous and excremental matters can be usually taken, not only in diabetes, but in most of the other varieties of dyspepsia accompanied by obstinate constipation. This is a remedy the efficacy of which has been long known and admitted ; yet, strange to say, the generality of mankind choose to consult their taste rather than their reason, and, officiously separating what nature has beneficially combined, entail upon themselves much discomfort and misery."

Professor Johnston, of the University of Durham, in England, has subjected the meal and fine flour of wheat to chemical analysis, according to which the flour of wheat contains, at the very lowest estimate, 22 per cent. less of the staminal principles of nutrition than the entire meal. An uncle of ours, in remarking upon this subject, says, if to this estimate is added the smallest allowance for the matters destroyed by fermentation, we shall be under the mark in saying that *fermented* flour bread contains 25 per cent. less of nutritious ingredients than fermented meal bread. This loss in quality, together with the loss in quantity—which is 33 pounds in every barrel of flour, *i. e.* a barrel of flour of 196 pounds will make 252 pounds of bread by fermentation—whereas by effervescence or by the patent process we obtain 285 pounds, leaving a balance in favor of the latter of 33 pounds. Hence it appears *for every 75 loaves of fermented bread we might possess 100 of unfermented meal bread ; and in every three of these at least as much nourishment as is contained in four of the other.*

Although our remarks have already extended beyond the limits of a domestic treatise, we cannot forbear a few suggestions for the consideration of housewives and mothers. It affords us much pleasure to know that many, if not most, of our California mothers with

whom we have had the pleasure of an acquaintance, fully appreciate the importance of this subject. This fact speaks volumes in favor of their intelligence, and is prophetic of future progress. Is it not attributable, in a good degree, to the salutary influence of the professional portion of their own sex?

In a preceding paragraph we alluded to the fact that the miller in his efforts to please the good housewife—who is too often dreadfully alarmed at the least shade of brown in the flour—removes most of the saline and earthy substances as well as the nutritious gluten. Those ingredients are indispensable to the growth of the bones and teeth, and are required daily to repair these structures. Females who eat white bread before and during the nursing period, entail upon their offspring soft and rickety bones, and weak and easily decaying teeth; in short, their children have not that strong and ample framework upon which fair specimens of humanity can be built. For this reason white pap should seldom be preferred for a weaning diet—as is too often done—nor, indeed, during the young and rapidly growing periods of life. The gluten furnishes the pabulum for flesh and muscle. This, therefore, cannot be dispensed with any more than our grandmothers would have thought of leaving out the “filling”—good strong warp and ample filling, was their motto. Strange to say, the very last improvement (?) is an invention to rid the meal of this most salutary substance, which, as it lies next to the bran, is termed “Bran Flour.” No recommendation of ours would be needed if our readers would for once try this grade for thickening their meat gravies. As this is a new and hitherto unknown grade, there is no market for it—*no market for the cream of the wheat!* So rich is it that pressed in the hand it coheres like a snow-ball; and as there appears to be no particular use for it, we would suggest that it be thrown by the millers at the heads of their patrons, in hopes of hitting the soft spot we read of. In mature age our appetites are accustomed to take a somewhat omnivorous range; we thereby accidentally make some poor amends for the lack of earthy material in our bread, but could we candidly consult those in the prime and vigor of life, we make no doubt their sluggish bowels would plead loudly against this unnatural privation in the staff of life. Must foolish fashion, fancy and physis forever hold their inexorable sway? If so, we must submit with as good grace as possible.

A few observations and recipes will conclude this notice in the following number.

NOTE.—We take pleasure in acknowledging our obligations to the very gentlemanly proprietors of the Golden Gate Flour Mills, Messrs. Davis & Co., Pine street, for fine samples of the different grades, as well as certain data and useful information which has enabled us to write more advisedly upon the subject.

SHREWSBURY CAKE.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, little less than a half a pound of butter, one nutmeg, half a tea-spoonful of soda, four eggs and a little rose water. Makes one large loaf.

INDIAN CAKE.—One pound of Indian meal, well sifted, half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, four eggs, spice, a little soda. Take out a handful of meal and put in the same quantity of flour.

WAFERS.—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs, one glass of wine, one nutmeg.

HARD MARMALADE.—Scald your quinces, pare them, take out the core, strain through a seive, have as much sugar as quinces. Boil slowly, stirring it continually until done.

RASPBERRY JAM.—One pound of raspberries, three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Throw the sugar on to the fruit the first day, the second boil it one hour. Put in a tea-cup full of currant juice to each pound.

THE vine, with its fruit, corresponds to spiritual truth, and the exactness of the correspondence is, in many instances, clearly and beautifully unfolded. The tree spreads with great quickness, but it requires much sun to ripen its fruit, which, in a cold climate, will not come to perfection. So divine truth, where there are cold affections, cannot arrive at maturity, but will remain in a raw, cold and sour state. When the grapes are ripe and the juice expressed, it has its fermentation to undergo before it is fit for use, so spiritual truth must undergo its fermentation and get rid of heterogeneous properties and adhering falsehoods before it can come into use. As the vine is continually putting forth new bearing wood, so is divine truth, if we are careful of its culture.

The Children's Corner.

DON'T BE VAIN.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

AWAY up under the hills, two or three miles beyond Oakland, lives little Mary. Mary is a very happy little girl, and well she may be with such a pleasant place to live in. In the ravine close by her papa's house is just the nicest little brook in California, and there is water running there through all the long dry summer. On each side of the ravine are bay trees and willows and oak trees, and they are full of birds the whole year. In the winter and spring, when the brook is running full, Mary plays beside it on fine days and sails bits of wood which she calls her ships. She loads them with gravel stones and wild flowers, and sometimes she takes a willow switch and beats the water and makes believe there is a great storm. Then the waves run very high, and some of the ships are wrecked.

Mary thinks it is nice to live where there are birds and flowers and green trees all the time, and where children can play out doors all winter. Her little cousins at the East sometimes write to her about coasting and skating and sleigh riding, and tell her it is great sport; but she says that as they must get through with their long, cold winter in some way, it is very well for them to make the best of it, but she is sure if they were only here they would be quite willing never to see a sled or sleigh or pair of skates again.

But the noisy brook is not Mary's only plaything. Her papa has a great many hens and chickens and turkeys and ducks, and a house made on purpose for them to sleep in at night. When the sun goes down they all come into their house, and Mary shuts the door, and in the morning she opens it and lets them out. It is her work to feed them, and she knows all the little chickens and turkeys and ducklings and which mama they belong to, and they all run after her when they see her. Last spring Mary's papa gave her a nice plump hen turkey for her own, and when this turkey came off her nest with a brood of twelve young ones, Mary was a rich little girl.

Among the flock there was one old gobbler who took a great fancy to this hen-turkey and her little brood, and always went with

her wherever she wandered and helped her take care of them and find nice bits for them. He was a handsome fellow with a large tail of bright feathers and a very red neck and comb, and Mary named him Tom. Gobbler Tom was a terribly vain, conceited fellow, always spreading his tail and strutting and gobbling. He was especially proud of his tail, and in his heart he had no doubt it was quite as splendid as a peacock's. He used to go down into the ravine with Mary's hen-turkey, talking to her all the way and showing her where the grasshoppers and bugs and worms were to be found, and running fiercely at the gray pussy or Mary's dog if they ventured to come near the little brood, and at every few steps he would stop, turn around, spread his tail and strut, while the mother turkey looked on admiringly, and the little turkeys wondered if they should ever grow to be so brave and fine. So Mrs. Hen Turkey always felt very safe and very happy when Gobbler Tom was with her.

Now it happened that among the rocks a long way up the cañon, there lived a coyote; and sometimes, when he was very hungry, he came as far down as the ravine where Mary lived in search of something to eat. He was a sly old fellow and contrived to creep along under the bushes so as not to be seen, for he well knew that he was risking his neck every time he came near a house or a barn, and whenever he saw a man or anything that looked like a gun he was nearly frightened out of his wits.

Several times he had seen Mary's hen turkey and her brood, and his mouth always watered, for she was very plump, and he knew she would make a delicious dinner. But Gobbler Tom was always with her, and Mr. Coyote was such a sneaking, cowardly fellow he did not dare to jump for her for fear Tom might make such a screaming and such a tumult as to bring some one to the ravine before he could get away with his prize, in which case he knew he might not only lose his dinner, but get a bullet through his wicked head into the bargain. So he began to wonder whether he could not contrive to get Tom out of the way long enough for him to pounce upon the mother turkey. And one morning, while he lay under the bushes watching them, he noticed how much Tom strutted and how proud he seemed of his tail, and a bright thought came into his head. So he poked out his nose, and looking as innocent as possible he bade them good morning. At first they were all frightened, and Tom bristled up his feathers and looked very angry as if he would have run at him.

But the cunning coyote said politely, "Pray do not be disturbed, sir. I was taking a walk this morning, and I just stopped a moment to look at your magnificent tail. Would you do me the favor to spread it again, so that I may have a good view of it?"

So the foolish gobbler was very much pleased, and he spread out his tail as wide as he could, and he took a long strut up the bank of the ravine. No sooner was his back fairly turned, than the coyote, with one jump, seized poor Mrs. Hen Turkey by the neck, and throwing her over his back, made off as fast as his long grey legs could carry him.

When Tom heard the struggling and the squalling, he turned around just in time to catch a glimpse of the coyote as he disappeared among the bushes. Poor Gobbler Tom! all the vanity and conceit was quite taken out of him, and he dropped his tail very low and felt as if he should never spread it again as long as he lived. He was so astonished that he couldn't even gobble, and he followed the brood of crying turkeys out of the ravine, looking as sorry and ashamed as a gobbler could.

When Mary heard the uproar in the ravine, she came running to the bank to see what was the matter, and as her turkey was not to be found she called her mother to come and look. They found the feathers scattered all along beside the brook, and Mary's mother said, "Something has carried off your turkey."

Mary looked at the little motherless brood who were making such a pitiful noise and at Gobbler Tom who stood there with great tears in his eyes, and she hid her face in his mother's dress and cried too.

Summary of Fashion.

THE Palmyra, as seen on the first page of this number, is *one* of the latest styles for cloaks, and, with the Démonia, is for full toilet. To be made of rich velvet, nearly as long as the dress. Paletots for simple toilet are endless in variety. The round cloaks, of cloth or woolen velvet, with black fringe and buttons, are still worn by young misses. . . . BONNETS vary but little in shape from last month; are generally made somewhat lower in front than heretofore. Velvet is the *rage*, with fringes of feathers. . . . DRESSES.—Irish poplins are much in vogue. For *rich* dresses, moire-antiques of very new and brilliant tints. . . . WAISTS.—Still pointed, both in front and back.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FULL-SIZE PATTERN.—New style of dress for a girl from five to seven years of age. Material, silk or merino. Trimming, ruches of ribbon; or, if preferred, can be braided. Brittles-pointed belt and pocket. A Garibaldi waist, of white material, made high in the neck and ruched, to be worn with the dress, is in good taste.

Editor's Table.

WE have received from one of our distinguished citizens the following amusing account of his return to California from a visit to friends in the East. It is so similar to what nearly all Californians have passed through in reaching this goodly land of wide ideas and liberality, that our readers may, perhaps, think it an account of their own journey hither. Now after the lapse of years we have a very vivid recollection, especially in our dreams, of our own experience on board of what was afterward the unfortunate *Central America*. The want of accommodations, the filthy rooms, dirtier linen, and food that appeared to be bewitched, still haunt our memory, and will, we presume, through life. On this side of the continent the passengers fare sumptuously, but on the other side no language is strong enough to convey an adequate impression of what they suffer.

NARRATIVE.

The Ichneumons are an extraordinary family. They feed on other animals, and devour their inward parts from day to day, carefully avoiding the vital organs, by which means the life of the victim is prolonged for the benefit of the robber, until there is nothing left but the form. Ichneumons there be among men.

It was my misfortune to take passage on the *Northern Light* from New York for Aspinwall, on the 10th of May, 1861, shortly after the outbreak of our present civil war. There was much talk of pirates, and for a while some apprehension. It was soon understood that in case of attack the Captain would run directly into the enemy and cut him through. The bow of our steamer was a solid mass of timber for twenty feet, and could run down anything afloat, or any island of moderate size. Having swallowed this inspiring draught, the passengers grew bold and almost longed for an encounter. But long before they reached Aspinwall their attention was absorbed by domestic troubles. There were pirates on board, which, in connection with the general conduct of the ship, awakened a storm of indignation and resentment.

If this were an isolated case, no mention would be made of it. Unfortunately, it accords with the general rule. The system pursued in conveying travelers from New York to Aspinwall might be called the art of extorting as much money as possible without committing murder. There are fifty thousand individuals now in California, who would exclaim, if this were read to them, "That is the truth."

The romantic encounter of the *Ariel* with the *Alabama* has been talked over by every man, woman and child in California, and has been the means of bringing afresh to view the extortion and inhumanity practiced on travel-

ers by the New York proprietor of the line. Having heard much complaint on this head from passengers recently arrived, I am induced to look up my notes of the passage in 1861, and to give a brief sketch of that voyage, with some hope, though a faint one, that public exposure and remonstrance will lead to the correction or amelioration of the evil.

Quake not, reader, with the apprehension that a detailed narrative of a sea voyage is impending. It is not the special but the general at which I aim:—the experience of the fifty thousand Californians just referred to, and I fear of other fifty thousand souls yet to take passage at New York, under the auspices of Cornelius, surnamed Vanderbilt.

Our ship was crowded. Every state-room and every berth, and every nook in the steerage, were filled. The ocean was rough, and sea-sickness soon prevailed, and with it the selfish principle which always flourishes on salt water. The sphere of life at sea is circumscribed within very narrow limits. You can't strut without infringing. It is the first law of nature everywhere to take care of yourself, and the first condition of this law on a Vanderbilt steamer is that you must do it at the expense of others. You soon discover that there is not enough to eat—for all. Whether this is literally true or not, it seems to be true. It impresses itself on your mind as a part of the general plan. There is not enough of anything—seats, bedding, spoons, glasses, towels, ice-water. One lucky fellow gets possession of a three-legged stool and lugs it about with him all day, watching it as carefully as he would a new wife, while a score of expectants have nothing to do but keep their eye on it till he shall relax his grasp for a moment.

The voyage from New York to Aspinwall should be undertaken not without studied preparation, and all arrangements should be made on the basis of a six months' penance; for you will bear in mind that the eight or nine days of the passage will be the longest days of your life. Such preparations I did not make. It was not in my power to take passage till every berth in the first cabin, save one, had been hired, and that one I selected with christian resignation. My resignation lasted twenty-four hours, more or less, and has never been perfectly restored.

The first night out I shivered for want of a blanket, but the servant, or waiter, that is to say the steward, who had charge of my section, was not to be found. Next day I pursued the matter with Napoleonic resolution, and after a desperate search a blanket was discovered and put in my hands. But when I came to spread it at night, a central deficiency was developed, nearly as large as the blanket itself. It was such a blanket as would be kicked out the back door—or front door, which is all the same—of any miner's cabin in California. Such a blanket as a Digger Indian would pick up with a stick, and after inspection would drop, with Ugh! for comment.

To my state-room containing a population of three persons, one drinking glass was allotted; and that glass was taken out regularly every day for the

dinner table! It would be more correct to say there was not a single glass allotted to the room, as it was never returned by the servant. As for towels, there was some extravagance, each of us being supplied with a separate towel. But in the voyage of nine days the towels were changed but once. At dinner, the supply of spoons was deficient, and the same spoon frequently performed a variety of functions. To stir the tea in one's cup with a table-spoon was a common necessity.

There were no servants or waiters on the ship. Wo to the pilgrim who failed to recognize the official dignity of the subordinates by giving them the name of Steward! At this distance it is amusing to contemplate the deference and politeness of the half-dead petitioners for menial service, who breathed out Steward! in most amiable tones, while the epithet *Thief!* was choking their throats. I will venture the assertion that nineteen-twentieths of the travellers to and from California in the last ten years, will pronounce the "Stewards" on these Vanderbilt steamers the most insolent animals in the form of human beings they have ever encountered.

We had left New York at a critical moment. Seventy-five thousand men were rushing to arms in the loyal States to defend our national flag. Baltimore was a battle ground and Washington was menaced. No man could live an hour after rising without a look at the morning paper. On the second day out, all hands were anxious on the great subject of a nation's peril, and all felt painfully the suspension of intercourse with home. But on the third morning the passengers were shut up in the ship, and on the fourth in themselves—that is to say, unless their stomachs forbade, and in this case they did not care even for themselves.

At first there appeared an extraordinary development of literary talent. Pencils were nimbly operating in all directions, and you would have supposed a High School was emigrating, or that all the reporters for the North American press were on ship-board. But genius soon became sea-sick and retired into private misery. Wheaeupon the following sublime effusion was circulated, purporting to have been picked up on the ship's deck.

SEA-SICKNESS—A POEM.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1861.

To-morrow I embark for California. The grand epoch of my life has arrived. From the days of my girlhood I have longed to dwell on the deep blue ocean—to ride on the rolling main. My hour is now at hand, and I shall set out for the land of flowers and of gold on ecstatic pinions. My daily experiences and lucubrations are to be dressed up in poetry, and I have made arrangements with the Appletons to publish the poem in two vols., octavo, as soon as I shall transmit the MS. from California.

CANTO I.—THE EMBARKATION.

May 11. From Pier No 3, the "Northern Light"

At twelve o'clock hath taken her flight,
And carried a piece of the wharf away,
Dipping a score of boys in the bay.

CANTO II.—A GREAT SHIP.

Ho! the "Great Eastern" looms into view,
A long, dark line in the horizon blue.
Hail and hurra! we bid her good-bye,
Now let the billows roll mountain high.

CANTO III.—A SURVEY OF THE POPULATION.

Crowded and crammed and jammed together,
Whoever saw such a batch of humanity!
What shall we do in the tropical weather?
The thought would have driven old Job to insanity.
French and English, Irish and Dutch,
Yankees and Pikes, oh what a hotch-potch!

CANTO IV.—SYMPTOMS OF SUFFERING.

May 12. Sad commotion doth old ocean
In one's larder bring about.
Who can tell why Neptune's swell
Should turn your stomach inside out!
I'd like to know what there is poetic
About a confounded salt water emetic!

CANTO V.—IN EXTREMIS.

May 13. See, saw! Oh, law!
Boo, baw! This is aw-
ful. [FINIS.

A number of passengers appeared to be seriously ill, and the ship's Doctor was called for. The fact was then developed that the same individual combined in his person the three offices of Clerk, Purser and Doctor! This was understood to be the permanent arrangement on the vessels of this line. The law requires a physician to be provided, and the law is thus complied with, or rather evaded; for no qualified medical man would so debase himself as to accept such a position. As might be expected, the sick passengers did not apply to him. Fortunately there were several physicians among the passengers, and their services were procured. Some malevolent fellows insisted that the one individual, besides officiating as Clerk, Purser and Doctor, served also as night-watchman, and that the Barber was nothing more than the same person in disguise.

Sooner or later the discovery was to be made that the only effectual

method of escaping starvation was to bribe the waiters. These prowling knaves managed to overlook at the table every one who overlooked them. Some of them confessed that they were dependent for the principal part of their wages on what they extorted from passengers. From the proprietors, or rather the proprietor, they get a salary of only ten or twelve dollars per month, which is worked up to fifty dollars at least, from the outside sources referred to. The feeling against them for their insolence and extortion was unanimous. Not a voice or a whisper was heard in their defense. As we approached Aspinwall, when our experience was full, a song was circulated through the cabins, which, though somewhat coarse and extravagant, met with universal approval. Here it is :

SONG OF THE STEWARDS OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

Hark, all ye starving travellers, a secret we'll unfold,—
There's an itching of the palm to be cured alone with gold.
If you would save your carcass from famine and from death,
You must give up your cash to us, or else give up your breath.

Chorus.—We shave, and skin, and steal, with tooth and nail and claw,
Hyenas, wolves and sharks, V—— and T——.

There are sharks upon the ocean, there's a great shark on the land,
And from greatest down to smallest they're a greedy, thieving band.
One thing alone will save you from the monster's hungry jaws—
You'll die if you don't tickle the steward's itching paws.

We shave, and skin, and steal, &c.

If you want a cup to drink from or a blanket for your bed,
If you want a decent towel, or a pillow for your head,
You need not beg nor bluster, you must not swear nor scold,
But tickle, tickle, tickle the steward's paws with gold.

We shave, and skin, and steal, &c.

If the demon of the ocean has convulsed with mortal throes
Your inner man, and spent you till you cannot blow your nose,
And your soul is slowly creeping athrough your flaccid jaws,
You'll die if you don't tickle the steward's itching paws.

We shave, and skin, and steal, &c.

If a little draught of water, or a little lump of ice,
To condense your melting solids and save you would suffice,
You need not beg or bluster, you must not swear nor scold,
But tickle, tickle, tickle the steward's paws with gold.

We shave, and skin, and steal, with tooth and nail and claw,
Hyenas, wolves, and sharks, V—— and T——.

But it is likely I have served up as much material as the readers of the *HESPERIAN* will fancy at one mess, and I will therefore reserve the balance for another meal. Two points, however, I must state before closing. First—the worst is yet to come. Second—the old Californians allay our apprehensions of utter extermination on the Pacific, by assuring us that the ships on that end of the route are under very different management, and that we are likely to find the “Golden Age” at Panama, under the charge of Capt. Watkins, the most comfortable and the best conducted ship in the world. To those who could believe this, it was a glimpse of heaven through purgatory. But the green ones could not be convinced that we should fare better on the Pacific, where wages and provisions were at double or treble cost, than on the Atlantic where they were so much cheaper. We shall see.

NEW BOOKS.—Messrs. ROMAN & Co., No. 417 and 419, Montgomery street, have laid on our table a book entitled *The New Gymnastics*, by Dio Lewis, M. D., who will be remembered by our readers as the author of several articles on the same subject in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The subject is one of vital importance, especially to Americans who have so long ignored physical culture. Dr. Lewis is one of the first gymnasts in the world, thoroughly understands his subject, and is, moreover, a graceful and expressive writer. Perhaps his book savors a little too much of egotism, but then the reader will readily pardon the ostentatious use of the pronoun “I” in admiration of the system of physical training which the Doctor has invented. It is based on natural principles, adapted to all ages and constitutions, and we think far superior to any other we have ever known. All who have in charge the care and training of the young should read this book and adopt its recommendations. We earnestly wish it might be introduced for study and practice into all our schools, colleges and families. A judicious physical education, such as this book describes, would save the next generation of Americans from an immense amount of bodily degeneracy and suffering, and enable us as a nation the better to work out our destiny.

LES MISERABLES, by Victor Hugo, has also been received from ROMAN & Co. This work of an author whose fame is as wide as the world, is having a great run in the Eastern States. We have not yet found time to give it a careful reading, and therefore cannot speak positively as to its merits. We shall endeavor to notice it more fully in another number. By the way, We advise all our readers, who wish books of any kind, to call at Roman & Co's, as they have the largest and best selected stock on the Pacific coast,

THANKS.—We are indebted to Hon. A. A. Sargent, Representative in Congress from California, for a copy of the last United States census.

OAKLAND.—That charming suburb of San Francisco is rapidly increasing in population. The railroad to connect it with deep water is going briskly on, and will be completed by spring. Property is rising in value very

fast. Those who contemplate a home there should invest without delay. On inquiry at the Hesperian office we can direct any of our readers to one of the finest places in Oakland, consisting of ten acres near the site recently bought for the Female College, having on it three acres of raspberries, eight hundred fruit trees in full bearing, besides a variety of smaller fruits. Title perfect and terms very reasonable.

SUBSCRIBERS.—We trust that those of our subscribers to whom bills have been sent will, if possible, respond without delay. The great rise in the cost of printing material renders the present a trying time for publishers. The paper alone now costs one-third of all the expense of publishing the HESPERIAN. Do not forget that we need our money *promptly*, in order to save us from following the example of our cotemporaries by raising the price of subscription or lessening the size of our Magazine.

WANTED at this office a lady to canvass for the HESPERIAN in this city; also a gentleman or a lady to canvass in the country.

THE PULU PICKERS, will be the subject of an article in our next, giving an account of the manner in which the material for those delicious beds made by Messrs. J. & C. Schreiber is obtained in the Hawaiian Islands.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We introduce to our readers, this month, three new contributors—T. H. H., Pip Pepperpod, and Dr. Henry Gibbons. The phenomenon of California springs will be new to most of the world, and the Dr.'s article in relation to them will be read with interest. The poem of Pip Pepperpod, though written by "a boy as yet," has the ring of genuine poetry; and, with persevering self-culture, we predict that its author will yet make his quill-droppings

"To glow like luminous pearls from out the sea
Of worthless wordings cast from lesser minds."

We would like more articles on the arts, literature, science and life of the Pacific coast, for to these we design the Hesperian to be mainly devoted.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THE HESPERIAN.—This excellent monthly for January has come to hand. There is no publication we receive which we prize so much as the *Hesperian* for its high moral tone and literary excellence. We would recommend it to every family in the State.—*Semi-Weekly Independent*.

THE HESPERIAN.—This favorite California ladies' monthly magazine has reached us. As our readers are aware, it is under the control of the talented Mrs. Schenck, associated with the Rev. J. D. Strong, a gentleman well known in literary circles as a man of fine taste, literary ability and persevering industry. Under such management, it does not surprise us to mark the decided improvement which is so evident in its pages. Office, 34 Government House, San Francisco. Three dollars a year.—*Tuolumne Courier*.

THE HESPERIAN is a wide-awake, up-to-the-times monthly, published in (and a credit to) the Golden State. It is intended more especially for ladies' reading. If it is not handsomely patronized at home, it will be a shame.—*Lyons (N. Y.) Republican*.

